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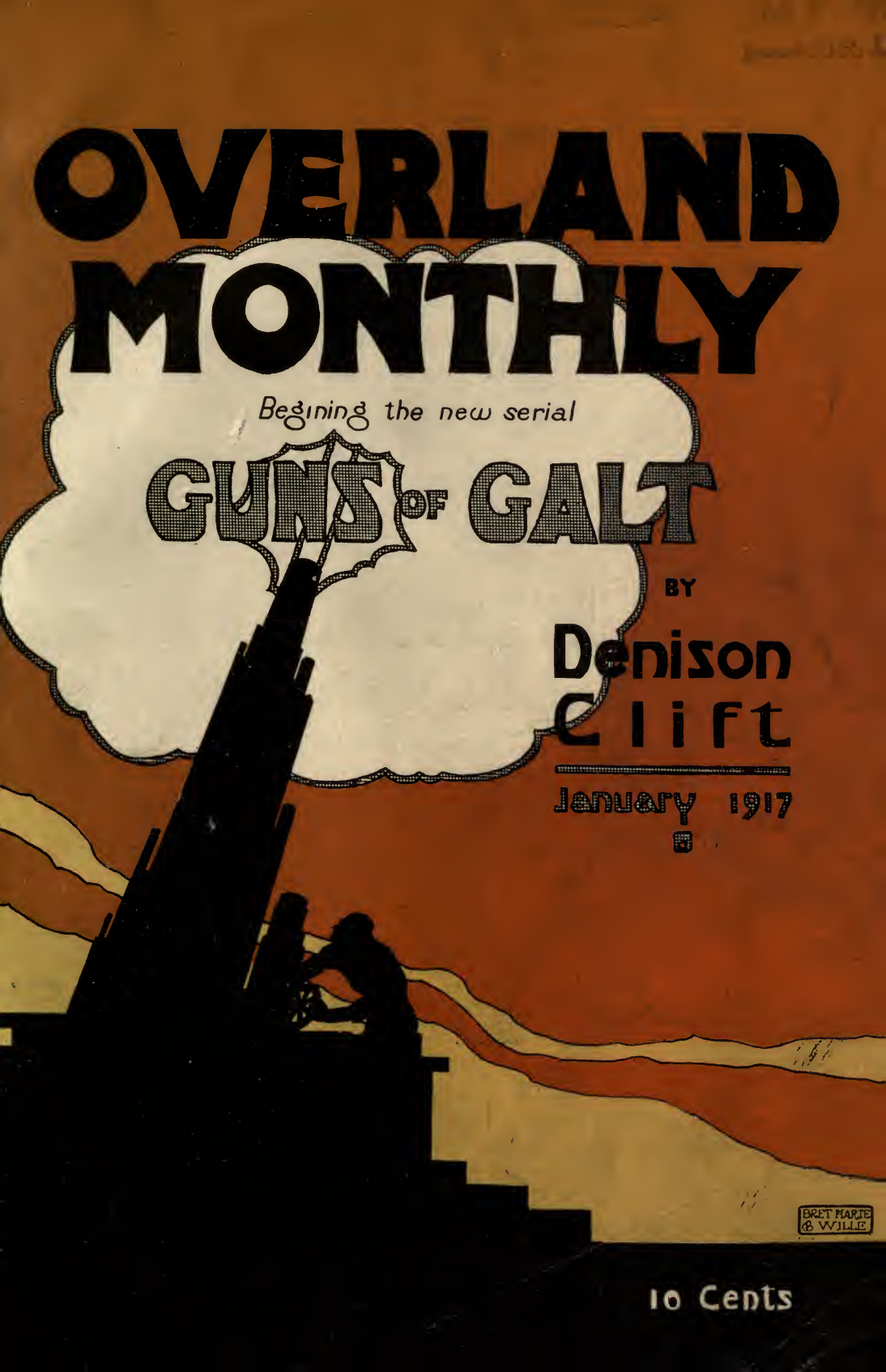
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BY

Denison Clift

January 1917



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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXIX—Second Series

January-June 1917



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

259 MINNA STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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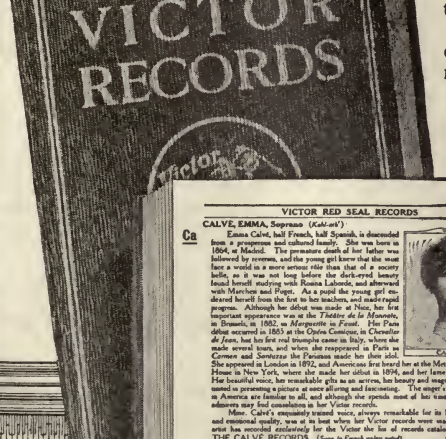
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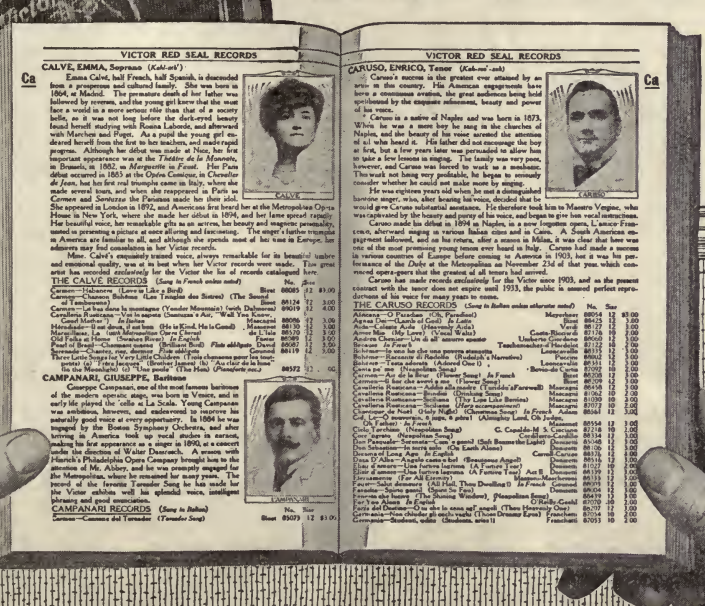
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Vol. LXVIII No. 1

Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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Up from the South

By Whittier Wellman

Up from the south comes the sound of weird, wild music . . .
Music of the hidden forests and unseen places,
Of tropic coasts where the sands are hot and dry,
Where vine-covered trees press to the edge of the blue.
Softly at first, on the breath of the sea it is borne,
Carrying faint fragrance of mysterious flowers,
And alluring sweetness of forgotten days;

Music of silent nights when the sea is dead,
And the forest still.
When God's great sky is a vast expanse of dark,
With here and there a furtive light,
Flickering . . . blown out, and back,
By a breath.



A corner of Paradise, Tahiti.



The lower plunge of the famous waterfall of Tautaua, Tahiti.



Natives fishing near the mouth of a river.



The falls of Tautaua, from a distance.



Along Opunohu Bay, Moore'a.



Along the beach at Hatchen, one of the most beautiful spots in the Paradise of the Pacific.



Darius Ogden Mills

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JAN 6 1917
DECATUR, ILL.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXIX San Francisco, January, 1917 No. 1

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

THE MAN sat in his doorway smoking his long pipe, his day's work over in the shipyard. He lives across the river from the gun factory, in the Street of the Larches. In Galt there are fifteen thousand shipbuilders, and Jan Rantzau is one of the multitude. He is big and powerful, and his twenty-eight years of youth fit him admirably to be one of the toilers. At night under the stars you might mistake him for a young giant in the narrow streets of Galt. He is as handsome as a youthful emperor. His hair is thick and blonde; his back is straight and supple; his arms are fibres of steel from the driving of white-hot rivets into the Galt-built ships. Something of the grace and swing of the great vessels has gotten into his stride.



Mr. Clift.

In the twilight of that July night, golden fireflies whisked under the larches. From the river came the steady throbbing of the engines of the mail packets, and the cries of rivermen manoeuvring the barges with their grappling hooks. Over and above the river and the ancient town the moon glimmered upon the quaint white houses.

Through the street rang the laughter of a young girl, mirthful and pleasant. Jan opened his gate and went into the street.

In the pavilion at the end of the road fantastic forms were dancing. Gay Carlmanian soldiers in white linen were whirling through the mazurka with young girls. The Commissaire and the Captain of the Fusiliers, arm in arm, like old cronies, passed Jan and strolled to join the dancing groups.

Strange figures entered the misty street. Girls garbed in bright colored stuffs, with masks to hide their pretty faces, skipped in and out among the trees on their way to the dance. The three little sisters of Marya Ballandyna ran after her with impish glee, mimicking her. "Go home, Lela and Elsa, and Ula!" Marya sent them scampering homeward among the larches. A girl in a blue domino joined Marya. She

laughed at Jan, and, playfully seizing his arm, pulled him onward toward the pavilion.

"O Jan, come along and dance!" she cried, her voice low and inviting.

Jan laughed.

"No, I cannot dance well," he returned.

"Foolish Jan! Every one in Galt is dancing to-night!"

Her slim hand reached through her domino and entwined itself about his arm. He was swept along with the merry group.

Twilight passed. The night became illuminated with myriad points of flame. Tallow candles were lighted in the little windows of the whitewashed mud houses that dotted the hills. Women squatted in open doorways. Shop windows flamed with yellow brilliancy. A locksmith and a tinker passed through the cobbled streets with their flickering lanterns. They, too, were laughing: the magpie laughter of old men at the frivolity of youth. Now the lights of the Barracks glowed red. The odor of parched meadows came down the night winds from the heights, perfuming the dusk.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed the girl.

The music from the pavilion burst upon them. Love-lorn notes of a flute and deep gusts of a bassoon vied with the click! click! of sabots.

"Who are you?" said Jan to the girl. "Where are you taking me?"

"Oh," answered the figure in the domino, "I am not taking you to join the army!"

An acacia branch swept her face, dislodging her mask. Quickly she replaced it, but not before Jan had seen.

It was the face of a young girl—pale, piquant, with a flood of golden hair, and eyes clear as April skies.

Jan's captor could not be more than eighteen. She was as slim and pretty as a peacock. Her headkerchief was blue and vermilion. The wind fluttered her domino, unfolding a tunic of embroidered gold. Upon her shapely feet anklets tinkled as she danced along. Brass circlets shivered in her ears.

"Here we are, Jan!"

They emerged from under the trees upon a broad turf. A white facade, riddled by ancient bombardment, disclosed a great arch through which the white moonlight streamed, sufficing for light; and in the dim glow couples swung in the rhythm of the mazurka. The white-linen figures of fusiliers were slow-moving and ghostly.

"Come, Jan, you must dance with me to-night. Soon you may be called to the wars!"

Laughing, the girl tied her blue kerchief across Jan's eyes. Her soft arm touched his face. Not in all his life had he seen a face so exquisitely lovely as the face the acacia branch had revealed to him. Something was awakening in his great frame, something that set him atremble. He was seized with a mad desire to tear the mask from the girl—to take her in his arms, to vent the sudden yearning within him.

With a crash the music struck up in the pavilion.

A score of couples swarmed to the center of the floor.

It was a strange and weird dance, there in the moonlight. The floor of the pavilion was as the floor of some old castle. The windows were deep-set, arched. High above swung heavy old Cracow lamps, rusted and unlit. A hundred years before the place had been an arsenal. It had been shattered by gun fire in the rebellion of 1813. Later the Mayor had had it refashioned into a pleasure pavilion for the toilers of Galt.

Jan placed his arm around the domino and joined the revelers. The breath of the young girl was fragrant upon his face. Together they whirled and reversed, Jan's heart beating wildly, the girl all grace and abandon.

Flute notes floated through the pavilion; the bassoon crooned and thundered; when the music ceased there was a sharp patter of applause. A shout went up as the gypsy musicians returned to their instruments, and once more throbbed through the melody, their bodies swaying atune.

Jan led the girl to an open window which overlooked the esplanade and the river. Here they were apart from the dancers. With cool breezes fanning their flushed cheeks they sat silent and listened.

The musical ring of anklets, the melody of sprightly laughter, the fairy lilt of the flute—rang in their ears. When the music stopped again they heard above the chatter the far-off rush of the river, and the whistles of the mail packets putting down to Bazias.

A man and a woman, masked and clad in flowing red and black, sat down near them. The man's voice was heard in low, earnest appeal. "Listen! they are going to mount guns in Gunyo, and in Guor, and in Nisegrad. We live in peace, but the day of the great war is at hand. When the guns come to Galt, then we may expect war! . . . It will rock the world!" . . .

"Nonsense, Felix!" answered the woman, adding in a warning tone: "Not so loud! There are soldiers all about us. Our lives are forfeit if they discover us!"

There was a silence, then the man replied: "It is only by mingling with the toilers that we can discover what men will be won to our creed. We must have a million men ready to rise against militarism before the great hour comes."

"A million," echoed the woman, her voice despairing, yet hopeful. "A million men . . . a million men! . . . "

Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a low cry of alarm.

"Felix! Look! The fusiliers!" she cried, clutching her companion's arm.

She had been sitting facing the window. Now she stood pointing out toward the turf. Her mask slipped from her face, revealing features of suffering, chaste and pale as death.

In the gay confusion among the dancers the woman's cry had passed unnoticed. But Jan heard, and rising instantly behind her, he followed the direction of her gaze.

Across the esplanade a band of fusiliers were running. Their lanterns bobbed and whirled about. Now the jangle of sabres was distinctly heard.

Through the lofty stone arch and up to the pavilion they charged, then separated into four groups and vanished in the shadow of the building.

"We are surrounded!" exclaimed the woman. "Felix, for God's sake, flee for your life! They do not know me as they do you. You were a fool to come here to-night!" She quickly replaced the mask across her startled eyes.

The revolutionist, realizing that he had fallen into a trap, turned swiftly and faced the door at the east end of the hall.

There was a rush of feet outside; a group of fusiliers burst into the room. They came to a sudden halt, sabres drawn. Instantly the hall was hushed. The revelers gasped in dumb amazement.

The Captain of the Fusiliers lifted his lantern, in its light to scan the faces before him.

"Every one in this hall is under arrest!" he cried. "We are looking for Felix Skarga. Skarga, if you are here, come forth!"

There was no response.

"Unmask!" commanded the Captain.

The girl in the blue domino turned fearfully to Jan. She drew aside her mask. "Look!" she said.

Jan looked, entranced.

"Do you know me, Jan?"

Jan peered into the clear depths of her terrified eyes. The direct beauty of her gaze bewildered him.

"I am Jagiello Nur, and I live at the upper end of your street, in the house of Ujedski, the Jewess. She threatened to kill me if I came to the dance to-night. The Captain knows who I am! He will tell Ujedski! Oh, Jan, save me! do save me!"

Jan glanced around the dim-lit room, seeking a way of escape. Behind him his hands encountered an iron grille. He tried to open it outward, but it resisted him. But what was an iron grille to the giant of the shipyard? He seized the bars; they twisted outward. A flood of moonlight illumined the long hall. Shouts rose from the fusiliers. Masquers and soldiers alike

started for Jan, believing that he was Felix Skarga who had suddenly found a way of escape.

With a great sweep of his arms, Jan struck the crowd back. He lept through the open doorway, lifting Jagiello out onto a balcony.

In that instant Felix Skarga darted quickly for the opening. With a savage cry a fusilier sprang, tiger-like, upon the revolutionist. He would have dragged Skarga back had not Jan struck the soldier heavily, thrusting him away, and hurling the iron gate shut behind him.

The pounding upon the grille and the maddened cries in the hall aroused the waiting fusiliers below. They scattered, fan-like, across the turf in anticipation of a running fight. There was not a moment to lose. Lifting little Jagiello like a doll in his arms, Jan lept over a balcony twenty feet to the greensward below. He ran low and swiftly across the perilous open space. Skarga separated from him and was lost in a hedge to his left. Forty paces away a stone wall suddenly confronted Jan. Beyond was the river.

The pack was now close upon him. He could hear the soldiers panting as they ran. "Halt!" cried a raucous voice. "Halt! Halt!" There was a crack of a rifle. A bullet flattened against the wall with a whistling tang.

Suddenly Jan stopped in his race and lifted Jagiello to his shoulders. High above, an acacia bloomed. The girl wrapped her arms around a stout branch, drew herself up, swung over the wall, and dropped to the grassy bank that skirted the river.

"Tang! Tang!" sang the bullets close over Jan.

He dug his fingers into the crevices of the masonry. Before he could secure a foothold two fusiliers leaped out of the shadow toward him.

The butt of a rifle descended with terrific force upon his shoulder. With a cry, the big man clutched the rifle and wrung it from the fusilier's grip. Then, swinging it once around, he swept both the soldiers from their feet.

From the distance came shouts that rapidly grew louder. But when the pursuers came up, Jan had already leapt the wall. The soldiers found two of their number writhing on the ground and pointing over the wall.

* * * *

An hour later Jan and Jagiello emerged from the deserted cabin of a river packet that lay undulating upon the glinting river. Creeping cautiously along the bank down stream, they made their way into the Street of the Larches.

"Now Ujedski will never know," said Jagiello. A pause, then: "Poor Skarga! He believes we should have no soldiers, but he talks of war. 'When the guns come to Galt, then we may expect war.' "

"There will be no war," said Jan.

Suddenly a low rumble awoke in the street. From out of the night rolled a gun carriage.

Men, calling low and earnestly, were guiding the lines of a score of horses that were dragging the caisson and mount of a black 28-centimeter gun. Upon the gun-trunnions squatted a figure with a long military cape, delivering sharp commands.

"Quick, now, Edda, here's the bridge!" The gun carriage rattled over the cobbles. "Look out for that gate ahead!" Jan and Jagiello withdrew into the deep shadows of the larches. "The moon's shining! Thank God! We'll need the moon this night!"

The gun carriage swerved into the white, even road that led up to the heights.

Jagiello held tightly to Jan's arm.

"Jan, they are taking guns up to the fort. Can it be they are getting ready for——"

Jan silenced her with a quick movement.

More ghostly figures appeared in the street. A second gun carriage rolled across the bridge with low, rumbling thunder.

The caisson cast a pale bluish shadow from the moon.

It was the shadow of War.

Presently the hoof beats died away,

and Jan and Jagiello passed in silence toward Ujedski's house.

Chapter II.

The July night was drowsy and moonlit, and the streets were ghostly and winding, and above on the balconies were singing and the playing of guitars. The big man's calloused hand was upon the rounded arm of the girl. Her eyes glowed with the thrill of his presence; her heart beat like the heart of a frightened bird. Presently they mounted a flight of high stone steps. At the top they paused and looked back along the street to see if the soldiers were following.

Galt lay asleep.

The streets were deserted. It was now close to midnight. Only upon the balconies did some of the toilers yet linger, lured by the warmth and beauty of the night. They sang and laughed, and at times the click! click! of sabots was heard as young girls danced to the crooning guitar-strumming.

Galt lies at the most northern point of Carlmania, where it drops like a mailed fist into the Baltic. Along the seacoast rise pleasant green hills. The river Ule here empties into the sea after meandering like an iridescent ribbon across level plains flush with rich harvests. Sun drenched fields are divided by the yellow river. South of the valleys, in the lovely province of Guor, the Emperor of Carlmania broods in his palace at Nagi-Aaros. The peasants know of their Emperor only as they know of the by-gone Caliphs of Bagdad. He is more a myth than a personality, yet the peasants pay him excessive military tributes; and while the toilers sweat and starve, Carlmania rocks under the tread of a million troops. The rumble of artillery carriages, the thunder of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry shake the nation. Since the rebellion of 1813 the Emperors have reposed national existence in the sword. In that year Carlmania rose from the bloody, war-torn fields of Europe, a vital new Power, crushing forever the shackles that bound her, uniting the savage autocracy of the Russians with the industry of the Austrians, and the loyalty and love of liberty of the Poles. Inheriting the dominant war-like qualities of these peoples, Carlmania promulgated militarism as a challenge to the surrounding Powers. Yet rich, yellowing fields of corn, and wheat and rye are Providence's defiance to the Emperor. Through these fields wanders the Ule; and where it pays tribute to the Baltic are the mammoth cradles of the shipyards.

Huge colliers, ocean liners and giant men-of-war are built here. The shipbuilders live near the yards, beyond the stone buildings of the gun factory, with their black iron towers and lofty stacks. Where the toilers dwell, the streets are narrow and crooked, with old stone gates and crumbling white stairways. No kind hand nor sympathetic heart designed those ancient ways. While the more fortunate cities of Carlmania enjoy wide boulevards and a system of avenues radiating from white municipal buildings, the streets of Galt have remained where the feet of the workers centuries ago first outlined paths across the emerald fields leading from their mud houses to the altars of labor.

Today the same houses stand, perishing with the years, their red roofs baking under the summer sun. Once a year they glisten with new whitewash after the winter rains have passed.

While the product of Galt is the most modern in the world—superdreadnaughts and the terrific Truska guns—the ancient town has not kept pace with civilization. Where the great Marconi station crackles with life upon the heights, there are no telephones; where electric derricks pause in mid-air with delicate precision, there are no tram lines; where electric blast-furnaces mould gigantic plates of steel, the toilers eat rye bread by candle light.

For the most part the wives of the toilers are stolid, knowing only that labor is implacably required of their

men—labor from which death alone will give them rest. Jan Rantzau is one of these men. His father had been a builder before him, in the days of the first armored ships—of the "La Gloire" in France and the "Warrior" in England. His hands had helped in the making of the "Gogstad"—terrific enough in that dim past. When Jan was a little lad, his father used to carry him down into the shipyard of a Sunday and show him the great mistresses of the seas. Like far-off, happy days, whose remembrance becomes sweeter as the years go by, Jan remembers them—and his father. Of his mother he knows little, except that his father always carried a string of red beads near his heart, and on Sundays used to show them to Jan, and bid him kiss them in memory of she who had borne him. When the soldiers burned their house after his father died with smallpox, the beads were consumed with the few other trinkets that this world's toil had yielded.

When the years passed and Jan took his father's place in the shipyard, iron ships had given way to steel. The village priest, who had cared for Jan until he was able to earn his daily bread, had talked to him one day of the change in ships.

"Little Jan," he had said, as the two looked down upon the docks from the priest's balcony, "iron ships have taken the place of wood, just as your father took the place of your grandfather in the works. Now steel ships have taken the place of iron, and you must take your father's place in the shipyard. It is your life, Jan."

And so it became Jan's life—the only life he knew. Sometimes there was a hungering in his heart to be something more than the toiler that his giant strength had fitted him to be, but his destiny seemed beyond him to alter.

This adventurous night, with Jagiello beside him, he remembered the love that his father had borne for his mother, and his deep respect for all women. This instinct Jan had inherited, the protective instinct of men which caused him to look back through the street time and again for signs of pursuers. He well knew the unremitting vigilance of the military police.

As he and Jagiello crossed the court leading to Ujedski's house, sounds of jangling steel came to them, and presently voices.

Two fusiliers with lighted lanterns pressed into the court. Their sabres clashed; their voices arose in tense ejaculations. In the flickering glow of the lanterns their red tunics, white breeches and black hussar boots were defined sharply.

Swiftly Jan helped Jagiello through a gate where they could conceal themselves in the shadows of the masonry.

The fusiliers drew nearer, their lanterns bobbing. They were searching the street and the dark places.

"Captain Pasek saw him come this way with the girl," said one.

"He's not at his house," returned the other.

"Nor at the girl's house."

"The fellow must be one of the Reds, to let Skarga out the way he did . . . "

"Like as not . . one of the Reds . "

Suddenly a captain joined them. "Have you looked in at Ujedski's house?" he asked.

"They are not there," replied the first fusilier.

"Search along those walls," commanded the captain. "I'll have another look in at the girl's house. I know her: Jagiello, who lives with the old Jewess."

They crossed the court; the ring of their sabres became fainter and fainter.

Jagiello touched Jan's arm. "That was Captain Pasek," she whispered.

"You know Captain Pasek?"

"Yes."

"He said he would have another look in at your house. He said he knew you." Jan was puzzled.

"I have seen the captain go through the street with the military police," answered Jagiello. "One day he smiled at me. That is why he says he knows

me." She spoke quickly, with an effort to end the discussion of her acquaintance with the Captain of the Fusiliers, a man supreme in the law of the town. "I must hurry to Ujedski," she concluded.

"You will never let Pasek know?"

"Never, Jan!"

They crept out of the shadow and furtively crossed the cobbled courtyard.

Ujedski's house was of mud, thatched and occupied an obscure knoll in the lowliest part of Galt. In the rear some geese, disturbed by the voices, quacked restlessly in their yard.

Jagiello tiptoed around to the side of the hut and opened the small window. She listened. She heard voices within, low-pitched in tone. In a twinkling she stripped the blue domino from her slim body, wrapped within it her anklets and cheap finery, and rolling it into a tight ball, dropped it through the window into her room.

"Good-night, Jan!" she whispered quickly, facing the big man, his fine head outlined against the whitewashed wall.

Jan caught her by the arm.

She was beautiful there in the moonlight—her hair a cascade of gold, her eyes like pools at dusk.

For the first time in his life a blinding impulse to possess took hold of Jan; he gathered little Jagiello passionately into his great arms, and kissed her once, full upon the lips.

Then, abashed at what he had done, he stood trembling. Jagiello started back, thrilled.

The next moment, like a leaf in an April wind, she vanished around the side of the house.

Jan, furious at his folly, strode off under the larches.

Jagiello opened the door of Ujedski's hut and entered.

The room was low and dark, except for the yellow flicker of a candle set in a sconce. In its glow she saw Ujedski, sitting humped up and ghastly, at the table. At the other side of the table she saw the man that she now hated of all men in the world—the man who had the strongest claim upon her: Pasek, Captain of the Fusiliers.

He smiled as she came in.

Chapter III.

"Jagiello, good-for-nothing!" cried Ujedski, "it is midnight, and I have waited since sundown for my lentils and honey! Where have you been?"

Her voice rose in a rasping, impatient cry.

Pasek closely watched Jagiello's face.

When the girl did not answer, the Jewess got up and went over to her. She took down the guttering candle from the sconce and held it up so that its flicker lit up Jagiello's face.

"Did you stop at the pavilion to dance with those worthless night hawks?"

Still Jagiello was silent.

Pasek shifted on his stool. His sabre rattled. The look on his face was one of eager curiosity, tinged with desire.

"You did dance with those night hawks!" cried Ujedska. "And I waiting for my lentils and honey, and the Captain in a dozen times to ask you to marry him!"

"To marry him?"

The words came in a faint whisper of surprise from Jagiello's lips. Her brain quickly sought to understand his motive.

"Tell her, Captain Pasek!"

Pasek rose from the stool. He stood with feet apart, adjusting the heavy leather gloves in his hands, tightening his sabre belt.

In the dim glare of the candle he seemed a tremendous fellow. His bristling red mustachios and pointed beard gave to his face a resemblance akin to the Evil One.

"Yes, Jagiello," he repeated after Ujedski, "I have come to marry you."

"But I am not going to marry you!" snapped Jagiello. The blood mounted to her face, her cheeks burned crimson.

Pasek burst into a cynical laugh.

"Always the little spitfire!" he ex-

claimed, feigning amusement. "Still denying your heart!"

"Captain Pasek, if you have waited to say that you want to marry me, I am sorry! I will only marry the man I love. I bid you good-night!"

Jagiello spoke with a new-found courage born of the memory of a kiss fresh upon her lips. She crossed the room to a door on the right, which opened into a smaller room, her own. She attempted to open the door; Pasek caught her by the wrist; spinning her around, he brought her face to face with him in the middle of the floor.

She stood silent, the fire in her eyes matching his. Ujedski stirred uneasily. She was frightened at the glint in Jagiello's eyes.

"Captain," said Jagiello, "long ago you won my contempt! If you would not win my hate forever, you will let me go into my room—*alone!*"

A stunning silence held the close room.

Ujedski set the candle on the table. Its fantastic light danced in yellow waves on the severe whitewashed walls. The squalor of the hovel was hidden in the shadows. In the left hand corner farthest from the door was a flat stone stove with dying embers, and on the stove was Ujedski's pot of *kaszia.*

The room that opened off was Jagiello's. In her pathetic little way she had attempted to beautify this temple of her tragedy. The white walls were ornamented with pictures clipped from a Nagi-Aaros newspaper: a vision of the Battle of Grunwald, a shepherd leading his sheep through a pass at sunset, and the face of a woman, a saint. In the corner reposed a box fashioned into a washstand, with its clean towel and white pitcher. Over the bed was a festoon of flimsy red paper balls, strung on a bit of ribbon. They had occupied many an evening in the making, and now with their garish color they contrasted vividly with the walls. The bed itself was sweet and clean—a pallet of straw with a white cover on which Jagiello had embroidered a yellow rose. In the window were pots of trailing green plants. Outside the window Jagiello had made a little garden to ornament the house. Honeysuckle vines climbed above the window, and each spring bees and humming birds stole the tribute of the flowers. Here, too, were giant mulleins, and white daturas, and bright blue chicory which grew near the gun factory, and which Jagiello had transplanted.

Captain Pasek had thrice been a visitor to the little room. As he gripped Jagiello's wrist, the savagery in his caitiff heart sprang to the surface.

"Jagiello, it is a pleasant evening, and I think I shall spend it in this house!"

Blind with sudden anger, the girl sprang back, jerked her arm free. and put the table between herself and Pasek. Her movement left him dazed.

"Well, little Jagiello has the fire of a panther to-night!" His voice bellowed through the narrow room. "Perhaps she is in love with another!"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"No? Ha, ha! I am not so sure. Who brought you home to-night?"

Jagiello stared in terror. Her face became bloodless. She laughed to veil her nervousness.

"I was just telling Madame Ujedski of your adventures to-night, little lady."

Ujedski, who had been silent and amazed at the swift change in Jagiello, now spoke.

"Yes, Jagiello, sit down and listen to the Captain. He was telling me a marvelous story when you interrupted. Now, Captain!"

Pasek sat astride a chair, and, stroking his fine mustachios, with unctuous grace he continued his tale, covertly watching Jagiello the while:

"The lamps in the pavilion were not lit. When we burst in with our lanterns only the moonlight shone on the dancers. We placed all under arrest until we could find this Skarga, this revolutionist, whom the Government would like to get its hands on.

"Suddenly the grille at the back of the hall was burst open, and three figures dashed out upon the balcony. One was Skarga (though we never found him), one was my little spitfire in a blue domino, and the other was——"

"Stop!" Jagiello's face was white with passion. "If you have come here to waste good sleeping hours with such nonsense, you had better go!"

"Who was the other?" rasped Ujedski, her mouth agape.

"Perhaps you had better ask Jagiello that."

"So you were dancing with the night hawks!" taunted Ujedski. She rose from her stool, came over to Jagiello, and looked her full in the eyes. In the pale gold flicker of light the beldam's face was weird with its yellow skin and deep-set, penetrating eyes. "And who was this night hawk that broke through the grille?"

"Oh, Ujedski, leave me alone!"

The Captain smiled.

"We have full information about the night hawk that broke the grille," said he, significantly. "I fired my rifle at him as he climbed the wall along the river's edge. After to-night we will watch his every move. He probably is a friend of Skarga—a Red. Sooner or later he will betray himself. Ah, then, little lady, you will be sorry you joined him in his wild adventure to-night. The Government will send him away." He concluded with a gesture that indicated a mysterious, deadly beyond.

He went up to her as she stood near the door of her room, fear and horror written on her face. He gazed at her a moment; she remained breathless; he reached for her hand, blazing passion.

Jagiello shrank against the door, wide-eyed, breathing rapidly. She sprang away, darting around the table until it was again between her and Pasek, and stood there, her firm young breasts heaving, her hand clutching her bodice above her heart.

On the table were a knife, a fork, a few plates, and a dish of cold *kaszia* from Ujedski's supper. The swift movement of Jagiello sent the dishes flying to the floor where they crashed into bits under the table.

"Do not come nearer!" cried Jagiello.

Pasek leered at her. "Is that reserved for Jan Rantzau?"

"Jan Rantzau!" exclaimed Ujedski.

"The night hawk," smiled Pasek.

"So you know!" gasped Jagiello. Her voice was hard, her face set and tragic. "Then from to-night on I have seen the last of you."

With an oath, Pasek sprang around the table toward her. Jagiello's hand dropped swiftly to the table and closed upon the knife. Pasek saw her uplift it, saw its gleam; but blind with fury and confident of his strength, he crushed the girl to him.

The knife drove into his shoulder in an eye-twinkling. With a groan he relaxed his hold and staggered slowly back to the floor, where he lay huddled up and quivering.

With a terrified cry Jagiello dropped the knife and stood staring down at the figure on the floor. She was struck with frenzied terror. It had all happened so swiftly, and she had not meant to kill him——!

Ujedski, with a grunt, reached down and turned Pasek's face to the dim light. His lips were moving. He was struggling to rise, Ujedski helped him to a stool.

"Quick, Jagiello, water!" she cried, sinking to the floor to support him.

Jagiello ran from the hut, out into the yard to the well. When she returned a moment later with a crock of water the Captain had fallen again and lay quite still.

Chapter IV.

Jagiello stood immovable in the doorway; her lips parted; the anguish of her heart was mirrored upon her ashen face.

Ujedski was the first to move.

"Shut the door!" she cried, her voice husky with fear.

Jagiello closed the door behind her.

Ujedski tottered to her feet, crossed

to the table and sank into a chair.

"Is he dead?" asked Jagiello in a broken whisper, afraid of the sound of her own voice.

Outside, the sound of footsteps echoed across the cobbles of the court.

With her hand Ujedski snuffed out the candle. The room was plunged into darkness, except for the eerie moon glow that slanted across the earthen floor and fell full upon the face of Pasek like a death mask.

The sounds of men approaching grew louder. Jagiello went furtively to the window and looked out. As she drew aside the curtain her hand trembled violently. Outside, the night watch was changing shifts. The red-coated fusiliers exchanged greetings and passed from view below the stone steps that led into the street. Not until the watch had vanished did she breathe freely again.

She heard a noise upon the floor, and turning, she saw the hand of Pasek move toward his face.

"Ah!" cried Jagiello, "he lives! Oh, Captain! Oh, Captain Pasek, forgive me!"

With a glad cry she reached his side. His shoulder was bleeding profusely, and a stream of blood trickled across the floor.

"Quick, Ujedski, help me lift him to the pallet!"

The Jewess got up from her stool and came over, taking hold of Pasek's boots. Jagiello lifted his shoulders, and with a tremendous effort the two women carried Pasek to the straw pallet. Propping his head up in her lap, Jagiello helped him to a drink.

The cold, clear water had its effect. Consciousness returned. Jagiello bound his wounded shoulder with soft linen rags. In twenty minutes he had so far recovered that he rose to his knees; then with a great effort he staggered to the stool and sat down, clutching his shoulder.

Jagiello kneeled on the floor beside him.

"Oh, Captain Pasek," she said joyfully, "you are alive! Speak to me! Don't sit there looking at me that way with your eyes! I didn't mean to hurt you! Believe me, O Captain, I didn't!"

"You were a bit careless with the knife," returned Pasek, smiling bitterly. Then he added quietly, with dire meaning: "You will pay for your carelessness, little lady!"

"O Captain!" Jagiello's throat became dry; her tongue clung to the parched roof of her mouth.

The Jewess stepped between Pasek and the girl.

"You are not hurt badly, Captain? Oh, I hope you are not injured in my house! I should never get over it—never!" She wheeled upon Jagiello with swift, malignant fury. "Get out, you Nobody!" she hissed "Your fool hands have got me into trouble enough this night!"

She viciously thrust Jagiello aside.

Pasek staggered to his feet. Strength was slowly returning. "Speak not a word of what has happened here tonight!" he said, commandingly.

"Not a word from my lips!" swore Ujedski.

The Captain turned to the door, opened it, and went slowly out into the night. For a few steps he walked unsteadily, then, gathering strength in the sharp air, he went with a bold swagger across the courtyard and through the gate that led down into the street.

Ujedski closed the door with a bang. All the pent-up fury of her soul escaped in one shrill outburst.

"Jagiello! *Fool! Fool! Fool!* You'll kill the Captain of the Fusiliers, eh? God curse you, littl idiot! Oh, you will pay for this to the Captain! He will take a terrible revenge on you!" She came close to Jagiello, her breath hissing in the girl's face, her parched, yellow skin like some dried death's head, her eyes gleaming like points of flame.

"He lives! He lives!" cried Jagiello.

"It is not your fault that he lives!" The beldam seized her by the shoulders and forced her back upon the stool. "Good-for-nothing! Little liar!

You danced with Jan Rantzau, eh?" She gave vent to a long outburst of shrill derision as she relit the tallow candle.

Jagiello, greatly relieved at the recovery of Pasek, at first was oblivious to Ujedski's abuse. Now her words stunk, each like a barbed shaft.

"What if I did dance with Jan?"

The laughter of the Jewess filled the room, crackling and uncanny. Her thin, bony fingers replaced the candle in its sconce.

"You are not good enough to dance with Jan Rantzau!"

"I am better than you," retorted the girl, resentfully. "You are a Nobody, Ujedski; you have no people. My father was a soldier. He wore a red-and-white plume in his helmet, and he was a *grand seigneur!*"

"*Grand seigneur!* Oh, ha! ha!" shrieked Ujedski; the hut resounded with her merriment. "*Your* father a *grand seigneur!*"

"You know he was," snapped Jagiello; "you told me so yourself, when I was a little girl." She drew herself up proudly, pretty hands on hips, bursting with audacity. "My father was a *grand seigneur,*" she repeated imperiously, "a grenadier of the rebellion, and the plume in his helmet was red and white, and his sword had a sheath of silver!"

Ujedski regarded with laughing contempt the girl who thus defied her. The beldam's cheeks were bloodless in the yellow glow. Her bony hand clutched Jagiello by the hair.

"Jagiello, that was a lie!" she cried.

"No, no!" gasped Jagiello; "you told me that years ago, Ujedski!"

"I lied to you!" declared the old woman. Something in her tone frightened Jagiello.

"Ujedski—you didn't tell me the truth—about my father?"

"I lied to you, Jagiello," answered the Jewess between her teeth, with studied cruelty.

For an instant all the spirit went out of the girl. "Then I am a Nobody—like you!" she faltered.

"Yes, a Nobody! A Nobody! The *grand seigneur* with the plume died a year before you were born, Jagiello. Your mother loved him—but he went to the wars and was killed. Your father——"

"My father——?" breathlessly. She was on her knees now, great tears welling in her eyes, her voice tremulous. "My dear father——?" she repeated, and her voice was full of the love she reserved for his memory.

"He was left! He escaped the recruiting sergeant . . . He was an hostler!"

"Ujedski! . . Now you are lying!"

"Madame Ballandyna in the next street knows that, too. Go and ask her."

"Oh, Ujedski!"

Jagiello covered her face with her hands, and tears rained down her burning cheeks. Her cry trailed to saddened whisper. The sweetest memory of her girlhood had been shattered by half a dozen words. Her frail body shook with convulsive sobs. Her father! How she had loved his memory, and how for years she had borne herself proudly as the daughter of a hero, a soldier of the wars!

After a pause, the Jewess concluded: "So you are no good! That is why you are a good friend with the Captain, and take his money and buy yourself silks, and gewgaws, and anklets, and things. The war cheated you of a noble father! Now you can take your things and get out of my house!"

Jagiello stared straight ahead. "Ujedski," she breathed, "you—you won't—send me away?"

"I have said so!"

"But I have no place to go!"

"You have the Captain—and the soldiers!"

An instant Jagiello stared, speechless; then, flinging open the door of her room, she burst in. With nimble fingers she began packing her bag of gewgaws.

Frail, pretty little thing, sitting there on the edge of her pallet, fondling her earrings and cheap brooches, little knowing that the weaknesses within her were born of a war before her

birth, and that her father was the craven who had evaded the recruiting sergeant and remained behind!

She gathered her blue domino and her bag of precious possessions under her arm. Across her shoulders she drew an azure shawl. When she stepped out into the other room, Ujedski was waiting for her.

"Good-by, Ujedski, and may the saints curse you for sending me away!"

She threw open the outer door.

"Where are you going?" laughed the Jewess, her oiled gray locks trembling.

"To Jan!"

Jagiello swept out, closing the door with a crash that snuffed out the candle.

Going to Jan!

The beldam stumbled and swore in the darkness, sweating huge beads of moisture at the vision of little Jagiello surrendering herself to Jan. Where should *she* get her rubles now? She threw open the door and called frantically:

"Jagiello! . . . Come back!"

But Jagiello had already passed into the deep shadow of the larches.

CHAPTER V.

It was long after midnight. From the distance the musical chimes of St. Catherine's drifted in with the night breezes from down the river. Jan had not gone to bed.

He sat at the upper window of his house staring out at the night. Something within him was powerfully astir, something that had long lain dormant. The yearning of his heart for the woman whom he had met that night welled up within him unsatisfied.

His eyes roved to the river, that slipped, ghost-like, through the moonlit silences. The trees along its bank —the larches, the acacias, the airy lindens—were silvered by the setting moon. Death is not more silent than ancient Galt, with its thousands of houses glimmering like white tombs in the hours before the dawn.

As Jan looked out through the crooked street, he saw, far off, the figure of a girl slipping along in the shadows. Presently she came nearer, swaying gracefully, under her arm a blue bag, and upon her head a kerchief of gay vermilion.

Nearer—nearer—now she stopped and looked up at him in the window. He saw that it was Jagiello!

She halted at his gate, and he leaned out and called eagerly to her.

"Jagiello! Jagiello!"

"Oh, Jan! Open!"

He strode down the darkened staircase to his door and flung it open. He faced her, bewildered.

"Jagiello? Is it really you?" Misgivings assailed him. "Ujedski—what has she done?"

"Sent me away, Jan. I have had a terrible adventure since I left you. I almost killed—Captain Pasek!"

Jan stared in speechless amazement. Finally he echoed: "You almost killed Captain Pasek?" It seemed incredible. He drew her into the darkened doorway, and she sat upon a stool that he brought her.

"When I got home there was the Captain asking Ujedski where I was."

"They thought you had been to the dance?"

"I told them I went—and danced with you."

"They suspect me of liberating Skarga?"

To Jan's amazement, Jagiello told the whole story—of Pasek's advances, of her stroke with the knife, of his threat against Jan, of her leaving Ujedski.

When she had finished, Jan took her slim hand in his. "It was I who brought all this upon you," he said, regretfully.

"No, Jan; it was you who helped me from the pavilion." She was grave, and her voice quavered. "I am never going back to Ujedski. I am sick of living with her."

"Where are you going to live?"

"Where I won't get shouted at like a dog."

"Jagiello, why don't you get married?"

The girl laughed at Jan.

"Oh, Jan, I can't. Nobody will ask me."

His strong fingers closed tighter upon her hand. "Nobody?" Jan laughed. Her artfulness he mistook for her jest. He choked, pressing her hand the tighter. "Will you marry me, Jagiello? I love you."

"You, Jan?"

She stared up at him with tears in her eyes. At length she said, simply, like a little child:

"You really want me to be your wife, Jan?"

"Yes, my darling."

The girl's hand still nestled in Jan's big one. Her breath came in little gasps. Suddenly he bent over her and kissed her flushed face. She made no resistance, but surrendered herself to him, for now a love that she had never before known had awakened within her. A great happiness had dawned, so wonderful that she scarcely dared whisper to herself her hopes and visions for the future.

Then suddenly, as she lay in his arms, a sense of her past dishonor swept poignantly over her. What must she say to Jan of that? The moment had come when she should tell him all that lay oppressive in her heart, and trust to his love. Would he forgive her? She listened to the words of love he showered upon her. His voice sounded strangely far-off. A mist appeared before her, and through it she saw all the vivid events of that night. In fancy she again wandered through the tree-arched street, swinging along with Marya Ballandyna, gay in their masquerade costumes. Once again she playfully linked her arm in Jan's and led him to the pavilion, where they danced in the moonlight. Graphically she recalled the discovery of Felix Skarga and his companion, the rush of the fusiliers, the escape through the grille, the return to Ujedski, the adventure with Pasek. What a night! And it had given Jan to her!

In that moment she decided to tell him. Her gaze met his fearlessly; her face was flushed with the excitement of her momentous resolve. "Jan," she whispered, tremblingly, "Jan——"

He bent his ear to listen to the music of her voice.

"Yes, dear?"

"Jan——" Her voice choked. The night grew black. Her heart beat wildly with a nameless fear.

"Jagiella, come with me up the hill. We will find the priest to-night."

Jan's arm tightly enfolded her; she was his prisoner, to do with as he liked. He chose to kiss her again. Then he arose, swung her up to his shoulder, and strode forth through his gate.

The moment of her intended revelation had passed. A new fear stole into her heart.

"No, no, Jan!" she cried. "Not to-night!"

"Yes, to-night, my love!"

He went with her up the street in the shadow of the overhanging larches, the branches brushing her cheeks like silken curtains. Her arms tightened about his neck. The distant croon of the winding, willow-banked river sang its song in her ears. Her voice, sweet as wind blown laughter, rose above the river-song.

"Oh, Jan, I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you so! . . You will never let anything happen to me? . . . You will always, always love me?"

"Always . . . always, beloved!" he said, enchanted.

He held her close and firm as he mounted the hill that led to the heights. The perfume of her breath brushed her cheek.

"I will always love you as I do to-night, Jan . . . Do you hear me, my love? . . . Always as I love you to-night . . . " Her low voice ceased; she pressed a kiss upon his mouth.

They passed through a little wood, under the checkered shadows of a grove. Already the white houses were far below in the hollows. When they emerged, an upland meadow, jeweled with the dew, stretched itself white and ghostly upon the hills. With tumultuous heart Jagiella closed her eyes and was lost in the unreality that en-

veloped her. "Oh, Jan," she cried, silently in her heart, "understand me, O beloved, understand and forgive me! I have sinned, my love; but in the years to come my life shall be yours—my soul and my body yours—to do with as you like! . . . Only forgive me! . . . forgive me! . . . forgive me!"

But Jan, now within view of the stucco house of the priest, strode on with her through the clover fields, and heard only the torrent of his own beating heart, and the soft, sweet sounds of St. Catherine's down the river.

Chapter VI.

The chimes of the cathedral clock down the river at Morias struck three as Jan strode up to the gate of the priest's house. It was two-storied, with a red roof and quaint dormer windowns; and in front, overlooking the town, was a balcony that hung above a garden of roses. The house was dark; the iron gate closed. Jan opened the grille and went in to the door. He knocked vigorously; he knew that if Father Marmarja was sleeping the sleep of the just only something akin to thunder would awaken him.

Jagiello leaned forward and called:

"Oh, Jan!"

"Yes!"

"Don't knock so loud!"

"Loud? The good priest will never hear unless I make a sound like a hammer in the works."

Jan lifted her to the ground.

"Jan, I—I am afraid."

"Afraid, dear Jagiello?"

"I don't want the priest to come," she faltered.

"But we came for the priest."

"Please, Jan, dear, I am afraid . . . I don't want to be married tonight . . . "

Jan rapped on the door again, fearlessly, loudly.

Even as he did so, Jagiello darted out into the meadow—out of sight in the night, her fleeing figure lost in the mist that was sweeping in from the sea.

Bewildered, Jan stared an instant after her. Then, half-angrily, he rushed in pursuit.

The girl eluded him, slipping into the midst of a clump of silver birches.

"Jagiello!" he called, eagerly, "Jagiello! Jagiello!"

Only the sea-wind answered, flowing through the trees. On he went, stumbling into a hedge of phlox. Suddenly he paused, listening. He could hear the distant thunder of the sea upon the rocks below the fort. He breathed heavily; his eyes dilated with the thrill of the chase; his fingers opened and closed spasmodically.

In the birches a twig broke. He heard it and started forward. When he reached the trees he heard a sob. He stopped short. Jagiello sprang up and was away like a lark in the dawn-sky.

Jan sped swiftly after her, reached her side, and, catching her about her slender waist, swung her high upon his shoulder. She trembled.

"Oh, Jan! Jan!"

"You'll not get away from me again, little lark!"

"Dear big man, I'm so afraid—so afraid . . . "

"Of me, Jagiello, love?"

"Of you, love!"

Jan retraced his steps to the priest's door. Again he knocked. While he waited, he took the girl's small hand reassuringly in his.

They heard footsteps inside, and some one rattled the bolts.

An old man's voice called out:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Jan Rantzau. I want to see the Father."

"Father Mamarja is not at home."

Jan's face mirrored his disappointment.

"When will he return?"

The lay brother's voice was tremulous and old; he thrust his white head through the doorway to have a better look at his strange visitors.

"The Father is in the village. Some workman is dying; he is saying mass for his soul. He will return when the man dies."

"Can we wait on the balcony?"

The old man opened the door wider and invited Jan and Jagiello into a small, musty, darkened room, full of the odor of ancient leather-covered books. He lit the candelabra, then made his way up the staircase.

When the man's echoing footsteps died away, Jan blew out the candles and went out upon the balcony. Jagiello sat upon the railing, staring at her captor.

"Perhaps we had better go down and find the priest," she said, raising her clear eyes to his.

"No," said Jan; "we will wait here until he returns."

So they waited together upon the balcony, until the gray fingers of the dawn reached above the far horizon, pointing the way for the red sun. Galt lay below like a dream city. The last gold-gleaming petroleum lamp flickered and went out. Suddenly Jan caught Jagiello to his breast; her warm young lips clung to his; and there on the balcony, in the fresh, fragrant stillness of the dawn, there was no sound save the dawn-twitter of waking birds. The girl sang softly to her lover of their bridal night:

"Thy heart with my heart
Is locked fast together,
Lost is the key
That locked them forever!
No locksmith in the world
Can make another;
My heart from thy heart
No one can sever!"

"Dearest," he breathed, passionately, "sing to me again; say to me that you will never leave me!"

She sang again, like an amused little child, his eyes filled with tears as he listened:

"Thy heart with my heart
Is locked fast together,
Lost is the key——"

Suddenly she stopped.

Far below along the white road that wound around the base of the hill, voices were rising—voices and the thud! thud! of horses' hoofs.

Jan and Jagiello leaned over the balcony railing. They saw, like tiny specks, a score of horses round the hill, straining and struggling through the darkness, hauling up to the heights a gun-carriage supporting a great canon.

"The guns!" exclaimed Jagiello.

"They are hauling them to the fort in the dead of night so nobody will know," whispered Jan.

"Why do the guns have to break in upon us this way?" sighed Jagiello.

"Skarga says it means war."

Jagiello trembled in Jan's arms. "Oh, I hope not!"

The morning broke through the clouds of pearl. Footsteps sounded on the balcony. Father Mamarja, returning after his night's vigil, found the lovers eagerly awaiting him. Jagiello smiled, her fear now vanishing. In the flood of the sunrise her earrings shimmered; her sea-blue eyes were wide with happiness. The priest asked them to step into the musty little library.

"Marry me in the sun," Jagiello pleaded.

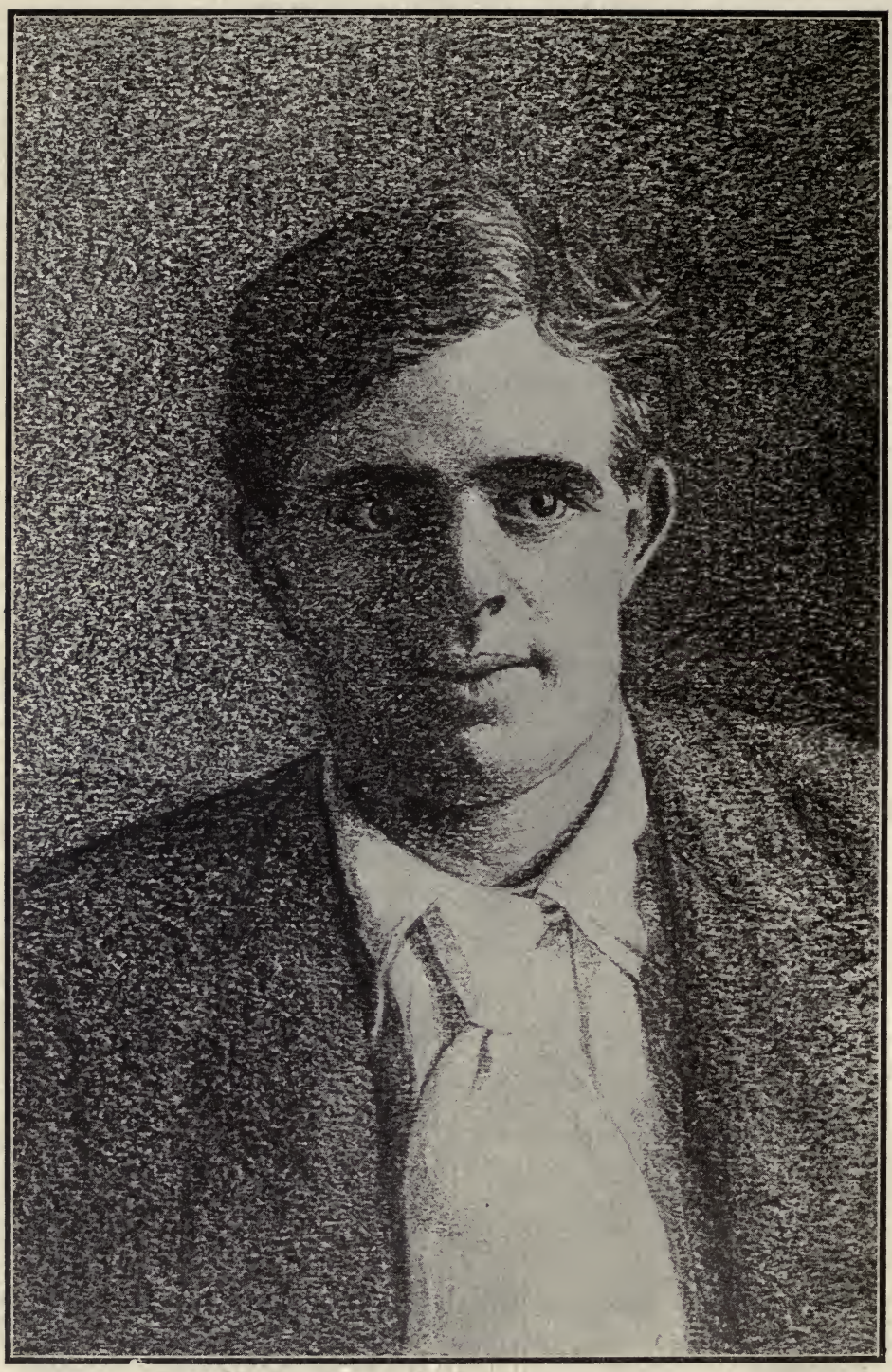
So, yielding to her whim, the priest chanted the marriage service in the white sun glare on the rose balcony. In a few minutes she was Jan's wife.

Then he watched them go down the hill together.

Much was to come of that night.

(To be continued.)

For the New Series of Pastor Russell's Contributions in the Overland Monthly see the announcement on page 79 of this Issue.



Jack London

To the Man on the Trail---A Klondike Christmas

By Jack London

(As all the literary world now knows, Jack London made his first appearance in print in the pages of Overland Monthly. Like all young and untried authors, he had spent laborious days and nights in preparing stories for the regular story publications throughout the country. All of them were rejected. The following story reached the then editor of Overland Monthly in the latter part of 1898, and was published in the issue of January, 1899. This acceptance greatly stimulated the hopes of the young author, and naturally he clung to its pages. He followed up this acceptance by furnishing eight other stories during that year, all dealing, as in the present one, with his experiences in Alaska. These tales illustrate the rapid development of the author's mastery of the story telling art. With this encouragement, a little later, he felt that he was strong enough to enter the Eastern magazine field. Thereafter his advance was rapid.)

DUMP it in!"

"But I say, Kid, isn't that going it a little too strong? Whiskey and alcohol's bad enough; but when it comes to brandy and pepper sauce and——"

"Dump it in. Who's making this punch, anyway?" And Malemute Kid smiled benignantly through the clouds of steam. "By the time you've been in this country as long as I have, my son, and lived on rabbit-tracks and salmon-belly, you'll learn that Christmas comes only once per annum. And a Christmas without punch is sinking a hole to bedrock with nary a pay-streak."

"Stack up on that fer a high cyard," approved big Jim Belden, who had come down from his claim on Mazy May to spend Christmas, and who, as every one knew, had been living the two months past on straight moose-meat. "Hain't fergot the hooch we uns made on the Tanana, hev yeh?"

"Well, I guess yes. Boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that whole tribe fighting drunk—and all because of a glorious ferment of sugar and sour dough. That was before your time," Malamute Kid said, as he turned to Stanley Prince, a young mining expert who had been in two years. "No white women in the country then, and Mason wanted to get married. Ruth's father was chief of the Tananas, and objected, like the rest of the tribe. Stiff? Why, I used my last pound of sugar; finest work in that line I ever did in my life. You should have seen the chase, down the river and across the portage."

"But the squaw?" asked Louis Savoy, the tall French-Canadian, becoming interested; for he had heard of this wild deed, when at Forty Mile the preceding witner.

Then Malemute Kid, who was a born raconteur, told the unvarnished tale of the Northland Lochinvar. More than one rough adventurer of the North felt his heart-strings draw closer, and experienced vague yearnings for the sunnier pastures of the Southland, where life promised something more than a barren struggle with cold and death.

"We struck the Yukon just behind the first ice-run," he concluded, "and the tribe only a quarter of an hour behind. But that saved us; for the second run broke the jam above and shut them out. When they finally got into Nuklukyeto, the whole post was ready for them. And as to the foregathering, ask Father Roubeau here: he performed the ceremony."

The Jesuit took his pipe from his lips, but could only express his gratification with patriarchal smiles, while Protest and Catholic vigorously applauded.

"By Gar!" ejaculated Louis Savoy, who seemed overcome by the romance of it. "La petite squaw; mon Mason brav. By Gar!"

Then, as the first tin cups of punch went round, Bettles the Unquenchable sprang to his feet and struck up his favorite drinking song:

"There's Henry Ward Beecher
And Sunday-school teachers,
All drink of the sassafras root;
But you bet all the same,
If it had its right name,
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit,"

roared out the Bacchanalian chorus—

"O the juice of the forbidden fruit;
But you bet all the same,
If it had its right name,
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit."

Malemute Kid's frightful concoction did its work; the men of the camps and trails unbent in its genial glow, and jest and song and tales of past adventure went round the board. Aliens from a dozen lands, they toasted each other and all. It was the Englishman, Prince, who pledged "Uncle Sam, the precocious infant of the New World;" the Yankee, Bettles, who drank to "The Queen, God bless her;" and together Savoy and Meyers, the German trader, clanged their cups to Alsace and Lorraine.

Then Malemute Kid arose, cup in hand, and glanced at the greased-paper window, where the frost stood full three inches thick. "A health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire."

Crack! Crack!—they heard the familiar music of the dog-whip, the whining howl of the Malemutes, and the crunch of a sled as it drew up to the cabin. Conversation languished, while they waited the issue expectantly.

"An old-timer; cares for his dogs and then himself," whispered Malemute Kid to Prince, as they listened to the snapping jaws and the wolfish snarls and yelps of pain which proclaimed that the stranger was beating back their dogs while he fed his own.

Then came the expected knock, sharp and confident, and the stranger entered. Dazzled by the light, he hesitated a moment at the door, giving to all a chance for scrutiny. He was a striking personage, and a most picturesque one, in his Arctic dress of wool and fur. Standing six foot two or three, with proportionate breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, his smooth shaven face nipped by the cold to a gleaming pink, his long lashes and eyebrows white with ice, and the ear and neck flaps of his great wolfskin cap loosely raised, he seemed, of a verity, the Frost King, just stepped in out of the night. Clasped outside his Mackinaw jacket, a beaded belt held two large Colt's revolvers and a hunting knife, while he carried, in addition to the inevitable dog-whip, a smokeless rifle of the largest bore and latest pattern. As he came forward, for all his step was firm and elastic, they could see that fatigue bore heavily upon him.

An awkward silence had fallen, but his hearty "What cheer, my lads?" put them quickly at ease, and the next instant Malemute Kid and he had gripped hands. Though they had never met, each had heard of the other and the recognition was mutual. A sweeping introduction and a mug of punch were forced upon him before he could explain his errand.

"How long since that basket-sled, with three men and eight dogs, passed?" he asked.

"An even two days ahead. Are you after them?"

"Yes. My team. Run them off under my very nose, the cusses. I've gained two days on them already—pick them up on the next run."

"Reckon they'll show spunk?" asked Belden, in order to keep up the conversation, for Malemute Kid already had the coffee-pot on and was busily frying bacon and moose-meat.

The stranger significantly tapped his revolvers.

"When'd yeh leave Dawson?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Last night?"—as a matter of course.

"To-day."

A murmur of surprise passed round the circle. And well it might; for it was just midnight, and seventy-five miles of rough river trail was not to be sneered at for a twelve hours' run.

The talk soon became impersonal, however, harking back to the trials of childhood. As the young stranger ate of the rude fare Malemute Kid attentively studied his face. Nor was he long in deciding that it was fair, hon-

est and open, and that he liked it. Still youthful, the lines had been firmly traced by toil and hardship. Though genial in conversation, and mild when at rest, the blue eyes gave promise of the hard steel-glitter which comes when called into action, especially against odds. The heavy jaw and square-cut chin demonstrated rugged pertinacity and indomitability of purpose. Nor, though the attributes of the lion were there, was there wanting the certain softness, the hint of womanliness, which bespoke an emotional nature—one which could feel, and feel deeply.

"So thet's how me an' the ol' woman got spliced," said Belden, concluding the exciting tale of his courtship. "'Here we be, dad,' sez she. 'An' may yeh be damned,' sez he to her, an' then to me, 'Jim, yeh—yeh git cuten them good duds o' yourn; I want a right pert slice o' thet forty acre ploughed 'fore dinner.' An' then he turns to her and sez, 'An' yeh, Sal; yeh sail inter them dishes.' An' then he sort o' sniffeed an' kissed her. An' I was thet happy—but he seen me an' roars out, 'Yeh, Jim!' An' yeh bet I dusted fer the barn."

"Any kids waiting for you back in the States?" asked the stranger.

"Nope; Sal died 'fore any come. Thet's why I'm here." Belden abstractedly began to light his pipe, which had failed to go out, and then brightened up with, "How 'bout yerself, stranger—married man."

For reply, he opened his watch, slipped it from the thong which served for a chain, and passed it over. Belden pricked up the slush-lamp, surveyed the inside of the case critically, and swearing admiringly to himself, handed it over to Louis Savoy. With numerous 'By Gars!" he finally surrendered it to Prince, and they noticed that his hands trembled and his eyes took on a peculiar softness. And so it passed from horny hand to horny hand—the pasted photograph of a woman, the clinging kind that such men fancy, with a babe at the breast. Those who had not yet seen the wonder were keen with curiosity; those who had, became silent and retrospective. They could face the pinch of famine, the grip of scurvy, or the quick death by field or flood; but the pictured semblance of a stranger woman and child made women and children of them all.

"Never have seen the youngster yet—he's a boy, she says, and two years old," said the stranger, as he received the treasure back. A lingering moment he gazed upon it, then snapped the case, and turned away, but not quick enough to hide the restrained rush of tears.

Malemute Kid led him to a bunk and bade him turn in.

"Call me at four sharp. Don't fail me," were his last words, and a moment later he was breathing in the heaviness of exhausted sleep.

"By Jove, he's a plucky chap," commented Prince. "Three hours' sleep after seventy-five miles with the dogs, and then the trail again. Who is he, Kid?"

"Jack Westondale. Been in going on three years, with nothing but the name of working like a horse, and any amount of bad luck to his credit. I never knew him, but Sitka Charley told me about him."

"It seems hard that a man with a sweet young wife like that should be putting in his years in this God-forsaken hole, where every year counts two on the outside."

"The trouble with him is clean grit and stubbornness. He's cleaned up twice with a stake, but lost it both times."

Here the conversation was broken off by an uproar from Bettles, for the effect had begun to wear away. And soon the bleak years of monotonous grub and deadening toil were being forgotten in rough merriment. Malemute Kid alone seemed unable to lose himself, and cast many an anxious look at his watch. Once he put on his mittens and beaver skin cap, and leaving the cabin, fell to rummaging about in the cache.

Nor could he wait the hour designated, for he was fifteen minutes ahead

of time in rousing his guest. The young giant had stiffened badly, and brisk rubbing was necessary to bring him to his feet. He tottered painfully out of the cabin, to find his dogs harnessed and everything ready for the start. The company wished him good luck and a short chase, while Father Roubeau, hurriedly blessing him, led the stampede for the cabin; and small wonder, for it is not good to face seventy-four degrees below zero with naked ears and hands.

Malemute Kid saw him to the main trail, and there, gripping his hand heartily, gave him advice.

"You'll find a hundred pounds of salmon-eggs on the sled," he said. "The dogs will go as far on that as with one hundred and fifty of fish, and you can't get dog-food at Pelly, as you probably expected." The stranger started and his eyes flashed, but he did not interrupt. "You can t get an ounce of food for dog or man till you reach Five Fingers, and that's a stiff two hundred miles. Watch out for open water on the Thirty Mile River, and be sure you take the big cut-off above Le Barge."

"How did you know it? Surely the news can't be ahead of me already?"

"I don't know it; and what's more, I don't want to know it. But you never owned that team you're chasing. Sitka Charley sold it to them last spring. But he sized you up to me as square once, and I believe him. I've seen your face; I like it. And 'Ive seen—why, damn you, hit the high places for salt water and that wife of yours, and——" Here the Kid unmittened and jerked out his sack.

"No; I don't need it," and the tears froze on his cheeks as he convulsively gripped Malemute Kid's hand.

"Then don't spare the dogs; cut them out of the traces as fast as they drop; buy them, and think they're cheap at ten dollars a pound. You can get them at Five Fingers, Little Salmon and the Hootalinqua."

"And watch out for wet feet," was his parting advice. "Keep a-traveling up to twenty-five, but if it gets below that, build a fire and change your socks."

Fifteen minutes had barely elapsed, when the jingle of bells announced new arrivals. The door opened, and a mounted policeman of the Northwest Territory entered, followed by two half-breed dog-drivers. Like Westondale, they were heavily armed and showed signs of fatigue. The half-breeds had been born to the trail, and bore it easily; but the young policemen was badly exhausted. Still, the dogged obstinacy of his race held him to the pace he had set, and would hold him till he dropped in his tracks.

"When did Westondale pull out?" he asked. "He stopped here, didn't he?" This was supererogatory, for the tracks told their own tale too well.

Malemute Kid had caught Belden's eye, and he, scenting the wind, replied evasively, "A right peart while back."

"Come, my man, speak up," he admonished.

"Yeh seem to want him right smart. Hez he ben gittin' cantankerous down Dawson way?"

"Held up Harry McFarland's for forty thousand; exchanged it at the A. C. store for a check on Seattle; and who's to stop the cashing of it if we don't overtake him? When did he pull out?"

Every eye suppressed its excitement—for Malemute Kid had given the cue and the young officer encountered wooden faces on every hand.

Striding over to Prince, he put the question to him. Though it hurt him, gazing into the frank, earnest face of his fellow-countryman, he replied inconsequentially on the state of the trail.

Then he espied Father Roubeau, who could not lie. "A quarter of an hour ago," he answered; "but he had four hours' rest for himself and dogs."

"Fifteen minutes' start, and he's fresh! My God!" The poor fellow staggered back, half-fainting from exhaustion and disappointment, murmuring something about the run from

Dawson in ten hours and the dogs being played out.

Malemute Kid forced a mug of punch upon him; then he turned for the door, ordering the dog-drivers to follow. But the warmth and promise of rest was too tempting, and they objected strenuously. The Kid was conversant with their French patois, and followed it anxiously.

They swore that the dogs were gone up; that Siwash and Babette would have to be shot before the first mile was covered; that the rest were almost as bad; and that it would be better for all hands to rest up.

"Lend me five dogs," he asked, turning to Malmute Kid.

But the Kid shook his head.

"I'll sign a check on Captain Constantine for five thousand—here's my papers—I'm authorized to draw at my own discretion."

Again the silent refusal.

"Then I'll requisition them in the name of the Queen."

Smiling incredulously, the Kid glanced at his well stocked arsenal, and the Englishman, realizing his impotency, turned for the door. But the dog-drivers still objecting, he whirled upon them fiercely, calling them women and curs. The swart face of the older half-breed flushed angrily, as he drew himself up and promised in good, round terms that he would travel his leader of his legs, and would then be delighted to plant him in the snow.

The young officer, and it required his whole will, walked steadily to the door, exhibiting a freshness he did not possess. But they all knew and appreciated his proud effort; nor could he veil the twinges of agony that shot across his face. Covered with frost, the dogs were curled up in the snow, and it was almost impossible to get them to their feet. The poor brutes whined under the stinging lash, for the dog-drivers were angry and cruel; nor till Babette, the leader, was cut from the traces, could they break out the sled and get under way.

"A dirty scoundrel and a liar!" "By gar! him no good!" "A thief!" "Worse than an Indian!" It was evident that they were angry—first, at the way they had been deceived; and second, at the outraged ethics of the Northland, where honesty, above all, was man's prime jewel. "An' we gave the cuss a hand, after knowin' what he'd did." All eyes were turned accusingly upon Malemute Kid, who rose from the corner where he had been making Babette comfortable, and silently emptied the bowl for a final round of punch.

"It's a cold night, boys—a bitter, cold night," was the irrelevant commencement of his defense. "You've all traveled trail, and know what that stands for. Don't jump a dog when he's down. You've only heard one side. A whiter man than Jack Westondale never ate from the same pot nor stretched blanket with you or me. Last fall he gave his whole clean-up, forty thousand, to Joe Castrell, to buy in on Dominion. To-day he'd be a millionaire. But while he stayed behind at Circle City, taking care of his partner with the scurvy, what does Castrell do? Goes into McFarland's, jumps the limit and drops the whole sack. Found him dead in the snow the next day. And poor Jack laying his plans to go out this winter to his wife and the boy he's never seen. Well, he's gone out; and what are you going to do about it?"

The Kid glanced around the circle of his judges, noted the softening of their faces, then raised his mug aloft. "So a health to the man on the trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire. God prosper him; good luck go with him; and—"

"Confusion to the Mounted Police!" interpolated Bettles, to the crash of the empty cups.

The Terrible Turk

By H. Ahmed Noureddin Addis

IN THEIR discussion of the great European war, writers of current periodical literature are prodigally devoting time and space to Turkey, and the ultimate effect of the war on Turkey's position in Europe, and, indeed, as a nation. This interest, however, is but natural, in view of the unprecedented conditions which exist, and would ocasion no more than usual comment, were it not for the fact that practically all the writers discuss the near-Eastern question from identically the same viewpoint. And the original premise, or bias, with which they set out, is that this earth is no place for Turks, and the sooner they cease to exist, both nationally and individually, the better for the other inhabitants of the globe.

Any one who doubts the truth of this statement may easily test its veracity for himself. Let him turn through a current newspaper, selected at random, and in all probability he will see somewhere in its pages, if not couched in the identical language, at any rate some expression of sentiment similar to the following: "Which flag shall float over the mouldering ramparts of ancient Byzantium? Shall it be that of Russia, of which country Constantinople is the natural inheritance, or shall the Queen City of the Bosporus be governed by a concert of the powers—an international city?" "Who shall own Constantinople?" "Which cross shall supplant the crescent which now surmounts the dome of St. Sophia?"

"The Turk must go." "Possibly a good enough fellow in his own way, this Turk, but he never belonged in Europe." "At last, after five centuries of European occupation, the final remnants of the Islamic hordes are to be driven back across the Bosporus into Asia, and European soil shall once more be rid of the Turk." "The terrible Turk"—"the unspeakable Turk" —and so forth, ad nauseam.

Our search is in vain if we expect to find a word of sympathy for this noble race, whose prospective eviction from its ancestral possessions is apparently a foregone conclusion. Not so much as a line expressing the hope that the nation whose privilege it was to demonstrate to the world on July 22, 1908, that a violent revolution, depending for its success on actual possession accomplished by physical force could be consummated without the shedding of blood, may be able to retain its beautiful capital and uphold its ancient glorious traditions.

Thus is presented to the student of current history (and who at the present time is not included in that category?) a curious psychological problem. The careful student will ask himself why the Turk's anticipated exodus from his European possessions is heralded far and wide with such great exultation; while with a sensation of no less genuine wonder will he ask why Russia's possible occupation of Turkey's capital should elicit column after column of sentimental twaddle.

Again and again writers and lecturers tell us of the chaingangs, the tortures, as well as tales of death from almost incredible horrors in the mines of Siberia, with which Russia rewards many of the more advanced of her sons and daughters, who, having opinions of their own, dare express them. And this information comes, by no means from Russia's enemies exclu-

sively, but from the very Russians of the Russians—patriots whose sole crime is that they love their country too well. Are these then the conditions we would impose upon Turkey's subjects? Should we prefer such conditions to the mild rule of the Turk? And do we love Russian methods of dealing with the followers of other religions, better than we do that magnanimous religious freedom supported by actual protection of the followers of other religious systems in the worship of God in their chosen manner, which is granted by that most tolerant of nations, Turkey?

This attitude is not a thing of yesterday. All down through the centuries, from the time when the first band of marauding barbarians from the West set out for Palestine on the earliest of those periodic raids of pillage, rapine and murder, called Crusades, until the present day, this feeling has persisted in varying degrees of intensity. Anti-Turk agitation had its origin in the utterances of Peter the Hermit, during the last decade of the eleventh century. Thus, with burning eloquence added to the natural reverence of the age for a man bearing a reputation of holiness, Peter the Hermit by inflaming their ignorant fanaticism aroused a mob which fared forth, having Palestine for its destination, and the wresting of Christian holy places from Moslem hands as its object.

True, certain of the Crusades were carried out in pursuance of the original plan to a degree. Others, however, were characterized by the Crusaders' fighting amongst themselves. This was carried to the extent that at times there is offered for our delectation the curious anomaly of the protection by Moslem arms of Christian holy places from desecration, pillage and even destruction at the hands of the warring Christians. Still other Crusades degenerated into expeditions of robbery and brigandage, in which the Crusaders, apparently forgetful of their high mission, robbed and plundered, not Moslims alone, but Oriental Christians as well.

At first thought it would seem that religion, and religion alone, is at the root of this Turcophobia. Yet upon more mature reflection we perceive that other Muslims do not share in this fear and hatred. On the contrary the Muslims of India bear the reputation of being the highest class and best educated of their race, ranking even higher than the native Christians. This reputation is accorded them by authorities of the same category as those who heap the direst calumnies upon the head of the Turk. Moreover, the non-Turkish Moslems of Northern Africa bear a good reputation in general (though actually far less deserving it than the Turk), and it is universally granted that where Islam reaches the natives of the African interior it is doing a great work.

Next we look at the Turk himself. Here, surely, we should expect to find some innate viciousness—some terrible idiosyncrasies of character, since to no other cause can we impute this universal inhumanity exhibited toward him. But we find that the Turk is honest—scrupulously honest—and living as he does surrounded by races to whom honesty is but an empty name, he is rendered conspicuous by contrast. He is truthful, and therefore by his neighbors among whom artistic prevarication is reckoned one of the greatest of virtues, the Turk is considered a fool too stupid to practice deception. To this quality, and the incapability of the Turk's nearest neighbors to comprehend the ethics of honesty, may in a large measure be ascribed the reputation for stupidity which clings to the Ottoman race. Very often unsuccessful in business, which is by no means surprising in view of the class of competition which he finds pitted against him, the Turk is therefore reproached with lack of intelligence. A well-known modern writer on the subject of Turkey and the Turks, being forced to admit the Turk's honesty, which he cannot conscientiously ascribe to worthy motives, says that this honesty is not a matter of principle or

morals, but may be attributed to pride. According to him, then, the Turk is too proud to stoop to deceit or treachery. From the Turk's point of view it would seem a pity that this author was not afflicted with pride of the same kind. Nature has so fashioned the Ottoman temperament that in dealing with his fellowmen the Turk is kind and gentle, and his humane treatment of animals is conceded even by his worst enemies.

In his relations with his compatriots of other religious beliefs the Turk shows surprising consideration. One who has never lived in Turkey cannot realize to what extent the endurance of the Muslim Turk is tried, the petty irritations to which he is subjected both in the way of mockery of his faith and ridicule of his laws and customs by those of other religions. A great many of them, especially where there is a large foreign population, will refuse to obey Ottoman laws until it is attempted to force them to do so, when they invariably raise a cry to heaven, calling upon the world to witness Turkish tyranny. While under the old regime their position was in some respects more to be envied than that of the Turks—and while under the Constitution, Turkish subjects who profess faiths other than Islam are given equal rights with the Turks, practically all such are at heart traitors to the government to which they owe allegiance, and to which they look for protection and redress of their wrongs in time of trouble. These non-Muslim Ottomans are continually hatching plots against the empire; and by far the greater part of them would prefer at any time to unite themselves with an army of invasion against the Turks, rather than uphold their own government. Occasionally it has been found necessary to resort to armed force to put down these seditious uprisings, and the Turk is always kind, gentle and considerate, almost invariably has hesitated to lift his hand against his compatriots even under great provocation, to the end that the government has often had to resort to the expedient of quelling these rebellions with other than Turkish soldiers.

Undeniably a peculiar situation exists in Turkey. Sometimes it is called "Turkish stupidity," sometimes the "curse of fatalism," and again the "blight of Islam." But then, this identical "Turkish stupidity" was a characteristic of the people who in the fifteenth century was reckoned the most progressive people on earth; who, with the most wonderful military organization and armaments that the world has ever seen, laid seige to and captured the well nigh impregnable city which is now its capital, and sent its victorious armies thundering at the gates of Vienna. This is the stupid race whose royal house produced philosophers and poets at a period when many of the besotted monarchs of Europe were unable to write even their own names. It is well to bear in mind that the "curse of fatalism" was also upon those people who, when the history of Europe is black as night—when Christendom was wallowing in vice, ignorance, fanaticism and corruption in the Dark Ages—founded the Caliphates of Bagdad and Cordova, and from these seats of light and learning began the yet unfinished task of civilizing the world. As to the "blight of Islam" the following quotation from the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who, whatever may be said of him, certainly cannot be called a partisan or Islam or any other religious system, will probably prove enlightening:

"In the tenth century after Christ, the Saracens, governors of a vast empire, established colleges in Mongolia, Tartary, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, North Africa, Morocco Fez and in Spain. The religion owned by the Saracens was greater than the Roman Empire. They had not only colleges, but observatories. The sciences were taught. They introduced the ten numerals, taught algebra and trigonometry, understood cubic equations, knew the art of surveying; they made catalogues and maps of the stars, gave the great stars the names they still

bear; they ascertained the size of the earth, determined the obliquity of the ecliptic, and fixed the length of the year. They calculated the eclipses, equinoxes, solstices, conjunctions of planets, and occultations of stars. They constructed astronomical instruments. They made clocks of various kinds, and were the inventors of the pendulum. They originated chemistry, discovered sulphuric acid, nitric acid and alcohol.

"They were the first to publish pharmacopoeias and dispensatories.

"In mechanics they determined the law of falling bodies. They understood the mechanical powers, and the attraction of gravitation.

"They taught hydrostatics, and determined the specific gravities of bodies.

"In optics they discovered that a ray of light did not proceed from the eye, but from the object to the eye.

"They were manufacturers of cotton, leather, paper and steel. They gave us the game of chess. They produced romances and novels, and essays on many subjects.

"In their schools they taught the modern doctrines of evolution and development. They anticipated Darwin and Spencer.

"These people were not Christians. They were the followers, for the most part, of an impostor, or a pretended prophet, of a false god. And yet, while the true Christians—the men selected by the true God, and filled with the Holy Ghost—were tearing out the tongues of heretics, these wretches were irreverently tracing the orbits of the stars. While the true believers were flaying philosophers and extinguishing the eyes of thinkers, these godless followers of Muhammad were founding colleges, collecting manuscripts, investigating the facts of nature and giving their attention to science. But it is well to know that we are indebted to the Moors, to the followers of Muhammad, for having laid the foundations of modern science. It is well to know that we are not indebted to the Church, to Christianity, for any useful fact. . . . It is as well to know that when Muhammadans were the friends of science, Christians were its enemies."

Perhaps the following examples will offer to the intelligent mind a more acceptable explanation of the position in which the Ottoman state now finds itself. One of the dreams of constructive Turkish statesmanship has been the building of a railroad through the heart of what is usually called Turkish Armenia. Such a line would cut directly through one of the most fertile regions on earth, as well as tap that world's storehouse of wealth, Central Asia. Thus would be opened up a great artery of commerce, bring the wealth of the Indies to the very gates of Constantinople. But in this project Russia has not failed to see the twofold menace to herself; one, the very material reduction of her commerce with all this rich territory; another, the military advantages which would thus accrue to an Ottoman province upon which she had long cast covetous glances. Russia was dissatisfied, and by adding to her objections those of her present allies, she has prevented the realization of Turkey's wish. At another time the Ottoman government asked England for Englishmen to act in various official capacities, assisting the Turks to bring about order in Armenia. This also was refused, and again at Russia's instigation. The reason for England's refusal is that for generations past it has been a part of Russia's policy to foster disorder in that much troubled section. As long as rape, pillage and murder ran riot in Armenia, so long will there be an excuse for Russian intervention. Thus has ever suggestion, every movement for economic or political advancement by Turkey dashed itself to bits against the stone-wall of European oppression —or rather repression.

Then when the Young Turk revolution came—and with it the knowledge that a Constitutional Turkey meant a strong centralized government, as well as a single, united nationality, instead of the desired decentralization accom-

panied by autonomy for the various races inhabiting the Empire—the obloquy heaped upon the Committee of Union and Progress by Christian Europe was greater than had ever been the portion of the old regime. Previous to the adoption of the Constitution the Committee of Union and Progress had gone on feeling secure in the assurance that the Young Turkey Party had the sympathy and moral support of practically all Europe. But at this time it became clear to far-seeing Turks that the only reason the Powers had for wishing a revolution in Turkey was that they awaited the weakening of the political fabric of that country which it was believed would attend such a change. When Europe saw that a new Turkey means a strong Turkey—when she saw the Sick Man of Europe in the process of convalescence, then she decided that something must be done. First of all, finding Turkey absolutely unprepared, came the war with Italy like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Then, when —after every conceivable obstacle had been thrown in her path—it became clear that in spite of everything Turkey was going to win, the Balkan States were brought in. There again the same tactics were employed, and when at last Turkey had gathered her scattered resources and the tide of victory was slowly but surely turning in her favor, she was forced into a peace with small honor. Many other examples of European ill-will directed against Turkey might be shown, for the list is well-nigh inexhaustible. If in the face of such terrible odds she succeeds in attaining true independence while maintaining her integrity, the Ottoman nation will merit the praise of every real lover of liberty the world over. Thus by concrete example we observe that this retarding influence—this sinister pall which for generations has threatened to stifle Turkey—this so-called "blight of Islam" —is in reality the blight of Christendom.

There is perhaps no other race now occupying a position in the lime-light which is making such rapid strides to the front as are the Turks. Neither is there another which presents such a multitude of features calculated to attract and hold our interest and admiration. Unquestionably a great impetus was given to the intellectual unfoldment of the Turkish race by its having simply grafted itself upon the Arabic civilization which, at the time of the Turkish conquest, was the greatest and highest form of civilization the world has ever produced. Yet the story of the development of the Turkish race is one of the marvels of history. First we see them riding down from the North—rude, uncultured horsemen, but little better than barbarians. Next we find the Caliphate of Bagdad with all its splendor under their sway, and see them teaching the arts of war and peace to Europe. Again, and we find a prince of the house of Osman gracing the throne of the Caesars All within the space of two centuries.

Another example which suggests itself at this historical point must not pass unnoticed, since it gives the lie to the well-established fallacy that the religion of Islam has been spread by the sword, and the sword alone. After the Turkish conquest, when the Caliphate of Bagdad lay prostrate at the feet of its conquerors, the victorious Turks adopted the religion of the vanquished Arabs. An historical fact known to every school boy, yet the old misconception of "Islam and the Sword" still persists.

Just one more mistaken idea which deserves to take its place in the background with that unctuous mouthful, "the blight of Islam." That is the general conception of education in Turkey. It is usually taken for granted that Turks are uneducated. We frequently read tales in which the ignorance of officially placed Turks is regretted, condoned or impartially discussed—but, above all, advertised. Almost one-half of an article which was given wide publicity a few months since was devoted to a dissertation upon the density of the ignorance of a certain Turkish official. The specific

complaint in this case was that he could not read English. The ignorance of this miscreant, who really should have been in an institution for the feeble-minded, occasioned discomfort and delay to the writer of the article. Why then—the irresistible query rises spontaneously to one's mind—knowing the dense ignorance which prevails in that benighted country, did not the writer simply make use of the Turkish language and avoid the disagreeable consequences of the Turk's ignorance. Seriously it may be said that whatever her shortcomings in the matter of higher instruction, elementary education existed in Turkey as well as other Muslim countries long before Europe ever thought of such a thing. And in regard to scientific advancement Ingersoll says: "It can be truthfully said that science was thrust into the brain of Europe upon the point of a Moorish lance."

There is also the question of Pan-Islamism, always a bugbear to those of the European nations who hold large Muslim populations in subjection. The thought that the power of the Caliphate might become anything more than a shadowy spiritual force outside the actual borders of the Ottoman Empire, is to them exceedingly distasteful. As long as the Caliphate is maintained in an enfeebled condition the great mass of Muslim subjects of other countries can be hoodwinked by tales of Ottoman weakness and venality, as well as by learned theological disquisitions upon the usurpation of the Caliphate by the Turkish Sultans (from the pens of Christians, or heretical Muslims.) But with a Caliphate backed by a strong, centralized government and a dependable, well-equipped army, the down-trodden Muslim would dare to hold up his head once more, strong in the knowledge that in case of need he had a protector. This is the Pan-Islamism that they fear; a Pan-Islamism that would mean a lightening of the yoke upon the necks of enslaved millions. European politicians well know the absurdity of the idea that the whole Muslim world will one day rise under the leadership of Turkey to lay waste to Christendom with fire and sword, massacre and pillage. Yet such statements are constantly being made; and for what reason? To arouse afresh and keep burning that age-old hatred and fear of Turkey. For the spectacle of a rejuvenated and victorious Turkey—a progressive Turkey will arouse millions of enthralled Muslims to a realization of their political and economic rights—their human rights—and they will demand equality with their overlords.

This empty horror of the doctrine of Pan-Islamism is one reason why the Turk is hated and feared, and made the object of calumny and scorn, but there is yet another. It is not his religion alone; neither his racial characteristics. It is an old, old hatred—a fear that dates back to a distinctly alien period in the intellectual status of Western Europe. It was engendered of the preaching of ignorant, bigoted fanatics to a people no less bigoted and ignorant than themselves—a society thoroughly permeated with the grossest of superstitions. It has come to be an instinct—a natural inheritance indelibly impressed upon our brain-cells, and is akin to the fear of the dark, and the nightmare in which we fall from incredible heights to awake shivering with fright, bolt upright in our beds. It is a shameful thing, inhuman, unfraternal, unworthy a people endowed with a reasoning intelligence and enjoying a modern civilization.

"Shall Islam be driven back to Asia?" Another interrogation put before us with increasing frequency. It is a question which our contemporaries are asking in language which varies from the blantant hilarity of the blind, ignorant bigot, who noisily advertises the wish uppermost in his mind in this connection, to the mild and unctuous exultation of the more erudite, but no less fanatical individual, who is patently ashamed of his attitude, but nevertheless glad to set forth his feeble reasons why the answer should be in the affirmative.

To Islamic civilization we owe nearly all our sciences. In mathematics we are indebted to the Muslim Arabs for the system of numerals itself, which has made possible many new operations and simplified the entire science. Most of our luxuries, both of dress and of the table, came originally from Islamic countries, as did many of the cultivated grains and fruits. The rhymed verse is of Arabic origin, and has in a great measure supplanted the blank verse which was the only form employed by European poets previous to their contact with Islam.

The idea of religious toleration itself is of Islamic origin. Previous to Islam, as soon as a religion became sufficiently powerful, its devotees persecuted rigorously the followers of other religious systems. But embodied in the tenets of Islam are the Qu'ranic injunctions commanding the Muslims to grant to others immunity and protection in the observance of their religious practices. Thus was given to the world the conception of a brotherhood broad enough to overlap the boundaries of sects and creeds.

Suppose Islam to be driven out of Europe. Let us imagine the possibility of separating en masse from the Western civilization all that Western civilization owes to Islam and the Muslim peoples. And in banishing that faith from European soil suppose that Europe should also cast off all that she has absorbed of Islam and Islamic civilization, what would remain of her boasted "Christian civilization?"

TO JACK

Sometimes when satin-footed shadows creep—
A ghostly legion on the misty lawn—
Which come to put your flower-friends to sleep,
And hold them safe against another dawn.
Between the day and night, across the grass,
Sometimes, dear Jack, I think I see you pass.

Sometimes when fire sinks to embers red,
I sit alone where once we sat of old;
My heart refuses to be comforted,
Because your going left it bare and cold.
As gloom and firelight subtly intertwine,
Sometimes, I think, I feel your hand on mine.

And then, where moonlight calms the strife of earth,
And midnight finds me out beneath the stars;
Within my soul a strange celestial birth
Breathes, and high heaven's door unbars,
And in the sweetness of that moment's grace,
Sometimes, dear Jack, I know I see your face.

JUAN L. KENNON.

A Californian Duval

By Eugene T. Sawyer

GALLANT, reckless Claude Duval was the English prototype of soft-spoken, graceful and graceless Tiburcio Vasquez, the Californian. While the one had for fields of exploit and adventure the wooded stretches of Hounslow Heath and the Great North Road, and for retreat some ruined abbey, the other of the latter day had the plains and hills of the Golden Gate for ride and raid, and the canyon fastnesses for refuge.

Like the suave and courtly Duval, Vasquez confessed to an absorbing partiality for the softer sex. Many times did he take his life in his hands in order that some dark-eyed senorita should not wait overtime at the trysting place. Many were the occasions on which either life or property became safe through the prayerful interposition of woman.

He was born in Monterey in 1835, was a wild, harum-scarum youngster, but he did not give the officers any trouble until just before he reached his sixteenth year. Before the occurrence which launched him into a career of crime, his associates were Mexican law-breakers, cattle thieves, mainly, whose operations became extensive soon after the occupation of California by the Americans. One night, in company with a Mexican desperado, he attended a fandango. A quarrel over a woman, the fatal shooting of the constable while trying to maintain order, the lynching of Vasquez' companion, and the formation of a vigilance committee sent Vasquez into hiding, from which he emerged to ally himself with a band of horse-thieves.

In 1857 he came to grief, but five years' sequestration in the state prison failed to produce any change in his morals. One month after his discharge he was operating as a highway robber on the San Joaquin plains. Chased by officers into Contra Costa County, he sought and obtained refuge at the ranch of a Mexican who was the father of a pretty and impressionable daughter. She easily fell a victim to the seductive wiles of the handsome, dashing young knight of the road. One morning Anita and Vasquez were missing. With stern face the father loaded his pistols, mounted his fleetest mustang and started in pursuit. He overtook the lovers in the Livermore Valley. They were resting under an oak tree by the roadside.

When the father appeared Vasquez sprang to his feet, but made no hostile motion. His code of honor forbade an attack on the man he had wronged. A quick understanding of the situation sent Anita to her lover's side. "If you kill him you must also kill me," she screamed. The father frowned. Vasquez with hands folded stood waiting. After some consideration the ranch owner said if Anita would return home her lover might go free. The girl consented and Vasquez shrugged his shoulders as father and daughter rode away.

Transferring his field of operations to Sonoma County Vasquez prospered for awhile, but one day in attempting to drive off a band of stolen cattle he was arrested, and for the offense spent four years in San Quentin prison. Immediately upon his discharge, in June, 1870, he laid plans for robbery on a much larger scale than he had ever before attempted. Selecting as his base the Cantua Canyon, a wild and almost

inaccessible retreat in the Mt. Diablo range, formerly the camp and shelter of Joaquin Murieta, he gathered about him a band of choice spirits, and for four years carried on a warfare against organized society the like of which California had never before experienced. Stages and stores, teams and individuals were held up in the counties of Central and Southern California, and though posse after posse took the field against him he succeeded in eluding capture. In the hills he was safe. White settlers were scarce, and the Mexican population aided and befriended him, principally through fear. Besides, his sweethearts, as he called them, were scattered throughout the hills of the Coast Range, from San Jose to Los Angeles. They kept him posted regarding the movements of the officers and more than once he escaped capture through their vigilance and activity.

In the fall of 1871, after a daring stage robbery in San Benito County, Vasquez got word that one of his sweethearts would be at a dance in Hollister that night. The bandit resolved to be in attendance. The dancing was at its height when he appeared. Becoming flushed with wine, his caution deserted him, and he remained until near the break of day. He was not molested, and emboldened by a sense of security, he went into the barroom and engaged in a game of casino with one of the women. Here he was seen and recognized by a law and order Mexican. The constable was notified, a posse was organized and a plan laid to surround the dance house and pot Vasquez, at the moment of his appearance at either of the doors. A woman gave Vasquez warning of his danger, and disguised with her skirt and mantilla, the bandit went out of the dance hall, crossed in front of the approaching posse, found his horse, mounted it and was beyond the danger limit before the deception was discovered.

A few days later, at the head of his band, he stopped the stage from the New Idria mines. A woman's head showed at the door as Vasquez covered the driver with a rifle. She was the wife of one of the mine bosses, a man who had once befriended the outlaw. "Don't do it, Tiburcio," she entreated. Vasquez looked at the grim faces of his followers, hesitated a moment, and then lowered his rifle. "Drive on," was his curt command. The stage lumbered away, and the bandit leader faced a situation that demanded all his skill and nerve. That he succeeded in placating the desperadoes who acknowledged his leadership may be taken for granted for that same day the band robbed a store and then rode toward a hiding place in the Santa Cruz range.

While the robbers rested the sheriffs of three counties were searching for them. A few miles above Santa Cruz the officers and the outlaws met. In the fight that ensued, two of Vasquez' men were killed outright and Vasquez was shot in the breast. Though desperately wounded he stood his ground, put the officers to route, and then rode sixty miles before he halted for friendly ministration. When able to stand on his feet he rode to the Cantua Canyon, where he found the remnant of his band.

There he planned a sensational fall campaign, but as his band was not large enough to suit his purposes, he determined to seek recruits at a ranch on the San Joaquin. He crossed the mountains, and was riding along the valley highways when he espied approaching an emigrant wagon drawn by four mules. Here, he thought, was a chance to make a little money on the side, for he knew, as a rule, that the emigrants of those days were fairly well supplied with money.

An oldish man was driving, and by his side was a gaunt, sad faced woman, evidently his wife. Inside, under cover with the household impedimenta, were three half grown children. The bandit's command to halt was promptly obeyed, but when the emigrant was harshly ordered to throw down his money and other valuables, if he had any, the woman's mouth

opened to a stream of mingled reproach and vituperation. Vasquez listened with unmoved countenance, but when the woman's tone changed and the tears began to flow, the bandit's face twitched slightly, and a softer expression showed on his face. The woman's story, told with many sobs, was one to command sympathy. They were poor, they had only ten dollars in the world, and they had come to California not only to seek for government land, but for a place in the mountains where health might come back to the oldest girl, who was in the first stages of consumption.

In telling this story months afterwards, Vasquez said: "The old woman floored me. Instead of wanting to rob her, I wanted to help her. I knew of a little valley not more than thirty miles away that I believed would just suit them. I told them where it was and how to get there. It was government land and there were only two other settlers there. The man thanked me, the woman wanted to kiss me, and I left them feeling much better than if I had robbed them."

Vasquez found at the ranch, his objective point, a number of Mexican vaqueros: one was Abdon Leiva, a stalwart Chilian, who was married and lived in a wooden shack near the ranch house. Vasquez made friends with both husband and wife. The wife at once took his fancy. She was not over twenty, small, plump, with red lips and languishing eyes.

The bandit stayed at the ranch as the guest of the Leiva's for several days. While the husband rode the range, Vasquez remained at the shack and entertained the charming and susceptible Rosario. To her he outlined his plans. Rosario became enthusiastic in support of them. Leave the matter of her husband to her. She could twist him round her little finger. Vasquez agreed to this, and through her persuasion Leiva was induced to join the band.

The campaign opened by a raid on Firebaugh's Ferry, on the San Joaquain plains. The story of what occurred in the store was afterwards told by Vasquez, who said: "I took a watch from a man they called the Captain. His wife saw the act, and running up to me, threw her arms around my neck and begged me to return the watch to her husband, as he had given it to her during their courtship. I gave it back and then she went into another room, and from behind a chimney took out another watch. 'Take it,' she said, but I wouldn't. I just kissed her and told her to keep the watch as a memento of our meeting."

Then came the robbery of the Twenty-one Mile House in Santa Clara County, which was followed by the descent on Tres Pinos, a little village twelve miles south of Hollister, in San Benito County. This raid, because it resulted in a triple murder, aroused the entire State. County and State rewards for the capture of Vasquez, dead or alive, brought hundreds of man hunters into the field, but for nearly a year the cunning outlaw successfully defied his pursuers.

The Tres Pinos affair was the boldest Vasquez had yet attempted. With four men—Abdon Leiva, Clodoveo Chavez, Romulo Gonzalez and Teodoro Moreno—he rode into the village, robbed the store, the hotel and private houses and individuals, securing booty that required eight pack horses (stolen from the hotel stable) to carry away. The raid lasted three hours, and the men killed were Bernard Bihury, a sheepherder; George Redford, a teamster; and Leander Davidson, the proprietor of the hotel. Bihury came to the store while the robbery was going on and was ordered to lie down. Not understanding either English or Spanish, he started to run and was shot and killed. While the robbers were at work Redford drove up to the hotel with a load of pickets. He was attending to his horses when Vasquez approachel and ordered him to lie down. Redford was afflicted with deafness, and not understanding the order, but believing that his life was threatened, started on a run for the stables. He had just reached the door

when a bullet from Vasquez' rifle passed through his heart, killing him instantly.

All this time the front door of the hotel was open, and Davidson was in the doorway. Leiva saw him and shouted: "Shut the door and keep inside, and you won't be hurt." Davidson stepped back and was closing the door when a shot was fired, the bullet passing through the door and pierced Davidson's heart. He fell back into the arms of his wife and died in a short time.

The Chronicle was the only newspaper in San Francisco that had a correspondent on the ground, and for a week it had a daily scoop on its contemporaries.

A short distance from Tres Pinos the bandits divided the booty, each man being counseled by Vasquez to look out for himself. Leiva had left his wife at a friend's ranch near Elizabeth Lake, Los Angeles County. Thither he rode to find that Vasquez had preceded him. As the days passed Leiva began to suspect his chief had more than a platonic interest in the attractive Rosario. He called Vasquez to account, suggesting a duel. But Vasrefused to draw a weapon against the man he had wronged.

After some hot words a reconciliation was patched up, but Vasquez did not suspect the reason for Leiva's willingness to let bygones be bygones. Matters went smoothly for a few days. Then Vasquez asked Leiva to go to Elizabeth Lake for provisions. Leiva consented, but instead of carrying out orders, he hunted up Sheriff Adams, of Santa Clara County and surrendered, at the same time offering to appear as State's witness in the event of Vasquez' capture and trial.

Adams started at once for the bandit's retreat, but Vasquez was not there. He had been gone many hours and Mrs. Leiva had gone with him.

A month later Vasquez deserted the woman and fled northward. This step was induced by the number and activity of the officers. The Legislature had met, and authorized the expenditure of fifteen thousand dollars for a campaign against the redoubtable bandit. One sheriff, (Morse of Alameda) organized a picked company of fifteen men, and with provisions for two months, started to explore thoroughly the mountain fastnesses of Central and Southern California. But so efficient was Vasquez' system of information that every move made by the officers became known to him. At last Morse gave up the hunt. Then the irrepressible Tiburcio made up for lost time. Robbery after robbery followed in quick succession. After holding up a number of stages, Vasquez' band entered the town of Kingston, Fresno County, and there made a rich haul. Stores were plundered, safes broken into, houses looted and provisions, clothing, money and valuables taken away.

The news of this raid spurred the officers to renewed action. Soon there was a rush of determined men into Fresno County. But Vasquez could not be found. He had retreated southward. Of his band of followers only Chavez was left. Gonzales had fled to Mexico, and Moreno had been captured, tried and sent to prison for life.

A month after the Kingston raid Vasquez and Chavez made a descent upon Coyote's Holes' station on the Los Angeles and Owens River stage road. The few residents were tied to trees, the station was robbed, and the two bandits were about to depart, when the stage appeared. After the passengers had been robbed and goodly treasure taken from Wells-Fargo & Co.'s strong box, the horses were unharnessed, four more were taken from the stables and with bullion, money, jewelry and horses the lawless pair departed for the hills.

On the following day the two bandits stopped the Los Angeles stage near Soledad, and then dissolved partnership, Chavez to ride for the Mexican border, his California career forever closed, Vasquez to seek a favorite hiding place in the Sierra Madre Hills.

Here, secure from molestation, he

remained two months, when word was brought to him that one of his sweethearts was staying at the house of one George, the Greek, not many miles from Los Angeles. The place was in the zone of danger, but Vasquez resolved to go there. In some way his intention became known to another woman who had once enjoyed the handsome outlaw's affectionate attentions. She managed to have word sent to Sheriff Rowland, at Los Angeles. The sheriff quickly organized a posse and went to the rendezvous. Vasquez was there, and in attempting to escape received eight bullets in his body. It was thought at first that he could not survive, but a strong constitution enabled him to pull through.

As soon as his condition would permit he was removed to the county jail at Salinas City, Monterey County. There he was kept for several weeks, and then was transferred to the jail at San Jose, on account of its greater security. Abdon Leiva, who was to be State's witness at the coming trial, was already a prisoner in the jail. While there he was visited by his wife, who desired reconciliation. But Leiva refused to take her back. She had made her bed and must lie on it.

On Thursday, January 25, 1875, Vasquez was placed on trial in the District Court, Judge David Belden, Presiding, for the murder of Leander Davidson, the Tres Pinos hotel keeper. John Lord Love, Attorney-General of the State, conducted the prosecution. Leiva was the first witness. The opportunity to square accounts with the man who had wronged him had come at last. He swore that Vasquez not only fired the shot that killed Davidson, but also ordered the other murders committed during the raid. His was the only positive testimony, but other and thoroughly reliable witnesses gave sufficient circumstantial corroboration to enable the jury to reach a verdict. Vasquez was committed of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 19th of March.

Pending the execution of the sentence, Vasquez laughed, chatted and read as if his mind was free from care. He consented to accept a spiritual adviser, but said he had no opinion regarding a future state. "The sages and the preachers say there is another world," he once remarked, "and if they are right then I shall soon see many of my old sweethearts."

The fatal day came, and California's star bandit walked calmly to the scaffold and died with a smile upon his lips. And with his death peace descended upon highway and mountain.

MY COMMERCE

Shrouded masts and winged spars
 Float my commerce forth to sea;
Ride the waves by tropic stars,
 Charm the eye with pageantry,
Brave romance in sailyards hung—
When the world and I are young.

Iron throat, capacious maw,
 Float my commerce forth to sea,
Meshed and safe with cunning law;
 But their fat utility
Throttle siren songs untold—
When the world and I are old.

EVA NAVONE.

The Story of the Miracle

Told in California

By Otto von Geldern

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IT WAS after the Civil War, at the end of the sixties, when the good old country towns of California passed through a hibernating stage, as it were. There had been tumultuous times; exciting days and months and years, when history was in the making. The fever heat of our golden era had been subdued; the pulse beat of the country had become normal; and during that particular period to which we now refer it was even less than normal. The State enjoyed a twilight sleep, during which it gave birth to the vigorous youth who is now growing very rapidly and crowing as lustily as a belligerent chicken cock.

How we did enjoy the dolce far niente of those days. That musical tongue of the country so delightful to the ear, which is heard so seldom now, was then spoken more or less by everyone, and the habits and the customs, too, were in some modified form, those of the hidalgo and the black-eyed senorita. How charming it all was; at least, it seems so to us now. We look back upon that classic period pathetically, realizing that it has been obliterated from the pages of our history forever.

We were very proud of our Golden State, and we all possessed the warlike spirit of defense, in case the time should ever come when it would be necessary to defend it.

Our community was an agricultural one, and our fathers, who were peacefully inclined citizens, were very pronounced in their principles of loyalty, which are readily put into words like these:

"Don't fight, boys, until you have to; but if it ever become necessary to protect this inheritance of yours, then fight with your coats off."

This spirit was well expressed when they chose the bear as an appropriate symbol of the State of California. The bear is a very peaceful and docile animal if left undisturbed, but if its savageness is ever aroused to the fighting point, it becomes the better part of valor to adhere to the maxim of the old mountaineer: "I haven't lost any."

Our slogan of preparedness for purposes of defense was fully as forcible as the aphorism inscribed upon the Delphic Oracle, and it had just as classic a twang to it. It contained the three words: "Man heel thyself!" and if they were uttered with the proper accentuation, with a befitting expression of countenance and with gestures peculiarly Californian, they were very effective.

But, we were satisfied if left undisturbed to follow the daily routine of life to which we had become habituated, and we asked for nothing more.

No one ever had any too much to do in those days. There were certain duties and plenty of time to do them in. Outdoor amusements during the day were frequent, and the caballo was a very close companion.

The evenings were spent either at the village hotel, usually in that part of the caravansary which contained inviting looking bottles filled with the famous wines that were then making a name for themselves in the world; or in some general merchandise store, where one would be sure to meet a

friend or two to discuss the opportunities of the versatile George C. Gorham or the astute Henry H. Haight, who were considered at that time as candidates for Governor. This was called swapping lies.

The history of the defeat of secession was still an absorbing topic of conversation, and a certain story of how California was saved to the North through the patriotic stand taken by some loyal ship-carpenters at the Mare Island Navy Yard became of unusual local interest.

Stories of the martyred Abraham were told, to which the young men listened reverently. And in this wise these heterogeneous meeting places of the people became educational centers from which some of our best and most successful men have sprung.

The dignitaries of the village, too, had their gathering places and enjoyed a common meeting ground as modest in its surroundings as any of the others. It may have been in the rear of the hardware store, or in the post-office, or at the hotel; men were not fastidious in post-pioneer days. They lived a life of spartan simplicity and unexciting regularity.

The only event of the day was the arrival of the stage with the mail from the city and a straggling passenger or two, who in the summer time were so begrimed with dust and dirt that they could not be identified until they had been thoroughly soaked.

And the dignitaries, the foremost citizens, who were they? They were some ten or fifteen of them, professional men and storekeepers. The judge, the lawyer, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the druggist, the postmaster, the innkeeper, the watchmaker, two or three vineyardists, several so-called merchants, and last, but not least, the good old parish priest.

There was Judge Severence, an erudite gentleman, past middle age; spare and gaunt of figure, with a prodigious head, covered with thin gray hair; beardless it was, too, but ornamented with huge hirsute appendages in the shape of eyebrows. He had been educated for the bar (perhaps this may have been true in more than one sense); had studied in several of the renowned Eastern universities, and had visited Europe. We knew all this from hearsay only, but we respected him highly because of his reputed erudition.

Howbeit, he was a just judge, worthy of every respect, with a warm heart, full of kindly humor; and, what endeared him to the community particularly—he was a good story-teller. His stories were of the Lincoln-type, full of harmless wit and wisdom.

Since all men were known by a local appellation rather than by family name, he was called "Jux." One may imagine this to have been a perversion of his judicial title, but this was not so. At one time, in trying a divorce case, and these cases were rare in those days and therefore all the more interesting, he used the word "juxtaposition" in reference to some detail of the evidence, which so aroused the risibility of the unsophisticated folk that this monosyllable was invented by the town wit during an inspired moment, and it clung to the judge to the day of his death.

There was Doctor Plasterman, an austere looking but well-disposed man, who knew every one intimately, that is, interiorly as well as exteriorly. Physicians had to be very versatile in the early days, for they were called upon for anything and everything, whether pulling a tooth or inciting an efflux. He was a sort of godfather to all the young folk of both sexes, because he had been a personal witness to their physical entrance into this vale of tears. And to the older people who had passed away, he had rendered sympathetic aid in that last trying hour when a friend with a soothing hand is needed more than ever.

He, too, had been given a specific name, like every one else. The doctor was a connoisseur of what are known as dry wines; white wines of a certain flavor and tartness that leave an impress of dryness on the palate. He could discourse on their bouquet—

blume, he called it—and go enthusiastically into a lot of epicurean detail that astonished the natives who had no conception of such things. There was one thing, however, which they were not able to construe logically into a concrete meaning, and that was this: how anything that is wet, deliciously so and very much so, could by any possibility be dry, or, as Webster's dictionary has it: "Free from moisture of any kind;" and because the doctor appeared to possess the unusual accomplishment of perverting this homely adjective into something so far removed from is specific meaning as to appear absurd, the sobriquet of "Drydock" was coined for him.

The word behind the hyphen has no reference to that nautical receptacle then unknown in California, but it obtained its meaning from the undignified abbreviation of titles; in the same way in which a lieutenant was called a lute, a captain a cap, a professor a prof, or a gentleman a gent.

Then there was the watchmaker, Mr. Tinker. The name of his calling did ill befit him, for he could not have *made* a watch if he had tried ever so long. He cleaned them; whatever that might imply. An invalid watch or clock brought to him he would examine physically with the gravity of a gynecologist. He would listen to its heart murmurs and inspect its vitals with a huge magnifying glass with the invariable result of his diagnosis: "Has to be cleaned."

He was known by the name of "our angel," and unless your historian were to relate the circumstances connected with the origin of this name, you would never guess it. This little man with pronounced fiery features and uncommonly large hands and feet, frequently acted in the capacity of a docent, by imparting chronological knowledge to his friends at their diurnal gatherings. His hearers were usually overawed by such terms as "apparent time," "meantime," "siderial time," "equation of time," which our friend used with great volubility. One scientific expression, however, on which he prided himself more than on any other was "hour angle," and this astronomical term he got into his discourse wherever he detected a good opportunity. And, finally, that became his name—hour angle. It was always spoken, however, as though the first word took the form of a personal pronoun: *our* angle; and since this did not convey a meaning to the very practically minded men of the village, usage finally decided upon "our Angel." His wife, whose anatomy was more or less out of proportion, was known as "the Equation of time."

The druggist's name was Bull. He had lost an eye during one of his so-called laboratory experiments in the back yard, and in lieu of this optic he wore a glass dummy. The extraction of this false member which, by the way, had to be imported from the East, and its re-insertion into the vacant cavity, was not only very instructive to the young people of the town, but it likewise afforded them an innocent amusement of which they never tired. A crying child became pacified at once if Mr. Bull would withdraw this vitreous member from its socket and permit the baby to play with it, with the admonition not to swallow it, my dear.

He was called the "bully boy with a glass eye," a slang expression frequently heard in California in those days, which may have had its origin in our community.

Time will not permit us to continue the personal description of these characters. There are too many of them, and each one was an original in his own way and different from all the rest. But there is still one more to whom particular reference must be made.

The village priest, Father Dimanche, known by all as Father Sunday, was liked by every one. He was a Belgian by birth, who appeared to be able to converse in any tongue. While we had comparatively few inhabitants in our part of the country, they had come from almost every quarter of the civilized globe, and in order to get into

closer contact with these people, and all the more so as a spiritual adviser, it was necessary to be more or less polyglot.

The Father had the best heart in the world, a heart which was always open to those who needed consolation and friendly succor during an hour of trial or anguish. He was pious, but not ostentatiously so; he possessed an intensely human nature; he not only forgave but he also forgot, and he found an excuse for every shortcoming of his fellow being. This endeared him to the community, and Jew and Gentile and the faithful respected him alike.

He rarely ever missed an evening's gathering of his friends, and he entered into their jokes and frivolities as long as the humor was harmless and free from any personal application.

A better man never lived, and to this day the older people who knew him speak of him in terms of great reverence and endearment.

Now, after all these preliminaries, we have finally reached the beginning of the story, which is simply a narrative of one of the gatherings of our simple country friends.

One may readily imagine that their conversations turned upon almost any interesting subject, and that that which happened to be under discussion was treated from "every angle," as the saying is to-day. In those days, however, subjects were not treated from angles, any more than we would treat a subject at the present time from its cosine, its tangent, or its secant;—but that may come.

Religious discussions were not infrequent. Andrew Jackson Davis and his doctrine of a tangible spirit world, peopled with living and breathing entities, who possessed the uncanny power of communicating with their friends on earth by means of a concussive language of raps and knocks, in rooms that had to be specially darkened for the purpose, had upset some of the minds not sufficiently occupied or properly fortified, and talks of table-tipping, and of the materialization of the late Mrs. Tucker, or the astral body of Dan Scully's mother-in-law, and of other occult matters were exceedingly interesting, even if they did have the effect on some of the listeners of making them afraid to go to bed alone and in the dark subsequently.

These were our modern miracles. Jux, always skeptical, treated them with a sardonic smile. But—if they occurred during the advent of the Redeemer, then why not now?

This brought out an argument on miracles in general, Father Sunday maintaining, in his unobtrusive way, that all things were possible to the good and omnipotent God.

But then, there were the laws of Nature: how about them? In return, the assertion was made that if the Deity is the author of these laws, and no one had the temerity to deny this fact, then it would not be inconsistent to believe that He could violate them if He saw fit to do so.

This argument waxed warm with pros and cons; our Angel, as the scientist of the village, stoutly denying the possibility, as he termed it, of mutilating the immutability of Nature's laws. There probably would not have been any end to the argument if the Judge had not obtained the floor, after a considerable effort, and had forced his friends to heed the following statement:

"Father Sunday, I am going to tell you a story. I am going to relate to you a dream, one that I dreamed recently, in which a miracle is wrought; and if you will admit the possibility of this miracle, I will return the compliment by believing in any and all that are related in biblical history, and this I promise to do from now on."

A treat was evidently in store for our good friends, because the Judge's reputation as a story-teller had been firmly established in the community, a matter which has been recorded already in these pages.

There was a general demand at once and loud exclamations were made for the Judge to proceed. "Go on, Jux, let's have the story." "Don't keep us

in suspense. We know that you are a dreamer from way-back, and that your dreams are as extraordinary as your thoughts when you are awake. Go ahead, most noble and illustrious Somnambulo, we shall be all ear."

Even Father Dimanche acquiesced and nodded his head with an encouraging smile.

CHAPTER II.

The Judge's Dream.

"Now, my good Father and all my friends, listen to me. Dreams are strange phenomena! Inexplicable are their remarkable influences over us. With all our science, Dry-dock, we fail to account for the not infrequent material significance of certain nocturnal apparitions."

The doctor gave his assent to these foreboding and redundant preliminaries with a nod of extreme gravity.

"Just think, friends, I dreamed that I had died. My soul had left its carnal receptacle, in which I flattered myself that it had been fairly well housed. Now, strange to say, it, or I, if you will, knew not of its, or my, new existence. In other words, no change appeared to have occurred to me personally. I, or it, seemed to be the same old Jux, but the surroundings and all things about me were remarkably unusual.

"I do not know by what means, but I seemed to be moving without physical effort, and I was apparently changing my position relatively to visible objects about me. Unmistakably I was propelled in a certain direction, and this continued until I had reached an indescribable enclosure or wall. It appeared to me as though this were built of innumerable clouds and of thousands upon thousands of small stars; it scintillated and glistened with a subdued luster, and its vision filled me with a delight that I had never known before.

"In traversing the space along this cloud wall in a direction that impressed me as being normal to the one in which I had come, I reached an immense opening; that is, a portal which led into a mighty court, encircled likewise by cloud barriers of the most beautiful hues.

"There were many others who entered this court with me. They appeared to come from all directions and from no particular direction. I said there were others; I use the word "others" ambiguously, for I am in a quandary what to call them. They were spectral entities, and they were there everywhere. To attempt to describe them would be futile. I had not seen them approach, but I was at every moment cognizant of their coming. They appeared and disappeared again in the most inexplicable manner. It was all so awfully strange, so mysterious and so weird, that words fail to give a description of what I saw and what I felt.

"Within the enclosure there were edifices inhabited, if I may use that expression, by strange beings. That is not the proper word for them, but it suits me to call them so. They had all the attributes of humanity, and yet they were not human, for they were not mortal. If they had ever been mortal or human, they had forgotten all about it, or they cared not. They cannot be identified by our common conception of angels; they flew, but they had no wings; they appeared to be able to be in two places at once. To them, time and space had no longer any meaning or significance.

"They must have had the advantage of some transcendental or fourth dimension, to which my three-dimensional soul had not as yet been adjusted. It is the only explanation I am able to offer to account for their remarkable appearance and disappearance.

"By some strange method, inexplicable to me now, but so absolutely a matter of course to me then, I reached a very large aggregation of beautiful cloud edifices. It seemed to have been constructed of rainbows, this palace-like structure, which I entered with many others, impelled by a motive that

I did not then nor do I now understand.

"Immeasurable halls were filled with devout souls. I saw them and I heard them. They were about me everywhere.

"There was a sort of rhythmic harmony in everything that I saw, and in all that I heard and felt. A great hymn of adoration seemed to swell forth in one majestic volume of concord from a thousand mighty, but to us invisible organs that sang the music of the spheres to the glory of the Creator.

"Space was filled with sights and sounds soul-stirring and overpowering in their grandeur and beauty. Space is a word that I use again as a human being, for then I had lost all spatial conception and perceived through my soul, not by five senses, but by one sense only, so that seeing and hearing and feeling and taste and smell appeared to have been merged into one perceptive faculty. I seemed to realize then that intelligence is an entity, and not the product of an entity, and that it possessed as tangible an existence here as anything that we call real on earth.

"Here I was in this great hall, with the mighty dome of a sky above me far more beautiful than any that I had ever seen before, overawed by what I perceived, unable to move or to stir, with a desire only to wait and to abide that which was to come.

"Now, where do you think I was? Let me say it reverently and with abated breath: I was in the halls of the palace of God! Those about me spoke in hushed whispers and referred to Him in the greatest reverence as the Celestial Majesty. But, stranger than anything I have yet related: *No one had ever seen Him.* This, I learned, was as impossible as to see oneself.

"I may have been there a long time or a short time, I cannot tell, for, as I have said, time-conception had been obliterated within me, but at last I was permitted to obtain a conception of the Great and All-pervading Power. I shall not attempt to describe to you this moment, for there is nothing that I could say that would give you the impression that I received.

"No individuality appeared anywhere; but the great halls, heretofore illumined by a dim or subdued light befitting the sacredness of our surroundings, were suddenly filled with the most brilliant and overpowering radiance. A beacon-fire of infinite intensity yielded a newer light, a brighter light, a greater light, and more light and light again, until this sacred temple in which we were assembled was revealed to our gaze into its remotest recesses, where the holiest of shrines had been unobserved before. And the appearance of this great light was accompanied by one mighty impulse of the spheres to sing their eternal Hosannas to the Spirit of the Universe.

"Shafts or rays of this pure and brilliant luminosity, endless in variety and as to number, were hurled to the sky above us, and into the immeasurable regions beyond us, and their reflection from sun to sun penetrated every part of the universe. These quivering, soul-stirring halos reached into the vastness of space to the very last one of the eternal stars for a double purpose, to imbue it with the quickening impulse of life and to dissipate the darkness of ignorance.

"I grasped it all in a moment, and I learned then that *"God is the Light."*

"The impression may have been but one of an instant, but the effect upon me will be everlasting.

"This lesson having been imparted to me, and to the many souls who were there with me, the halls assumed again that condition of subdued illumination in which I found them when I first entered them.

"Other perceptions now became manifest to me. I seemed to take cognizance again of what was going on about me in my immediate surroundings. I appeared to recover from a trance, and suddenly realized that I was spoken to, that I was addressed by some one and by my proper name, too, which I had not heard spoken for many years. It appeared to me as though those who held sway there,

say, the archangels or the angels, were about to make a disposition of me in some manner, for I was given to understand that it depended upon certain records which they were looking into, whether I would be permitted to enter a coveted celestial sphere or state, or whether I should be sent in a contrary direction to be dealt with according to the dictates of another very formidable authority, whom I had not met as yet, but who, I had reason to believe, possessed an immense influence in supermundane affairs.

"My soul became cognizant of the existence and presence of innumerable scrolls, that is, rolls of parchment or paper that were handled by angelic apparitions, who appeared to be heavenly scribes or secretaries, and in my behalf evidently many of these scrolls had been consulted, but apparently unsuccessfully. Then came another moment when I was informed—I don't know how, but I realized it all plainly enough then—that the searchers of records, these archangels or angels, had failed to find any record of my mundane existence.

"I imagine now, after having gone through all this, that an account is kept of all of us; that our good deeds are credited to us on the right side of the ledger, and that our misdeeds are placed against them as a debit, and that the final balance makes up our fitness to enter either into one of the future conditions of bliss and happiness, or into the other where these conditions are doubtful. This may not be so, but my human reasoning seems to assume this as a logical sequence of my experiences. It is necessary, apparently, to read your title clear to mansions in the sky.

"Not finding my name in the records seemed to cause grave anxiety among those who were busying themselves with them, and there were expressions of opinion to the effect that my spiritual advisers on earth must have been very lax in their duties, or this omission could not by any possibility have happened. These celestial agents appeared to be in a quandary, and it was finally decided and made clear to me that I would have to be taken to the abode of one referred to as Satan, in order to consult with him on the subject of my futurity.

"Here was a fine 'how-do-you-do.' With all my mundane faults I thought that after all it was a 'little rough on me' to have been so utterly neglected as not to possess one single good deed to my credit. However, I comforted myself with the thought that since no one had charged me with anything on the other side of the ledger, I ought not to borrow any trouble until I had to face the music for good.

"At this juncture, several angels of a subordinate capacity were delegated to convey me to a locality to which we so frequently refer in California in metaphors, similitudes or hyperboles of speech superlatively sulphuric, for no other reason than to be specific or to accentuate our conversation.

"Judging from our constant reference to the environment of Satan, one would be led to think that we were very familiar with it, but I shall probably astonish you by telling you emphatically that we know nothing at all about it, and that all our conceptions of it are false. But, let us wait patiently until I get to that part of my story.

"The angels who were with me to steer me four-dimensionally to the garden of Proserpine had been instructed to go directly to the Prince of Discord and to say to him, that since no record could be found in the annals of the celestrial registration office of the soul of one Tobias Severence, homo sapiens, called Jux, arrival from planet number 3, termed Mundus, of Solar System XXIII, Class C, reference number plus 1-8-6-7, it became necessary to institute further search in the archives of the power of evil and to obtain a record from this source, if there be one, in order that this soul of mine be properly classified and officially stored away into its place of eternal abode.

"The sensation in departing hence was very much like that of my coming,

which I have attempted to describe to you already. The transference impressed me again as a most mysterious changing of place without the necessity of individual exertion; but it seemed to me that the farther removed we became from that central region or locality, where space and time relations are incongruities—and where my soul, unprepared for these strange conditions and unadjusted to them, had been so weirdly perturbed and confused—the more did the objects about us assume again that natural order of things to which I had been accustomed on earth.

"The transformation from a subjective to an objective condition, using my human judgment now, was evidently a gradual one. At first we were souls or thoughts in translation; we then seemed to traverse space again objectively, but spectre-like and in a manner difficult, if not impossible, to describe in words, until we were really in flight by actual effort. At another and later stage of this transformation the indefinite objects on all sides of us grew together to assume concrete forms, and I began to conceive distances again, and to use my five senses normally, as I had been in the habit of doing before I was overwhelmed by impressions that I could not correlate properly."

"Normally is good," interjected the bully boy with a glass eye.

Jux, unperturbed, continued: "And finally we found ourselves actually walking along a beautiful pathway, in an open field full of the most exquisite flowers, such as I had never seen before. The way led directly to a sombre looking forest or wood, which was distinctly visible in the distance. I strolled leisurely along this broad path, illumined by an agreeable solar light, in the most happy and content frame of mind, the angels leading the way like the harbingers of an exalted messenger.

"They spoke of the beautiful flowers as being the souls of human infants, planted temporarily in these fields of undisturbed tranquility until they were ready to be transplanted into the Garden of Eden to bloom perpetually.

"In the metamorphosis (if I may be permitted to use this word) from one extreme psychical state to the other, there appeared to be an intermediary condition, a sphere of transition, as it were, to which a soul, liberated from its mundane enthrallment, should be subjected first, in the correct order of things psychical, before taking its final abode in that greater Beyond, where there is neither Past nor Future, and where space is meaningless.

"By some strange and to me inexplicable error, oversight or misunderstanding, my poor soul had been plunged from one extreme directly into the other, without giving it an opportunity to enter primarily into that transitory stage, which is a matter that appears so essential to me now.

(*To be Continued*)

SOLITAIRE

When Love is banished from the human heart
There is no desert-waste so lone and bare
As the bleak soul of him who lives apart—
A recluse in a game of solitaire!

WILLIAM DERYEE.

The Muse of the Locked Door

By Elsie McCormick

COLTRANE still maintains that he acted rightly in the matter. I have long since ceased arguing with him, partly because it is useless and partly because, after reading her latest poems, I am beginning to agree that Laura Lent's happiness is worth less to the world than her work.

I was with Coltrane the first time he received a manuscript from her. He opened it in his usual bored way, polished his glasses and read it through. But instead of reaching toward the pigeon-hole marked "Regret Slips," he went over again slowly and thoughtfully, with the expression of a man who has unexpectedly picked up ten dollars.

"Read it, Moulton," he ordered, thrusting it at me. It consisted of four short poems written on both sides of the paper in a queer feminine hand. But after I had read them I was as surprised as Coltrane. There was something unearthly about them—something, as a sentimental reader later remarked, "that savored of the stardust." Down at the bottom of the page was the name "Laura E. Lent," and a post-office box in a small Western town.

"Where, this side of the Styx, does that woman get her aloof viewpoint?" demanded Coltrane when I put down the manuscript. "She writes like some kind of angel that has put in a few thousand years ministering to humanity." Coltrane wrote verse himself once.

"Maybe it's a nun writing under an assumed name," I suggested.

"No," answered the editor, tapping the manuscript thoughtfully with his glasses. "She's reached peace through suffering, not by digging it up in a cloister. She might be a hopeless invalid, tied down to one room, or maybe she's a rancher's wife, living thirty miles from the nearest railroad. Anyway, she's out of the world so far that she's gotten an entirely new angle on it."

"Ever heard the name before?" I inquired.

"Never," he answered, "and I don't think any other editor did. She violates every possible rule about submitting a manuscript. I came near putting it in the waste-basket without going any farther than the heading."

Coltrane ran the poems in the next number of the magazine. The issue had not been on the newsstands a day before he began to receive comments on them. Then the reviews took them up, and after they had been reprinted four or five times, the new writer was on the way to become famous.

But of all the people who had watched her success, Laura E. Lent was apparently the least interested. She ignored Coltrane's letter of appreciation, and her only answer to the check was another manuscript, more beautiful and more poorly written than the first one.

"She's a mystery, that woman," remarked Coltrane, a couple of months later. "I've never yet succeeded in getting a personal word out of her. This month I purposely withheld the check, just to see what she'd do about it. That usually brings them to earth. A person may write like an angel, but if he doesn't get his pay on time, the letter he sends to the editor sounds like the correspondence of a ward-boss who was cheated out of his graft. But not Laura E. Lent. She merely sent

in a finger-marked manuscript that was enough to make Keats shut up shop. That woman has reached a stage of evolution where money means nothing to her."

Coltrane sat down at his desk and absent-mindedly sorted his papers. "I will send for her to come East," he remarked. "The magazine can afford to put up the fare if it can get a woman like that on its staff. At least we'll find out whether Laura is a self-appointed hermit or the long-suffering wife of an invalid husband."

When I dropped in at the office a few days later, I found Coltrane musing over a letter. "I heard from Laura E. Lent," he remarked, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye. Without further comment he handed me a letter written in indelible pencil on cheap tablet paper. It was undated and without a heading.

"I received your invitation to come East," it read, "and no one knows how much I would like to accept it. To see the open fields again, to meet clever men and women, to be part of the whirl of city life, would mean more to me than anything else on earth. Since receiving your letter I have lived through the trip a hundred times. But I cannot come now—or ever. I am doing life in the State penitentiary."

"That accounts for the sad remoteness we've been trying to analyze," Coltrane remarked. "When I go West next week I'm going to call on the Governor of her State and see what can be done for her. The judge who sent that woman to prison committed a crime against American literature."

Coltrane left to spend his bi-annual vacation with Jack Avery, his star contributor. A week or two later I received one of his abrupt letters. "I've seen her," he wrote. "She's tall and white, with eyes that don't belong to this planet. She reminds me of a woman who has died and left only her ghost. I talked to her in the presence of an iron-faced matron who interrupted the conversation and said 'You was' and 'He ain't.' She's been sent up for murder, it seems—killed a man who had won her under promise of marriage and failed to make good, as that type usually fail. Think of a woman writing poetry in an atmosphere reeking of chloride de lime!"

"The Governor is a nice chap,' he wrote a short time afterward. "It's fear of his political skin which prevents him from granting a pardon. The judge who sentenced her rides in the political band wagon, and controls enough ballots to paper the capitol. So many of his opponents criticised his judgment in this case that he would consider a pardon a personal affront. The most the Governor can do is to use his influence with the parole board. Her petition will be read at the next meeting."

Coltrane stayed in the West until the prison doors closed behind Laura E. Lent. The poet was silent for a few months, probably while she was becoming adjusted to the world she had been forced to renounce. Then she began to write. The first manuscript caused Coltrane to lose his appetite for lunch. The second ruined his disposition for the rest of the week. The third made him decide on a hurried trip to the West.

"Read it!" he roared, handing me the neat type-written copy. "Did you ever see such drivel? It's the kind of stuff you'd expect from a fat, middle-aged woman who belongs to the Monday Morning Literary Club!" It was. Laura E. Lent, of the beautiful conceits and strange intuitions, was gone. The poem included a rhapsody over an impassioned kiss, a lot of second-rate moralizing over love and several references to summer moonlight. It was cheap, banal and as uninspired as a turnip.

Coltrane's first letter after his departure confirmed my worst suspicions. "She's getting fat and red-faced," he wrote. "She has all the poses of a third carbon authoress. I believe she sells her autograph. She's almost as spiritual as a Swedish cook. Why in Heaven's name does a woman lose her soul as soon as she ceases to suffer?"

As I didn't hear from Coltrane again

I came to the conclusion that his disappointment was too deep for mere pen and paper. But when he returned, I was surprised to find him as happy as when he had received Laura E. Lent's first manuscript.

"Any news about Laura E. Lent?" I inquired, when I met him at the station.

"Oh, she's in good hands," he remarked pleasantly. "She was seized by some requisition officers for crossing the State line. I had the Averys invite her to visit them for a few weeks. They lived over the boundary."

"But didn't she understand that a person on parole can't leave the State?" I demanded.

"Maybe she didn't understand that she was leaving the State," answered Coltrane. "Boundaries aren't material black lines, you know."

"But it means that she'll go back to prison for life," I exclaimed, aghast at his stupidity. "There'll be no possible chance of getting pardon or another parole now. And you let her break her parole without warning her. Good Heavens, man! What have you done?"

"Done?" queried Coltrane, lighting a cigar. "Merely given America the best poet she'll have between Edgar Allen Poe and Kingdom Come!"

TO THE OLD STAGE DRIVER

Here's to you, old stage-driver,
 Your race is almost run,
You've passed the relay station,
 Your final trip is done;
The "choo-choo" cars have got you,
 With honk-honk-honk and din;
Throw down your lines, old timer,
 And watch the stage come in!
 In the old days,
 In the bold days,
 In the gold days long ago,
When the miners sluiced the hillsides
 For the placer's golden glow,
You played your part full well, sir,
 When with bullion piled on high,
You drove your stage pell-mell, sir,
 To land your charge or die.

Here's to you, old stage-driver,
 We'll hear your shout no more,
Your stage with rust is eaten,
 Beside the old Inn's door;
The auto-bus and steam car
 Have cut your time in two;
Throw up your hands, old "stage-hoss,"
 They've got the drop on you!
 In the old days,
 In the bold days,
 In the gold days long ago,
When the golden streams unending
 Gushed from hillsides bursting so,
How well you wrought we'll tell, Sir,
 When with shotgun and a crew,
You drove your stage to—well, sir,
 So here's a health to you.

LUCIEN M. LEWIS.

The Foreign Legion

By Ansley Hastings

FEW ROMANCES of the war have engaged popular sympathies to a greater degree than the story of Colonel Elkington, who, having been dismissed from the British Army, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion as a private soldier, and having served with such distinction as to win the Military Medal and War Cross with Palms, was reinstated the other day in his former rank and honors by King George. Romance has always clung about the very name of the Foreign Legion. Soldiers of fortune are romantic enough in all conscience: soldiers of misfortune are romantic beyond the dreams of novelists. Did not Ouida once enrapture our imaginations in "Under Two Flags" with the story of a beautiful young officer in the Guards—a combination of Alcibiades and George Washington—who permitted himself to be ruined in order to save a woman's reputation, and who disappeared from fame and fortune as a common legionaire. One thinks of the Legion as the last resort of defeated and fugitive Byrons—a host of desperate men who hate the world more than they fear death. Like Mr. Kipling's gentleman-rankers, they are poor little sheep who've gone astray:

"Gentleman-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to eternity."

They are brothers of Milton's Satan —defiant and disastrous figures. We are told that even in the Legion itself, besides the hardships of the life, the romance of destiny is cultivated to some extent. The soldiers tell each other tales of mysterious personages who have abandoned the suburbs of thrones in order to enlist in their ranks. One of these stories concerns a Prussian Prince who only revealed his identity after he was mortally wounded in a heroic charge in which he won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. And the black sheep of many other distinguished families have found a refuge from dishonor, and a new way of life, in the Legion. Mr. Erwin Rosen, a German-American journalist who wrote a book on the Foreign Legion, relates how the editor of the Temps, during a visit to the regiment, learned what his profession had been, and said to him in astonishment: "I was speaking just now to a professor of Greek, and now you're a journalist. Is the Legion then a collection of ruined talents?" Another ex-legionary, writing in an evening paper the other day, gave a still odder example of the mixed professions represented in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. During the Mexican campaign of Napoleon III, he declares, the French desired to impress the inhabitants of a city that they had captured with the spectacle of a semi-military High Mass in the Cathedral. None of the local clergy, however, would take part in the celebration, which was about to be countermanded in consequence, when a corporal of the Legion stepped forward and said: "I was a bishop before I became a corporal, mon general, and I will celebrate the Mass." The story is quite incredible, but then so are most of the stories that are told about the Foreign Legion.

Foreign legions of one kind or another are, as everybody knows, an ancient institution. Carthage especially depended on them to win her battles. Her senators used to travel from trade center to trade center to purchase the

services of strangers for her army. By a rather stupid confusion of thought, many German writers draw an analogy between the mercenary armies of ancient Carthage and armies recruited in modern times on the principle of voluntary service. They used at the beginning of the war to describe English soldiers contemptuously as "mercenaries." The "mercenary," however, is a man who receives money to fight for a country which is not his own. The man who fights for his own country, even if he receives a wage for it, is no more a mercenary than a German civil servant is. Even mercenaries, however, are not to be despised as fighters. Henry VIII hired Italian arquebusiers and German landsknechts to serve in his army, and the "King's German Legion" in the British army, which was raised for the last time during the Crimean War, had a remarkable record of fighting since it was first formed in 1805. In its origin, it should be said, it was mercenary only up to a point. It was mainly the fruit of the association of the Georges with Hanover; but at the same time it was open to recruits not only from Hanover but from all parts of Germany. Its numbers amounted to something like 25,000, and various regiments in the Legion gained great glory in the Peninsular War. It is said that there are regiments in the German army to-day which claim descent from these old Hanoverian regiments, and actually display Peninsular battle honors on their standards. One of the most famous collections of mercenaries in the history of modern Europe was the Potsdam Guard—that amazing regiment of giants who were bribed, and in some cases even kidnapped, into the service of Frederick the Great's royal father. But this was a freak, not a Foreign Legion in the ordinary sense. It was Napoleon among modern rulers, who most assiduously attempted to incorporate Foreign Legions into his army. Napoleon even attempted to enlist enemy prisoners by force into his ranks. When, on one occasion, it was suggested to him that international law might oppose certain difficulties to the enlistment of Prussian prisoners, he replied with characteristic cynicism, "Eh bien, ils marcheront!" And they did. Flags captured from two of Napoleon's Prussian battalions are still preserved in Chelsea Hospital. The origin of the Polish Legion, which dates from 1806, was similarly a conscription of prisoners; but it must always have attracted an immense host of Polish volunteers. It ultimately included twelve regiments of infantry. Among the other races, members of which were pressed into Napoleon's service, were Russians, Swedes, Austrians, Albanians and Greeks. Then there was his famous Irish Legion (composed largely of men who had fought in the insurrections of the United Irishmen) which carried a green flag bearing the legend, "L'Independance de l'Irlande." When no more volunteers could be brought over from Ireland, attempts were made to compel British prisoners to serve in the Irish regiments, but Napoleon put an end to this after a time. This was, of course, not the first occasion on which Irishmen had fought in the French army. Louis XIV had his Irish regiments as well as his Germans and his Swiss Guards.

None of these Foreign Legions, however, is quite like the Foreign Legion as we know it in France to-day, though the regiments etrangers in the French army are undoubtedly the modern successors of the adventurous mercenaries who have, as soldiers of fortune, played so brave a part in European warfare. The present Foreign Legion came into existence in 1831, during the reign of Louis Philippe. It was known at first as "The African Auxiliaries," and its real author was a Belgian pseudo-Baron, named Boegard, who collected a company of bad characters belonging to various nations, and offered them for service in Algeria, where the French troops were accustomed to having a quite murderous time of it. There were in that first collection of scallywags three battalions of Swiss and Germans, one of Spaniards, one of Italians, one of Belgians

and Dutchmen and one of Poles. Not long after its formation the King sold the Legion, lock, stock and barrel, to Maria Christina of Spain for a little over 800,000 francs, and it disappeared from the French army list. The Carlists against whom it was used, refused to recognize the legionaries as soldiers, and when any prisoners were taken they were shot out of hand. The Legion was revived in the French Army in 1836, and ever since then it has been one of the great fighting units, as well as one of the great colonizing units, of the world. Though the money wages of a legionary are only a halfpenny a day, and though the hardships of the life are appalling the flow of recruits has never dried up, the greater portion of them coming from Germany (including the conquered provinces.) Even in the first year of the present war, 1,027 Germans enlisted in the Legion, in addition to 9,500 men from Alsace-Lorraine. Although the Legion played an important, and even critical, part in the Franco-Prussian War, however, France did not at that time use German to fight Germans, but kept all her German soldiers in Algeria. None the less the fact that deserters from the German army are accepted in the Foreign Legion has long been a cause of bitter complaint in Germany, and there was an acrimonious dispute on the subject in the press of both countries as recently as 1911. The strength of the Legion in an ordinary year is somewhere about 10,000 men, with an annual inflow of about 2,000 new recruits. If the legionary serves for fifteen years he gets a pension of $100. The conditions of service, however, do not promote long life. No soldiers in the world are trained so ruthlessly in quick marching. To fall out on the march is the unpardonable sin in the legionary, and is, or used to be, punished at times by the dragging of the delinquent at the tail of a cart or a mule.

There is no niggling discipline, however. "The marches," Mr. Rosen declares, "are regulated by one principle. March as you like, with crooked back or the toes turned in, if you think that nice or better, but—march!" And when the soldiers are not marching, they are engaged on road making or other public works. The roads and public buildings of Madegascar and Algeria are largely the work of the Foreign Legion. A life of drudgery rather than romance it will seem to most people. And yet romance is there, drawing men from all the world to die for the old flag, with its motto, "Valeur et discipline." The legionaries may not know how to observe the Ten Commandments, but at least they know how to die. "Eleven times in its history has the Legion refused to obey when the signal for retreat was blown." The Legion stands above all things for a magnificent challenge to destiny. The very peril of the life attracts men like a trumpet-call. Duty, love, patriotism have scarcely more sway over the lives of men—at least of men of a certain type—than this desperate summons to adventure.



Pastor Russell

(Died October 31, 1916.

By Ruth E. Henderson

A man so humble, a saint so great!
Despising the shame, he has left behind
The careless scorn and the cruel hate
Of a fettered world, and gone to find
That, there in the presence of Christ, await
The hosts of heaven in happy bands
To welcome with joyously outstretched hands
God's conquering servant, come in state.

When he entered the presence of Christ our Lord
He knelt in worship before Him awhile,
And the Savior's majesty he adored,
Then he lifted his face with a fearless smile:
"So slight a gift, my Lord, has it been,—
A life's short breath and the race was won;
And now love's service I render in
To Thee, by whose merciful grace it was done.
Though hatred's threatening fury stormed,
I did not flinch till the latest breath;
The task Thou gavest have I performed
And trusted my work to Thee, in death."

Silence there was, for a little space,
Then Jesus lifted him gently up
And throned him there in a worthy place
And said: "Ye faithfully drained the cup
That was like the bitter cup I drained;
Preaching the Truth, ye have calmly dared
To shrink from naught that was hard, or pained.
My gospel of love have ye declared.
Now shall ye rest from the racking toil,
But the works there were done with a heart so pure
Shall follow, for enemies never foil
Truth Jehovah decrees shall endure."

The anthem of all of the angels rang
In triumph, beyond the parting veil,
And *our* hearts joined with them as they sang,
"Faithful to death! All hail! All hail!"

Sang

By Lucy Forman Lindsay

THE two men faced each other. The one a steel made, gray-eyed son of the race supreme; the other a shuffling, slant-eyed derelict of the Orient. The American extended his hand. The bony fingers of the Chinaman touched it.

"My wife is my life, Sang."

The imperturbable gaze of the Chinaman wavered the flicker of an eyelash.

"Your life alle samee my life, Mlister Bligby."

Bigby took his Mauser and cartridge belt from the wall and pushed them across the table towards his cook.

Sank shook his head. "Me no know how to shoot." From somewhere about his loose garments he drew a sinister blade. "This best gun for Chinaman," he grinned.

Bigby turned to his wife. "I have no doubt, dear, that you will be perfectly safe with these people, anyway."

"Oh, I'm sure I will be," she interrupted him. "Don't worry about me, Alex."

"They certainly must have some appreciation in their savage hearts of what we have done and are trying to do for them," Bigby finished. He



A common rum shop. ". . . . the few so shiftless that even brigandage did not appeal to them as means to a livelihood."

beckoned the Chinaman. "Sang, come down and help me get that hand-car on the track."

Sang nodded. "Allight."

Bigby and his wife led the way. Above them on the mountain side, beyond a group of weather-grayed buildings, yawned the mine entrance. Below them, one street wide, winding through a gulch, lay the town. Over all prevailed an air of desolation.

Centuries before, on this same eminence, stood the stone city built when the Spaniards scraped gold from the mountain side. Beside the crumbling relics of this ancient grandeur now squatted adobe huts, and Americans tunneled the mountain's depths. Then, as now, revolution laid low a prosperous people.

Two miles through mountain fastnesses had tramped a band of marauders intent on financing their lawlessness from the mining company's safe, and incidentally securing several weeks' supplies for their commissariat. Bigby had found resistance impossible. Even the belting of the machinery was taken for sandals. With the exception of the few so shiftless that even brigandage did not appeal to them as means to a livelihood, the male inhabitants, to be reasonably certain of food and clothing, joined the marauders. Women and children were left in helpless destitution.

Friends of Bigby in El Paso, through efforts of the railroad companies, had succeeded in getting a hand-car to him that he and his wife might leave the country. Neither Alex Bigby or his wife had the callousness in their hearts to leave these women and children to face winter and starvation in the mountains. If Bigby did not look to their welfare, there was no one who would. The weakest had already succumbed. Alice Bigsby nursed the sick and prayed with the dying; Bigby and Sang carried the fuel and buried the dead, all the while hoping against an evil presentment that the representations Bigby was making would bring assistance from the de facto government for these unfortunate of its subjects.

"Unless I have to go on to El Paso to get food for these people, I should be back in twenty-four hours," said Bigby as he and Alice, in the chill of the morning mist, walked down the trail toward the tracks.

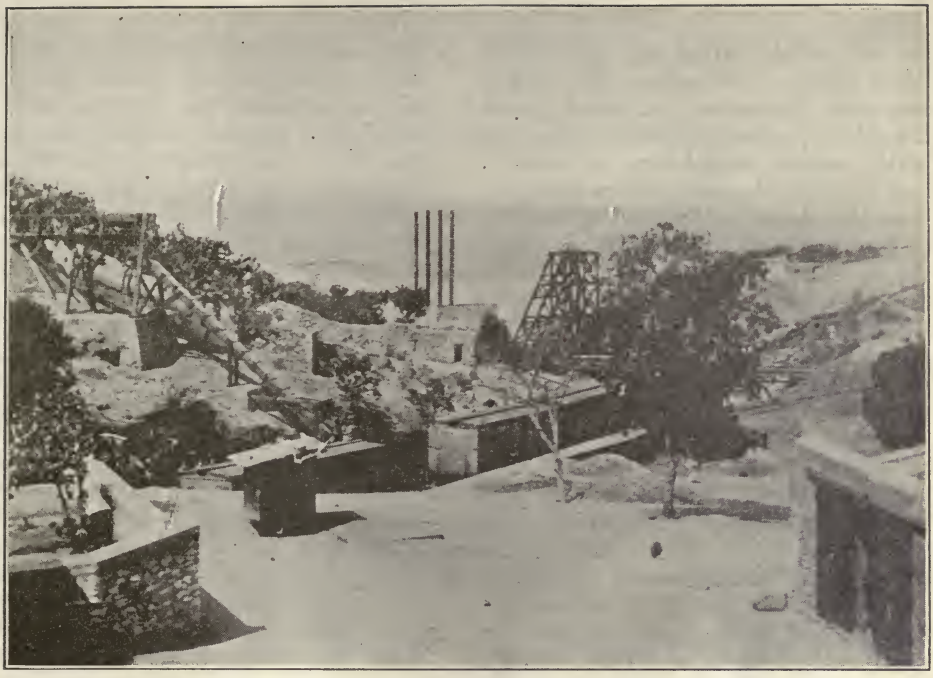
The trail Alex Bigby, with pick and spade, had fashioned himself in preparation for the first mule train which, with mining machinery, brought his bride from the north. Alice Bigby, determined to make her husband's life a success, had come to abide in the barren, mountain home he could provide, love and girlish strength bravely struggling to meet the ever-growing demands made upon them.

Sang followed his employer with a pail of drinking water, putting it on the hand-car, which the two men placed on the rails. Bigby leaned toward his wife. She kissed him. Neither spoke. Then the mist and Bigby became one.

By sunrise, the hapless, starving Mexicans had gathered before Alice Bigby's door. The last of their meagre rations having been given them the day before, there was nothing for her to do but remind them of the fact. She explained that her husband that daybreak had gone for food.

That these people would resent, after her labors among them, her inability to provide them with food for a day or so was the last thing Alice Bigby expected. But the time had never been before that she needs must wrestle with the quicksands of Mexican temperament. Her benevolent and sweet, unselfish spirit had brought these dependent, half-savages to the point where they regarded her as a human embodiment of divine omnipotence. Her inability to cope with the present situation and still their inward cravings was resented even as the more enlightened are wont to wonder at the indifference of an Almighty when befall the evils which they themselves have wrought. Besides the marauders had told them that the Gringo armies were stealing their country.

A lean, brown fist, stained with cheroots, was shaken in her face and a



"On the mountain side beyond a group of weather-grayed buildings yawned the mine entrance."

curse pronounced upon Gringoes and women in general and upon herself in particular as she backed into the house and closed the door against the outcry which assailed her.

Wearied from a night beside a tiny one whose last, faint wails had been stilled in her arms, she sought a cot that she might rest. Thinking of the man who had left in the dawn, she slept.

"Mlissy, Mlissy, house a-flire!"

Bony fingers clutched her shoulder. Already half-suffocated with the smoke which filled the room, she swayed in their grasp as she was lifted to her feet. She heard the crackle of flames.

Tucking his queue safely inside his flannel shirt, Sang snatched the covering from the couch, and throwing it over Alice Bibgy's head, half-dragged, half-carried her from the burning house.

They were greeted by yells and missiles from the Mexicans.

Everywhere there were flames; the house, the buildings about the mine, the railroad sheds, spreading down into the town itself.

Disappointed of their breakfast, the Mexicans had foraged for themselves. They had unearthed, in the tool shed, a keg of whisky which Bigby had buried against an emergency.

Crazed by the liquor, their fundamental, fiendish savagery was not appeased with flames. They craved life. They drove the Chinaman and the Gringo woman back into the burning house.

Alice Bigby was by now again in full possession of all her faculties. "Come, Sang," she said, giving him a corner of the couch cover to protect his own face and head.

Together they groped to a window at the back of the house. The sash was burning. Sang kicked out the glass and they sprang through to the ground below. For a second they stood irresolute, then of one accord started on a dead run for the mine entrance.

The Mexicans saw them and followed. A stone struck the Chinaman

in the neck, cutting an ugly gash. Alice Bigby stumbled and fell. Sang ran on. Then, teeth chattering and trembling in every limb with the fear which now possessed him, he returned and helped his mistress to her feet. Hand in hand they finished the run together and barred the heavily timbered gates.

The Mexicans were at their heels. The gates swayed and groaned as they pushed against them. Alice Bigby fled on into the heart of the mountain, she knew not whither, stumbling in the darkness. The Chinaman remained on guard.

Safely beyond the torture of flames, Sang's paroxysm of fear passed. He faced mere death with the stoicism of his race. Like an animal at bay he crouched, ready to spring, waiting for the swaying gates to give before the infuriated Mexicans. The sinister blade was clasped in both hands and raised above his head. He would not die alone. He would meet his Josh on the other side with a long train of victims to serve him in the nether world.

"Mlissy Bligby!" he called. There was no answer.

"Mlissy Bligby!"

The gates crashed. Sang sprang.

* * * *

Two days later Bligby returned.

Toward sundown of the first day he had come upon the body of a former fellow workman, an American, dangling from the tottering supports of a charred water tank. It was stripped of clothing and riddled with bullets. Suspended from the neck was a crudely scrawled placard which, translated, read:

"See what we do to Carranza's Gringoes."

Thus Bigby had been warned that his planned destination was not a healthy place for Americans. There was then no use going on. That was plain. And there was no use returning. Neither he nor his wife could reach safety without sustenance. Somewhere, somehow, he must obtain food.

After resting but to realize that he was growing faint for the lack of a meal, Bigby, his shirt clinging fast to the flesh of his blistered back, head swimming, ears ringing, had retraced the last weary mile or so, and had taken the main line to El Paso. Coasting down a steepening grade, he had come suddenly upon eight trainloads of Carranzistas making their toilsome way towards Chihuhaua. They were gathering wood from the hillsides and carrying water in buckets from the river for their engines.

Without difficulty Bigby had found the Major in command. He had been received courteously, and a plate of beans and a can of steaming coffee set before him. He had then been offered a horse and an escort of four men to return for his wife. As for the women and children left at the mine they must make their own way as best they could to the Carranzista camps, where some sort of provision would be made for them. A six pound sack of beans was given Bigby as temporary provisions for these charges.

Long before dawn Bigby was well along on his return journey. Eventide found the five weary, dusty men on the last half mile up the mountain side.

As the charred ruins of the company's property came to his sight, Alex Bigby, aghast, reined his pony. Then, lashing the animal, he urged it forward, full speed up the trail. Midway a woman squatted, swaying herself from side to side in rhythm to her moaning lament.

Bigby shouted to her. She paid no heed. Swinging from his saddle, he grasped her by the shoulder.

"Senora, my wife, my wife? Where is Mrs. Bigby?" he urged.

The woman raised her eyes piteously. "Give me to eat, senor. For the love of Mary, give me to eat," she whimpered.

Bigby shook her. "Where is my wife?" he demanded, shortly.

The woman jerked her thumb, indicating the mine entrance. "There," she mumbled, "with the China devil."

His heart in his throat, Bigby sprang up the trail. He came upon Sang's body lying face downward at the mouth of the tunnel, blood-rusted knife clutched in outstretched hand. Bigby ran into the darkness beyond.

"Alice, Alice," he called. Then he stood still and shouted with all his might.

His wife stumbled into his arms. Sobbing hysterically, she conveyed to him the tragedy of the day before. He carried her out under the stars.

Still unnerved and sobbing, Alice Bigby knelt beside the body of the crumplied form of the Chinese cook.

Bigby raised his sombrero.

Then he remembered that somewhere, sometime, he had been told, or had read, that a Chinaman's word was never broken, and he instinctively felt again that handclasp of the bony fingers, and heard Sang's words:

"Your life alle samee my life, Mlister Bligby."

They buried Sang there in the hills.

MAYBECK'S MASTERPIECE

In beauteous grounds, near the waters edge,
As if a part of nature—tree and sedge,
A palace stands. A marvel of the age
(A pastel painting on our history's page).
The artist's soul here permeates the air,
And moves the heart of man to silent prayer;
In this we see the grace of ancient Greece—
A matchless architectural masterpiece,
A bas relief amidst a dream of art,
A cameo carved on San Francisco's heart.

A distant wanderer from a foreign land,
Is gazing spell bound, with his brush in hand—
The colored clouds are fading in the West—
Purple and crimson on a golden crest
A star stands out beside the crescent moon,
He sees them mirrored in the still lagoon,
Among the swans and drowsy mallards wild—
Inspiration is born, a spirit child.

IDA F. PATTIANI.

For the new series of Pastor Russell's contributions in the Overland Monthly, see announcement on page 79 of this issue.

Tragedy of the Donner Party

By Alice Stevens

THE reports and maps filed by General Fremont with the government at Washington, in 1845, describing the wide stretch of fertile lands lying west of the Rockies, called national attention to the great uninhabited West, more especially to California and Washington, as ideal localities in which to locate. These reports actively circulated by the government were eagerly read at sewing and club circles in the villages and towns east of the Mississippi River, and a gathering wave of enthusiasm to immigrate West swept over the Eastern settlements.

The Donner party and their friends then living in Springfield, Ill., readily caught the prevailing fever, a feeling receiving constant fanning through the glowing accounts published in the newspapers. Stories were told of the many parties throughout the nearby States that were preparing to join the "Great Overland" caravan then in the excitement of organizing. The high cost of equipment for the journey and a financial depression at that period, however, deterred many of those enthusiasts, and they declined the venture. James F. Reed joined with George Donner, a commanding man of cld Revolutionary stock and an early pioneer in North Carolina, Indiana and



NOVEMBER 15TH, fourteen men and women tried to escape on snowshoes. During their craze for food they cast lots on Christmas Day to determine which should die in order that the others might live. The wretched survivors finally reached Sutter's Fort. Several relief parties brought out those that survived. On the last trip Mrs. Donner refused to leave her dying husband. The last relief party found them both dead. One man alone survived. It was claimed he kept alive by eating human flesh.

Illinois, then 60 years of age, with a wife, five children and his aged parents. Their party was the first to leave the State of Illinois for California. The Donner family was in excellent circumstances, and their outfit was well above the standard, carrying many luxuries for that time and adventure.

The party started in ox-teams April 15, 1846. They reached the Missouri River on May 11th, and there joined the great caravan of immigrants heading West. East of Laramie they met a party of men returning from the Oregon territory. These riders reported that there were 478 wagons ahead of the Donner train. These added to the 40 wagons on the Donner party totaled 518 wagons on the Overland trail on that strip so far as the travelers had traversed it.

Soon after the train left Independence, it contained between two hundred and three hundred wagons, and stretched two miles in length. At that time there were ninety members in the party.

The Donner party came to the crossing of Fate when it reached the Little Sandy River in July and found four distinct parties gathered there. An "Open Letter" had been posted there by an author and explorer, Lansford Hastings, calling attention to a new route that had been recently explored from Fort Bridger by way of the south end of Salt Lake. He declared the route was 200 miles shorter than the old one. He ended his "notice" by stating that he would be stationed at Fort Bridger, personally to direct immigrants over the new route. George Donner was elected leader of the members of the several parties that decided to risk the new route described. Mrs. George Donner was the only individual, in the party, that was filled with forebodings regarding the sudden change of routes.

Five days later the party reached Fort Bridger to learn that Hastings had gone ahead to direct another party on the route, and had left word for other trains to follow his trail. Three of the Donner party rode ahead and overtook Hastings and the other train; they were in difficulties. The best Hastings could do for the Donner party was to ride to a peak and indicate to the three men a course which he thought would prove practical for them. But increasing difficulties continued to confront them. They discovered their provisions would not last, and messengers were sent ahead to Sutter's Fort in California to bring back supplies.

Then came the days when they were forced to cross the desert places, and there in the insufferable heat their cattle died like flies. The Indians of that locality sensed their condition and stole their horses and impedimenta whenever a chance offered. By October 12th the party had reached the sink of the Ogden river. The Indians were still harrying them by thefts of cattle and supplies. At Wadsworth, supplies reached them from Sutter's Fort. About this time the leaders were confident they would be able to cross the Sierra Mountains and reach California in two weeks.

On October 22d the train crossed the Truckee River for the forty-ninth and last time in 80 miles. They camped that night on the top of a high hill. The same night an Indian killed 18 oxen, and was shot by one of the guards who caught him in the act. At that time there were five wagons belonging to the Donner family in the train.

On the 28th of October, the larger part of the train had reached Truckee Lake, in Fremont's Pass, now known as Donner Lake. One of the Donner wagons broke its front axle on a decline at Older Creek, some eight miles behind, and was held up till the wagon could be repaired. The snow came down before the repairs were completed, and the Donners remained there to the end. Next day the men leading the main party at Donner Lake scouted ahead to within three miles of the crest of the mountain pass, and found five feet of snow blocking their way. The trail was obliterated and no place for making camp was possible.



THE DONNER PARTY of ninety-six immigrants organized the first party to leave Illinois for California, 1846. They reached Salt Lake, September 1st, with exhausted cattle to face the desert. They reached Truckee Lake, now Donner Lake, in the closing days of October, and were caught in the snows of winter. They constructed makeshift shelters, and in a few weeks were buried under 20 feet of snow. The weakest quickly succumbed.

They reported back to camp and great consternation prevailed.

Some of the immigrants proposed to abandon the wagons and make the oxen carry out the children and provisions; some wanted to take the children and rations and start out on foot; others sat brooding, dazed with the awful outlook. A strong party was organized to beat a way through the snow in a desperate effort to pass the summit, but the wagons quickly became lost in the deep drifts, and after a desperate night in the snow, they were forced back to the Donner Lake Camp, after saving what wagons and cattle they could. Heavy snow storms developed, and the men were compelled to build what make-shifts they could to protect their families and cattle from the driving blasts and heavily falling snow.

The larger port of the immigrants were located at Lake Donner, and were able to construct rude cabins; others with the Donner family were several miles down the mountain. They took advantage of every makeshift to protect themselves against the raging winter blast. December came in with more snow, and the food ran perilously short. The cattle were killed and buried in the snow, with marks set over the carcases. Ten days later four of the party on Donner Lake died, and others were in low condition. The children of the party were kept in bed during most of the time, all huddled together in endeavors to escape the intense cold. Christmas passed and New Year's Day, and the pitiless storms still swept over the two camps.

In January the snow was fourteen feet deep. Icicles hung from the trees and running water was hard to get. Wood was plentiful, but it was so difficult to get that the chilled immigrants could not get sufficient fire to soften the strips of rawhide to which they were reduced for food.

About the time the "Forlorn Hope" party of fifteen started out from the camp, starvation was beginning its severe inroads. Bayliss Williams was the first to succumb at Donner Lake; Jacob Donner the first at Prosser Creek. The hides of the cattle which had been used to cover the roofs of the cabins were taken down to provide food. The hair was burned off, the hides thoroughly cleaned, and then boiled and eaten. The water which jellied with this boiling was preserved for the delicate children. All the old

bones about the camp were carefully gathered, and industriously boiled till the last vestige of nutriment was extracted.

December 16th, thirteen men and women, husbands leaving their wives and mothers their children, formed "The Forlorn Hope," and set out on snowshoes to bring relief—each carrying a pack. The markers over the cattle buried had become obliterated, and wild efforts were made by the stronger survivors to locate them.

It was during this period of black despair that the first whispers were heard, "The carcases of the dead cattle are lost; but the dead, if they could be reached, their bodies might keep us alive." The Donners protested against any such act.

February 19th, seven strangers appeared in the two camps, one of the several relief parties, organized by General Sutter and Alcalde Sinclair in California.

Meantime the "Forlorn Hope" had gone through desperate adventures, tortures and privations before they finally reached Sutter Fort. Their scant food, chiefly rawhide, gave out early, and several were reduced to eating their own shoes, to trudge later over the rough ground till every step left traces of blood. Stanton died, and the rest trudged, stumbled and dragged themselves along as best they could. Then came the day when they actually drew slips to see which one should be sacrificed for the common good. The lot fell on a man who had done memorable heroic work for their benefit, and they unanimously cancelled their vote.

The journey was then resumed with the understanding that the first to die should furnish the victim. That Christmas day they made three miles, through the heavy snow. In front of the fire one of them froze to death, and a father called his two grown daughters to his side, whispering he was ready to die. A hurricane swept away their scanty fire, and they all huddled together as best they could.

January 3d the survivors of the little group reached the end of the snow field. That day Eddy, the leader, shot a deer, drank its blood and carried part of the carcass back to the party. With this meat the seven survivors of the "Forlorn Hope" gained renewed strength to stumble along their way. On January 10th the twenty-fifth day after leaving Donner Lake, they reached an Indian village, and were carefully passed along from village to village down the mountain sides to Sutter Fort at Sacramento.

Appeals were quickly made to the alcalde of Alta California, and the first relief party was formed to carry relief to the survivors at Donner Lake and the camp a few miles below. March 1st the second relief party of ten men reached the sufferers in the mountain camps. Thirty-one were found alive in the two camps, nearly all of them children. The grown folks were all too weak to travel. George Donner, who was badly injured through an accidental wound infecting an arm, was too weak to move. He begged his wife to take the children and go with the rescuers, but she stoutly refused. Later a third relief expedition reached the survivors, to find that Geo. Donner and his wife were among the dead.

Edwin Bryant, who was with General Kearney when the latter visited the Donner Lake cabins in June, 1847, wrote: "A halt was ordered for the purpose of collecting and interring the remains of the dead. Near the principal cabins I saw two bodies entire, portions of which had been extracted. Strewn about the cabins were human bones in every variety of mutilation. A most revolting and appalling spectacle I never witnessed. Those remains were carefully gathered and interred. Major Swords ordered the cabins fired and everything connected with the horrid and melancholy tragedy was consumed. The body of George Donner was found in his camp at Alder Creek, some eight miles away, wrapped in a sheet and buried.

The last of the survivors of this tragedy, a woman, passed away in California several months ago.

Pioneer Experiences in California

By Lell Hawley Woolley

On September 23d, 1916, Lell Hawley Woolley, member of the Society of California Pioneers and a Vigilante of 1856, celebrated his ninety-first birthday in East Oakland. Since the death of Colonel Andrews, Mr. Woolley ranks as the oldest Mason on the Pacific Coast, having rounded out sixty-nine years in the Masonic order. He is a member of Mount Moriah Lodge, San Francisco—No. 44 F. and A. M.—and several years ago the late Major Sherman made him a member, also, of the Masonic Veterans' Association of the Pacific Coast.

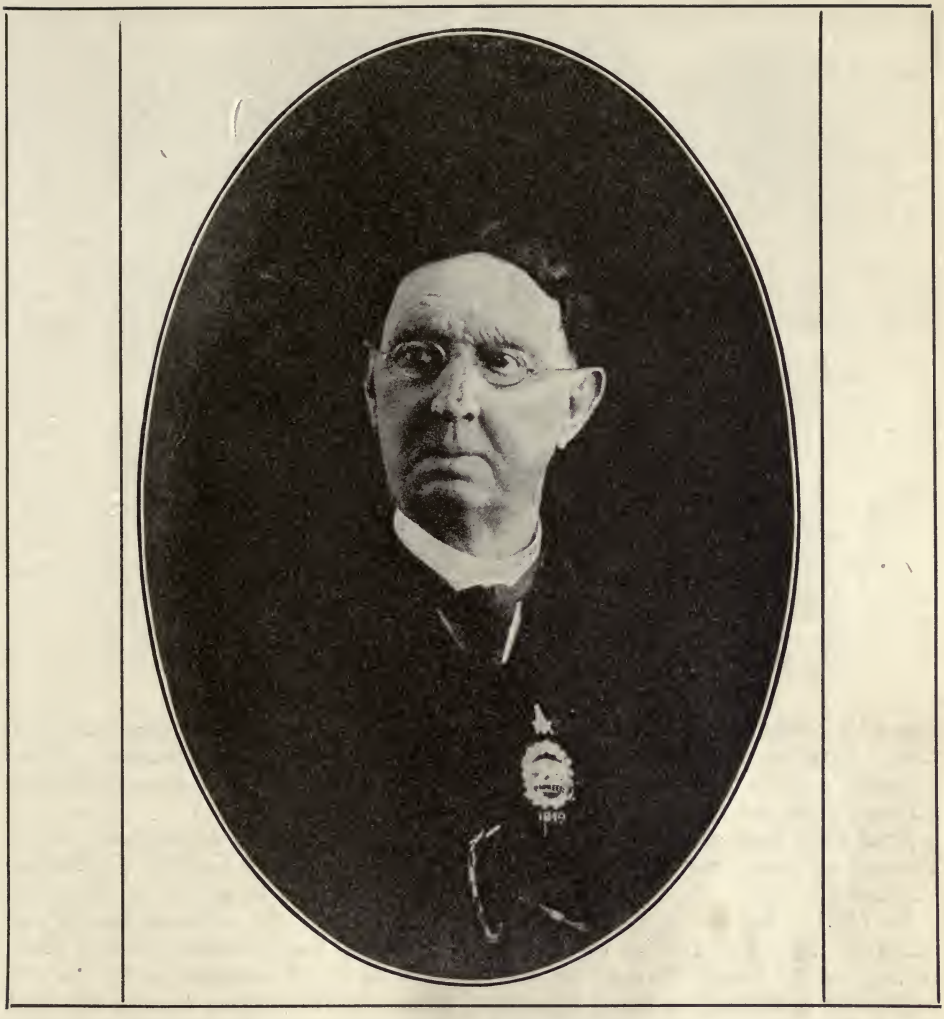
I WAS living in the State of Vermont when I made up my mind to cross the plains to California, the Land of Gold and Opportunity. By birth I belong to New York State, having been born at Martinsburg in 1825.

I started on my long journey via Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Independence, Missouri. Reaching the last mentioned place, I joined the first mule train of Turner, Allen & Company's line. It consisted of forty wagons, one hundred and fifty mules—many of them half-wild—and about one hundred and fifty passengers.

We left the frontier May 14th, and many were our tribulations, for few of us knew anything about camping out, and cooking was an unknown art to us. Besides, those mules gave us a lively time. One day, while we were walking ahead, a terrific hailstorm arose and they became frightened and broke away from the wagons, leaving them so exposed to the fury of the elements that they were badly damaged. The tops were literally torn to rags. A far worse disaster was a scourge of cholera, which swept fifty of our number into the grave befort Fort Laramie was reached.



THE FIRST THEATRE built in California, located at Monterey, then the capital, and military and social center of California.

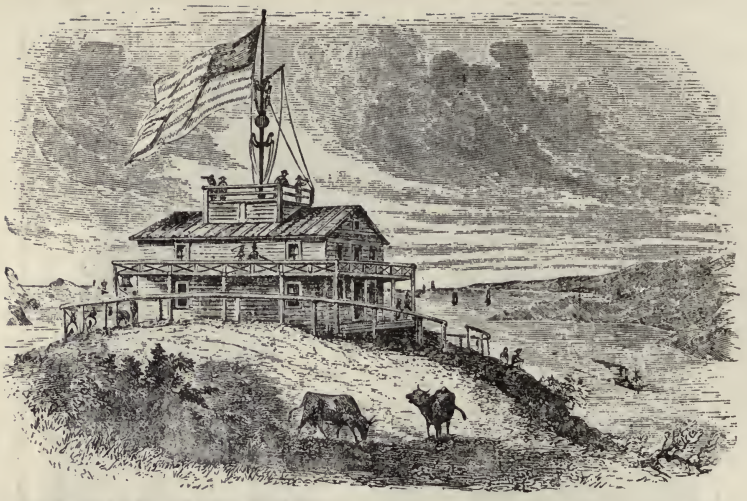


Lell Hawley Woolley

We had a little sport along the banks of the Platte River, several antelope, and occasionally a buffalo, being captured by us. An interesting geological feature of that region was a two-hundred-high sandstone formation called Chimney Rock, which reminded us of the Bunker Hill monument. Quicksands in a river bed, however, were less pleasing, and almost led to a tragedy, one of our number being caught in them when attempting to ford the river on foot. Fortunately he was rescued after a hard tussle against the voracious sand.

The first time we used pontoons was in crossing Green River in the Rockies, but the roughest piece of road between Missouri and California was the Six Mile Canyon this side of Carson Valley, where there were boulders from the size of a barrel to that of a stage coach, and where it took two days to haul a wagon six miles.

We arrived at Weaverville, three miles below Hangtown (Placerville) on September 10, 1849, the journey having occupied five months. Hangtown was then a forlorn place, consisting of one log cabin and a few tents. Here I did my first mining, but not for long, as I was suffering from "land



THE "TELEGRAPH" STATION at Point Lobos, 1848, which held communication with a like station on Telegraph Hill, overlooking the little town of San Francisco. When the lookout at Point Lobos sighted an incoming vessel through his field glass he hoisted a flag on the pole above. The lookout at the Telegraph Hill station, eight miles away over the sand hills, promptly hoisted a flag on his cabin in answer, and the citizens in the streets at the foot of the hill were thus notified that a steamer was approaching. Practically all of them rushed to the Postoffice to get in line to receive their mail. September 22, 1853, the first electric telegraph was established between the two points.

scurvy," owing to lack of vegetable diet. After working around a while, I made a little money and went to Grass Valley, where I started and ran a hotel for a few weeks, but where, at the end of that time, I found myself "busted."

In 1850 I became a member of a company that had for its object the turning of the South Fork of the American River through a canal into the North Fork, thereby draining about a thousand yards of the river bed; but, alas! just as the work was completed, the river rose, carrying away the dam and our labor with it.

I went mining again, this time at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, and after varying fortune, sold my claim for thirteen hundred dollars which paid all my debts and made things easy at home. I have, as a souvenir of those days, a watch-chain made from the gold of that mine.

In the spring of 1852, I turned my face Eastward, leaving San Francisco via the Nicaragua route. You see, there was "the girl I left behind me." A year later I married her. The "happy event" took place in Cincinnati, where she was visiting her sister, but she belonged to Vermont, where my folks lived, too, so we settled there until 1854.

Then—well, you know how it is when you've once lived in California, you just have to go back, that's all there is to it. So, wife consenting, we packed up and journeyed to San Francisco by the Nicaragua route. In reference to Nicaragua, I must say that from casual observation of topographical conditions at the time, I thought it favorable for the canal, promising less expense and being much shorter than the route via Panama. However, I proudly wore a participant's badge on February 20th, 1915, for although unable to be present at the opening ceremonies of our great exposition, none rejoiced more than I over the splendid achievement that it celebrated.

How different San Francisco was in the old pioneer days! In 1855, when we were living on Third street, near Mission street, we got water from a man who conveyed it about the city in a cart, much of it secured from a well near the corner of West and First

streets. For three years we paid a dollar-fifty per week for our water supply. All that part of the city was then wild, just sand dunes and low ground. Why, I used to hunt rabbits in the Mission then!

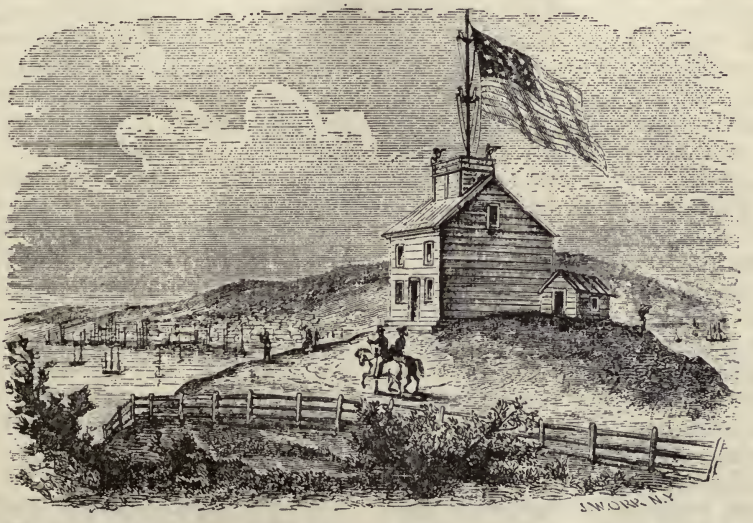
The Post Office was built in 1855 at the northwest corner of Washington and Battery streets. The previous Post Offices had been destroyed by fire. On "steamer days" long lines of people waited for letters at the Post Office; indeed, sometimes waiting all day for their turn, the delivery windows being arranged alphabetically. Places in the line, even, were sold for as much as ten and twenty dollars at times.

Portsmouth Square, "The Plaza" of early days, was the scene of all public meetings and demonstrations. Its "christening" occurred on July 9, 1846, when Captain Montgomery, commander of the old sloop-of-war "Portsmouth," landed with his sailors and marines and raised the Stars and Stripes there, thus making San Francisco an American city, and giving the Square the name of his vessel at the same time. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of this bloodless victory, which followed closely the raising of the American flag at Monterey by Commodore Sloat, proclaiming the occupancy of California by the United States.

But let me tell you about real estate values of early days. They will make your mouth water. I stood with gold dust in my pocket that burdened me while lots in the neighborhood of Sansome, Battery and Front street were auctioned off for twenty-five dollars, and corner lots for thirty. I would be a millionaire to-day if only I had known enough to grasp my opportunities.

And with what careless generosity business was handled at times! I went one day to deposit a sack of gold dust at the office of the Adams Express Company. Fifty dollar slugs were then in circulation, and in the exchange I found, after leaving, that I had been given twelve instead of eight of them. I went back and asked if they rectified mistakes. "Not after a man leaves the office," was the reply. What do you think of that?

Furniture was brought around Cape Horn, of course, and much of it was auctioned off in a room on Washington street, near the Plaza. There I bought a handsome bedroom suite of mahogany, worth two hundred dollars, for half that amount, and I am using it to-day. San Francisco's first clock that my friend, Mr. Wharff, gave to the



THE "TELEGRAPH" STATION on Telegraph Hill. See preceding page.



MONTEREY, 1849, at the time the forty-eight delegates gathered in Coton Hall to frame the first State Constitution. There were 10 districts, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, San Jose, Sonoma, San Francisco, San Joaquin and Sacramento, at the first meeting of the delegates. After a month's discussion the instrument was drafted, and finally adopted and signed, October 13, 1849. Thirty-one shots were fired from the fort's cannon. The Constitution expressly rejected slavery.

Park Museum, was brought via the Panama route from New York in 1852. It was by order of Alexander Austin, the most prominent retail dry-goods merchant of those days, who placed it on the upper floor of his four story building, 425 Montgomery street. The clock was afterwards moved when he transferred his place of business to Sutter and Montgomery streets. Mr. Austin was subsequently elected City and County Tax Collector, but the clock remained with the new owner until 1886, when he had it removed for the remodeling of the interior of the building. Mr. Wharff, who was the architect in charge, then purchased it, and it remained in his possession until November, 1911, when he generously turned it over to the public. You will find it in the Pioneer Room of the Museum, Golden Gate Park.

The ninth of September always brings to me memory of the first Admission Day celebration of the California's "Betsy Ross." Mr. Haskell, manager of the Adams Express and Banking Company, wanted an American flag for the division of the parade of which his firm was a part. He could find none, however, of the proper size. Nothing daunted, he searched until he found a dressmaker with enough pieces of silk and satin in her piece bag (even if they weren't all alike) to make a flag 3x2 feet. He paid her a fifty dollar slug for her work. Afterwards the flag was presented to the company's chief messenger, Mr. Thomas Connell, and it has been a prized possession in his family ever since, as a souvenir of October 29, 1850, the day that San Francisco celebrated California's admission as a State into the Union.

People don't understand nowadays why we celebrated in October when the State was admitted on September 9th; but the reason was that, those being pre-telegraph days, we had to wait for the next steamer from the Atlantic Coast for our news. It had been arranged that, if the bill passed, we would be notified by signal before the vessel docked. Imagine our joy when, on October 18th, the "Oregon" came into the bay with her bunting flying, and fired thirty-one rounds, every one knowing that the thirty-first meant California. Our celebration, elaborate as befitted the occasion, could not be carried out, therefore, until October 29th.

At the Admission Day celebration twenty-five years later, James Lick re-



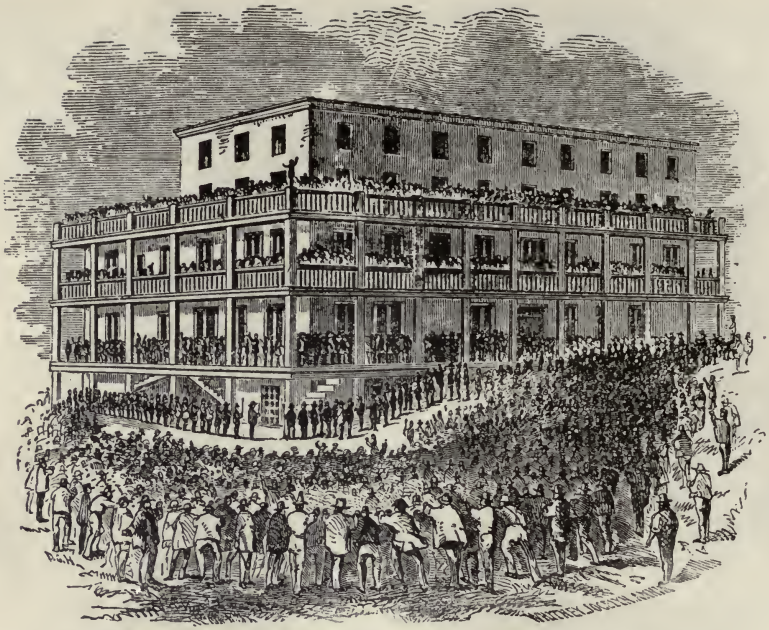
PIONEERS CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA IN 1853. From an old print.

viewed the pioneers as they passed in parade, and James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold, who was still hale and hearty at the age of sixty-seven years, was with the Marysville delegation, as was also a survivor of the Donner party, Murphy by name.

I would have liked to see the "Path of Gold" celebration recently held here, for I have witnessed the evolution of light in San Francisco. Well I remember our illuminations in honor of the Field cable! My display was considered quite brilliant. It consisted of a candle, stuck in a piece of tin, placed in every small pane—7x9—of my windows. Later I saw petroleum demonstrated in lamps for the first time. It came in as a substitute for a burning fluid that was being used, and the proper refining process not having then been arrived at, people were afraid of its inflammable character. Gas followed in its turn, and then the king of lights—electricity—which found, perhaps, its noblest and most inspiring expression at our great Exposition.

But of course the most momentous period of my life came in 1856, when, in spite of the work of the first Vigilance Committee, which had crowded the boats to Stockton and Sacramento with flying scoundrels, San Francisco was again wide open to crime. In November, 1855, Charles Cora had killed General Richardson, an excellent man and United States Marshal. The following spring, the courts failing to convict Cora, James King, the fearless editor of the "Daily Evening Bulletin," urged the people to take the matter into their own hands. He also took a strong stand against the corruption of city officials, especially against James P. Casey, a lawless supervisor and ballot box manipulator, with the result that Casey shot him on May 14, 1856.

Within thirty-six hours a second Vigilance Committee was organized, the first one being in 1851, and 2,600 names enrolled, of which number, I am proud to say, I was the ninety-sixth. Before our committee disbanded, we numbered between eight and nine thou-



A GATHERING OF 5,000 CITIZENS in San Francisco, February 22, 1851, to witness the trial of James Stuart, Alias Burdue, for shooting a merchant and robbing his store. This led to the organization of the first Vigilance Committee, that of 1851.

sand. Two of my unused cartridges are in the Oakland Museum.

A Kentuckian, William T. Coleman, was the head of our committee, a man of the highest integrity; indeed, I may say, one of the foremost men in the country, both in character and in business. You must understand that the so-called Law and Order party did not stand for what its name implied; therefore the Vigilance Committee was an absolute necessity. Its principle was to do nothing but that which the law ought to do, but did not do, at that time. Our members were the highest type of citizens.

You cannot imagine the state of affairs when we organized. During the first few months of '55—ten, in fact—four hundred and eighty-nine persons were killed by violence, and people were afraid of their lives on the streets. Whereas, for about twenty-five years after we disbanded there was comparative peace and harmony. Our committee was most assuredly the medium of justice for those stirring times, and our organization imperative as a means of self-defense. Inability to cope with the situation was not the fault of the State Administration; lawlessness reigned because San Francisco was so terrorized into inaction by fear that even the judges were afraid to convict criminals.

The turning over of Casey and Cora to the Vigilance Committee was an exciting scene. I was sitting in church on Sunday, May 18th, when a man came in and quietly touched a number of us on the shoulder. I told my wife to make her way home alone, as I was wanted at headquarters, Sacramento street, between Front and Davis. Arriving there, we were ordered to go to the jail at Broadway, between Kearny and Dupont streets, to get Casey and Cora. Casey had gone there for protection after the shooting. My company was lined up across the street, and opposite the county jail, when we reached the jail. In front of us was a small, loaded brass cannon about three feet long, originally used at Fort Sutter. Alongside was a lighted match of the punk variety that burns slowly but surely. Everything was ready, application was made for the desper-



MASS MEETING, San Francisco, endorsing th e acts of the Vigilance Committee, June 14, 1856. (From an old print.)



SACRAMENTO, 1850.

adoes, but both jailer and sheriff refused to deliver them up. Then appeared Governor J. Neely Johnson, who happened to be in the city and who acted as an intermediary, telling them the committee was determined to have the men alive or dead. Finally, Casey was turned over, and an hour later Cora also.

At the Vigilance headquarters the two men were kept in separate cells until their trial, May 20th. They were treated fairly, allowed lawyers and witnesses; both were pronounced guilty and hanged, May 23d, from a platform erected outside a second-story window at Fort Gunnybags, as our committee rooms were called. Casey was buried in the Mission Dolores Cemetery by an engine company of which he was foreman, and Cora—it is supposed, was buried there also by the wife whom he married just before his execution.

Our committee hanged only four men during its official life, the execution of the other two following closely after, and happening as follows: On July 24th, a desperate character, James Hetherington by name, shot with fatal results Doctor Randal, because of the latter's inability to repay money borrowed on a mortgage. Hetherington was tried and sentenced to die, July 29th. At the same hour Philander Brace, a hardened criminal of low type who had killed Captain J. B. West out in the Mission and then murdered his accomplice, was also executed. A gallows was erected on Davis street, between Sacramento and Commercial streets, where both men paid the penalty of their crimes.

By order and by ship we sent about sixty men of "bad" reputation, out of the State. One, "Yankee Sullivan," an active participant in ballot box frauds, committed suicide. Some of those expelled returned again. Notable among the number was Billy Mulligan, who had been shipped away on the "Golden Age" and ordered never to return under penalty of death. Several years later, however, he turned up again in San Francisco. I saw him myself on the streets. One day some youngsters annoying him, he shot into their midst, injuring a boy in the foot. Billy ran into the old St. Francis Hotel, then vacant, and situated on the corner of Clay and Dupont streets, where he resisted arrest. The police, being told to take him, alive or dead, stationed themselves in a building on the opposite side of the street, and when Billy appeared at a window, shot and killed him.

Our executive committee of the Vigilance Committee numbered thirty-three. As a precautionary measure, our



OAKLAND IN 1854, located across the bay from San Francisco. In that period it was an attractive excursion point enjoyed by San Franciscans. On April 10, 1854, the first election under the city charter occurred, and Horace W. Carpentier was elected mayor.

secretary's name was never known. He signed all executive orders "No. 33." Fort Gunnybags derived its name from the gunnysacks filled with sand which were piled up in a wall some six feet wide by ten feet high. On the roof of our building, originally a wholesale business house, we had a huge bell, the sound of which called us to arms. Our cells, executive chambers and other departments were on the second floor. On March 21, 1903, the California Historic Landmarks' League placed a bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, on the face of the building, and on that occasion the old bell pealed out its last "call to arms." Three years later the great fire of 1906 swept the historical old building away.

But I must not forget to tell you about the Terry-Hopkins affair. On the second day of June, 1856, Judge Terry stabbel Sterling Hopkins, a member of our committee, when he, with a posse, was arresting a rough character called Rube Maloney. While Doctor Beverly Cole was attending to Hopkins, who was hadly hurt, Terry and Maloney fled to the Law and Order headquarters on Jackson and Dupont street. The Vigilance bell called us to arms, and very quickly we controlled the situation. About thirty-two Law and Order men, so called, were taken to Fort Gunnybags, together with a large quantity of captured arms and ammunition.

I have already referred to two out of our three methods of punishment, viz.: sending the culprits out of the country, and hanging. Our third method was acquittal, and in this case we held Terry until August, and then, Hopkins having recovered, we acquitted him, compelling him, however, to resign his position as Judge of the Supreme Court. During his term of imprisonment I kept guard over him for one watch.

In 1859 came Judge Terry's duel with Broderick, the last duel on American soil, and well known in history. I would like to add for my part that I don't think Broderick said anything that needed retraction, but considering Terry's violent and unscrupulous character, Broderick should have declined to fight. By the way, that duel did not take place at the spot indicated by the Landmarks' Committee, but on the



THE OLD CITY HALL of pioneer days, destroyed by the big fire of 1906. On the left is the El Dorado, a famous gathering place in its day. In the fenced foreground is the old Plaza of Spanish days, now known as Portsmouth Square.

south side of Lone Mountain Cemetery not far from the line—at that time an open country, with no buildings adjacent.

As a forty-niner, I am emphatically opposed to the plan of the Native Sons in the matter of placing a tablet to memorialize the spot. I cannot make this too strong, for although that event marked the end of dueling in California, a deed so black, and in which it has generally been conceded that contemptible trickery had a share, should be forgotten. It seems to me it would be holding up a wrong ideal, both to the present and future generations, to give the site of such a tragedy a place among the shrines of our glorious State. Why perpetuate the name of Terry, a man who lived a life of violence and who died by violence thirty years later—thus reaping what he sowed—when so many of noble deeds go unrecorded and unsung? I hope the Native Sons will reconsider the matter and not soil their good name by carrying out the plan contemplated.

Now let me tell you something about the '60's. You will be interested to know that on April 3, 1860, I saw Harry Hoff, the first pony express messenger, start on his journey at Kearny street, between Clay and Washington streets, opposite the Plaza. The steamer left for Sacramento at four o'clock p. m., and that place reached, the ride proper began at midnight. Stations were erected about twenty-five miles apart, and each rider was expected to span three stations. Hoff, therefore, was relieved at Placerville by "Boston," the second rider, who, in his turn, was relieved at the summit of the Sierras, Friday Station, by the third rider, Sam Hamilton, who carried the express to Fort Churchill. The distance from Sacramento to that point, 185 miles, was made in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, though the trail, heavily covered with snow, across the summit, had to be kept open by trains of pack animals in order to break down the snow drifts. Pony express was a semi-weekly service, each rider carrying fifteen pounds of letters, the rate five dollars per half ounce. The best horses and bravest men were necessary for this important work. The first messenger to reach San Francisco from the East arrived April 14, 1860.



A SECTION of the big fire of April, 1906, advancing on the ferry system depots of San Francisco.

We allowed thirteen days for letters from New York, but the actual time was from ten and a half to twelve days. It meant something to get letters, then, didn't it?

A vivid memory, too, is that of the great floods which occurred in 1861-1862, when the merchants of Sacramento had to place their goods on benches and counters to keep them above water, and when those who had upper stories to their houses moved into them for safety. The water rose until it reached a point where boats, running between Sacramento and San Francisco, took people out of the second story windows. There was much suffering and loss of property along the river.

It was in 1861, also, that Doctor Scott, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, prayed, on a certain Sunday, for the Presidents of the Union and of the Confederate States, with the result that he had to be smuggled out by the back way into Mrs. Thomas Selby's carriage, for fear of bodily harm. The next morning he was hanged in effigy from the top of a building in course of construction.

In 1865 I saw the raid on the old time "Examiner" office when that paper surely met its Waterloo. It had headquarters at that time on Washington street, near Sansome, and its sympathy with the Confederacy led to such a frenzy of riot that all movable things were taken into the street to be burned. Before the projected conflagration could take place, however, or the police arrive, the mob carried off everything it could lay hands on. I must confess myself to having in my possession two pieces of type that I picked up on that occasion. "Uncle Phil Roach," as the editor and founder was called, a genial old man whom everybody liked, tried, when a member of the State Legislature later, to get an appropriation to cover his loss, but without success.

It is pleasant to recall the noted people I have seen. When William H. Seward, Secretary of State, came from

Washington in 1867, to purchase Alaska, he was entertained while in San Francisco by Judge Hastings, whose home was on the corner of Washington street near Taylor. My home being on the same block, I frequently saw Mr. Seward on the piazza enjoying the fine view. He was quite advanced in age even then. At an affair given in his honor at Pioneer Hall he was so shaky that he had to use both hands to hold his glass of champagne when toasted.

When General Grant came to San Francisco, he fell an easy victim to a young, but persistent, autograph hunter. The General was writing in Pioneer Hall at the time, and a ten-year-old boy approached the table, at which he was sitting. Bit by bit he edged nearer, and finally, with one bold stroke, placed his book beneath the great man's nose. There was only one thing to do, and the General did it, inscribing his name as meekly as could be, but with a broad smile on his usually grave face. Thus did he make one small boy happy for life.

Other famous soldiers I have seen include Fremont, the "Pathfinder," for whom I once did some iron work; General Vallejo, provincial governor of California from 1840 to 1843; and General Sutter. The last mentioned I once stood with on the banks of the Sacramento River in the fall of '49, on which occasion he said: "I have moored my boats in the tops of those cottonwood trees, where the driftwood showed not less than twenty-five feet from the ground."

But I must tell you a good story of General Vallejo and President Lincoln. The former, while in Washington, whither he had been called by the President during the early part of the Civil War, suggested that the United States build a railroad into Mexico, believing it would be a benefit to both nations. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "what good would it do for our people to go there, even if railroads were built? They would all die of fever, and, according to your belief, go down yonder," pointing below to indicate the lower regions.

"I wouldn't be very sorry about that," answered the General. "How so?" said Mr. Lincoln. "I thought you liked the Yankees." "So I do," was the answer. "The Yankees are a wonderful people. Wherever they go they make improvements. If they were to emigrate in large numbers to hell itself, they would somehow manage to change the climate." And I believe the General was right, for see what has been done with the deadly climate of the Canal Zone!

Other men I have known were Henry Highton, the lawyer; Colonel Andrews, of the Diamond Palace, and Judge Holliday, who was always my friend and at one time my attorney. You will remember that he died last year. Ina Donna Coolbrith, California's poet laureate, was also known to me years ago, a dignified and beautiful young woman of rare gifts, and I am glad indeed of the honors that have come to her later in life, though, as a matter of fact, they should have been hers long ago.

You want to know what my avocations have been? Well, I have done all sorts of things. For ten years I was in the retail grocery business, but in 1884 went into the employ of the Southern Pacific, where I remained for twenty years, retiring on a pension in 1904. Two years later I lost my wife, but still have my son and daughter, the former living at Vallejo and the latter, Mrs. Nelson Page, living near me in Oakland. She, by the way, is the author of an article in the Overland Monthly some years ago on the subject of Pitcairn Island that attracted wide attention. She has the pen of a ready writer, and my friends tell me the most remarkable thing I have ever done was the publication of my book, "California, 1849-1913," which I wrote when I was eighty-seven years old. My purpose was not self-aggrandizement, but that my experience might be deposited in the archives of my descendants."

Pastor Russell's Writings to be Continued in Overland Monthly

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed with Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society whereby the management of Overland Monthly will, in the February issue, if ready, begin in serial form Pastor Russell's famous book, "The Divine Plan of the Ages." Other works of this beloved pastor are being prepared to follow.

The following excerpt, from a letter recently received by Overland Monthly from the manager of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, explains itself to our many constant readers regarding the publication of this new series of Pastor Russell's writings:

"Since your magazine is of a higher class than any of the newspapers, we thought perhaps the best thing we could think of for your readers would be to supply you the subject matter of Pastor Russell's famous book, "The Divine Plan of the Ages" in serial form, to appear in 12, 16 or 24 installments. "The Divine Plan of the Ages," next to the Bible, is the most widely circulated book in the world. When prepared in installments, we feel sure it will prove very satisfactory."

Our good friends specially interested in this series will help us greatly if they will pass the word along among their acquaintances that the Pastor Russell series has been resumed in Overland Monthly.



Lost Horses

By R. T. Coryndon

A MONTH or so after the traitor Maritz had made his flambuoyant proclamation in German Southwest Africa, a small body of mounted Union troops was operating in a district which may be described as "somewhere near Upington." Probably such secrecy of places and names is not at all necessary, but it lends an appropriate military flavor to the small events I describe. I may go so far as to say that the setting I have provided is fictitious, though similar events did, no doubt, occur in the operations against Maritz and Kemp and their heroes. The characters of the roan horse and of the boy Frikkie are true to life, and the small adventures did occur much as described, but in another country in South Africa and upon a different occasion. Accept the story as fiction, not as history; it will at any rate serve to throw a light upon one of the aspects of the fighting in that dry land, and it illustrates the close relationship between horse and man in that country of long distances and sparse population and infrequent water holes. The conditions are the absolute antithesis of those in Flanders and the trenches.

The risk of losing his riding or pack animals is constantly present to the veld traveler. Fortunately it is seldom the cause of anything more troublesome than a temporary inconvenience, but there are occasions when serious hardships result, the loss of valuable time or of your animals, or risk to your own life. In most cases the loss of your beasts is due merely to the fact that they have strayed. They have, as a rule, either followed the lead of some restless animal who is making back for his stable, or else they have wandered away in search of grass or water.

A horse is less hardy than his hybrid half-brother, and more the slave of his belly. Thirst and hunger pinch him at once, and he is quick in search of comfort; he is therefore more likely to stop and suffer capture at the first patch of good grass he comes to. His superficial character, moreover, generally affords some indication both of the reason he has strayed and the direction he has taken. There are, however, a few horses who are inveterate and troublesome wanderers; they are generally old animals whose accumulated experience has developed a cunning foreign to their normal character. Such animals often possess an irritating facility for choosing the most inconvenient time to stray and the most unlikely direction to go.

If horses are the most frequent offenders, their sins in this respect are seldom serious. In my own experience, mules are more liable to travel back along the road they have come than horses; they are more creatures of habit, their memory is more retentive, and they have greater natural intelligence. When a mule has acquired the habit of absenting himself from duty he is a perpetual trouble. The most malignant form of this disease occurs when the beast has developed an insatiable longing for one particular place, a definite goal from which nothing will turn him. This haven of his constant desire is generally the place where he was born, or where he passed the pleasant days of his absurd youth.

There are traits in most horses which in conjunction with this foundation of congenital simplicity, go to make

"character." Men who have dealt with horses in the less frequented parts of the earth know this well. They will remember one animal who had in a highly developed degree that instinctive correctness of demeanor which can best be described as good manners; a second had a heart like a lion and checked at nothing; another was a prey to an incurable nervousness; while yet another was simply mean. These mean horses are a perpetual menace; you never know when they will let you down. Sometimes they are clearly actuated by malice; sometimes, however, there is a subtle quality and timeliness in their apparent stupidity which gives you a horrid suspicion that you've been had, and that your horse is more of a rogue than a fool. Such an animal is always an old horse, never a young one.

I am not quite clear as to what a scout should look like. The typical scout of the North American Indian days, as exemplified in the person of Natty Bumpo, wore fringed buckskin and moccasins and coon-skin cap, while Texas Bill and his vivid companions had a more picturesque costume still, in which great silver-studded saddles and jingling spurs and monstrous revolvers bore a conspicuous part. I must confess that my own nine sportsmen were scrubby-looking fellows compared to their picturesque predecessors at the game. (The khaki trousers issued by an administration which was always more practical than picturesque do not lend themselves, in this generation at any rate, to romance.) But they were a hard and useful lot, much sunburned, and with gnarled, scarred hands. Deerslayer himself probably could not have taught them much about their own veld craft. Every one was South African born; three of them were younger sons of loyal Boer farmers. One was a colored boy, a quiet, capable fellow. He was with us nominally as a sort of groom, but his civil manners and extraordinary capacity soon won him an accepted place in the scouts; though he rode and ate with us, he always sat a little apart in camp. He had spent three or four years up country, where I had first come across him in fact, and had shot some amount of big game; he was excellent on spoor and had a wonderful eye for country, and I really think he was the quickest man on and off a horse, and the quickest and most brilliant shot I ever saw. He stood on the roster as Frederick Collins, but was never known by any other name than Frikkie.

The commandant of the rather nondescript commando, which was officially described, I believe, as a composite regiment, had a sound idea of the value of a few competent and well mounted scouts, and had done us very well in the matter of horse. We had been "on commando" now for nearly five weeks, and had got to know our animals pretty well. During the confusion and changes of the first fortnight I had got rid of a dozen horses I saw would be of no use for our work —thought suitable, no doubt, for slower troop duty, and by a cunning process of selection had got together a very serviceable lot, with four spare animals to carry kit and water on the longer trips away from the main body. Your spirited young things, though well enough to go courting on, are apt to get leg-weary and drop condition too soon on steady work, and all my mob were aged and as hard as nails. I will describe one or two of them presently.

Things were getting a little exciting about that time. Three rebel commandos, or rather bands, were known to be in the neighborhood, and it was essential to find out what their strength was and who their leaders were. There was not much reason to fear attack, for they were not well found in either guns or ammunition, and their ragamuffin cavalry were concerned to avoid and not invite a stand up engagement. Rapidity of action was essential to the loyal troops, for the longer the rebellion dragged on the more risk there was of its spreading. It was necessary to find out at once the actual movements of these bands, and the best

way of doing so was to keep tally of the water holes. Man can, if necessary, carry water for themselves, but horses, especially those from the moist high veld of the Transvaal, must have water regularly or they go to pieces very quickly in that dry, hot land. And so the remote and forgotten pit at Ramib had suddenly become of importance, and I had been told to send two men to examine it at once.

It lay within the rocky belt which came down south of the Orange River somewhat to our right; it was supposed to be twenty miles away, but it might prove five miles less or ten miles more. It was known to have held water fifteen months before, and our business was to find out if it still held water, how long that water would be likely to last, and if any of the rebels had been to it recently. No one in the column was aware of its exact location, but I myself knew enough of those parts to guess roughly where it must lie. I decided to take one man and a pack horse and to take the patrol myself. No native guide was available, and the Colonel did not, for obvious reasons, care to make use of any of the few local Boers who carried on a wretched existence as farmers in that barren country.

My own horse was a big bay, an uncomfortable beast, but capable of covering much ground; like many big men, he had little mental elasticity and no vices. Frikkie had an unassuming bay of ordinary manners and capacity, and with a natural aptitude for routine and a military life. The third horse was a king of his class. He did not belong to the scouts, but I had borrowed him to carry the pack on that patrol He was mean all through; in color a sort of skewbald roan, and in character an irreclaimable criminal. He had a narrow chest, weedy white legs, and a pale shifty eye; he was very free with his heels, and an inveterate malingerer. He had never carried a pack before, and we were prepared for trouble, for his malevolent spirit had already acquired a wide reputation.

The patrol left the column a little before sunset, after a windless, baking day. The horses were in excellent fettle. The roan had given some trouble with the pack, but before he could throw himself down or buck through the lines he was hustled out of camp to an accompaniment of oaths and cheers in two languages. Once away and alone he went quietly, but doubtless with hate in his heart, for his beastly eye was full of gall.

Dawn found us hidden on the top of a low stony kopje, the horses tied together among the brown boulders below. It was bitter cold as the light grew, and the sun came up into an empty world. I waited there for half an hour, partly to find any signs of white men, and partly to work out the lay of the land and the probable direction of the pit. Nothing was moving in the whole world. It was clear where the water must be. On the right was the usual barren desert country we had come through during the night, low ridges of stone and shale, and a thin low scrub of milk bush and cactus. On the left the land grew much rougher towards the river; the rocky valleys stretched for miles in that direction. Presently we led the horses down off the kopje, and an hour later saw us looking down at the chain of small holes, still full of good water. I stayed with the hidden horses while Frikkie cut a circle round the pools. There was no sign of life, he reported, only the old sandal spoor of some natives; no horse had been down to the water for weeks, probably for months. We off-saddled in a hidden corner some way from the water, and got a small fire going of thin dry sticks. The horses were given a drink and turned loose. It was criminal foolishness not to have hobbled or knee-haltered the roan, for ten minutes after they were let go Frikkie called out that the horses had completely disappeared.

One realized at once that there was no time to be lost. It was probable that the roan had led them away, and that he meant business. The saddles and pack were hurriedly hidden among some rocks with the billy of half-

cooked rice, the fire was put out, and we took up the spoor.

It was soon evident that the animals were traveling, and were not straying aimlessly in search of feed. The spoor of the discolored strawberry beast was always in front—his footprints were like his character, narrow and close. Above his tracks came those of Ruby, the police horse, round ordinary hoof-marks, and well shod; my own horse's immense prints were always last, solid and unmistakable. Mile after mile the tracks led into a rockier and more barren country. What little stunted and thorny scrub there was had not yet come into leaf, and there was no shade and no sign of green anywhere. Ridges of sharp gravel and small kepjes of brown stone alternated with narrow valleys without sign of green or water. In the softer ground of these valleys the spoor was plain and could be followed without any trouble, but on the rocky ridges the tracks became difficult to hold where the horses had separated and wandered about. The trail led eastwards, into a rocky, waterless, and uninhabited country. There was no reason for the roan's choice, but just native malice, for he had come from the west the previous day. Doubtless the main camp would be his ultimate destination, but it seemed apparent that he intended to inflict as deep an injury as he possibly could before he set his sour face again toward the west.

It was within half an hour of sundown before I came up with the horses, and then only the two bays; the roan's spoor showed that he had gone on about an hour before. They were standing under a bunch of thorn trees, the only shade they had passed since they were let go that morning. For the last mile or two the tracks, which had become more aimless as the hot afternoon wore on, had turned a little to the north. Probably, as the allegiance of his small following had weakened, the leader's thoughts had turned to the companionship of the camp, and when they had finally refused to follow him any farther he had abandoned the rest of his revenge and had turned frankly for home.

We rounded up the two horses and thought of our camp, probably eight miles away in a direct line. Though they were tired and empty they would not be caught, and it was soon evident that they would not be driven either. I will not ask you to follow the dreadful hour which ensued. This crowning flicker of rebellion at the end of a disastrous day nearly broke our hearts. It was well after dark when we finally abandoned the horses in an area of steep rocky ridges and narrow valleys covered with cactus; it was quite impossible to cope with them in the dark in such a country. We reached camp about ten, but were too tired and disappointed to make a fire. A tin of bully-beef, and the mass of opaque jelly which had once been good Patna rice, were the first pleasant incidents of a baking, hungry day.

The second day began before dawn with as large a breakfast as we could compass: black coffee, the little bread that was left, and a large quantity of rice. I have seldom eaten a more cheerless meal. Three or four pounds of rice, some coffee, a tin or two of bully, and a little sugar were all that remained to us, and there was no chance of getting more. I must confess that at this stage a tactical error was committed, which cost us the long day's work for nothing. A golden rule where lost animals are concerned is to stick to the spoor, but as I thought it very probable that the horses would turn north and west again during the night and make for their last place of sojourn, I tried to save half a dozen hours by cutting the spoor ahead. It was nearly noon, and a mile or two beyond where the roan had left the others before it became a certainty that the horses had done the unlikely thing, and had gone either south or farther east into the broken country. At that moment they were probably ten miles away. I then did what one should have done at first, and went to the point where we had last seen them. That afternoon was hotter and emptier

than the last, and sunset found us on a cold spoor going north. We had wisely brought rice and coffee and water-bags with us that morning, and Frikkie had shot a klipspringer—baboons and klipspringer were the only animals we had seen the last two days. If you suppose that we had used any of the water for washing you are making a mistake, though Heaven knows that we both would have been the better for a bath. We slept on the spoor, and bitter cold it was without blankets.

Matters were getting serious. We were more than twelve miles from the saddlery and, so far as we knew, the nearest water, and twenty more from the camp. If the horses were not found and caught that day they would have to be abandoned, and we would have to pad the hoof home.

But fortune does not frown forever; it is a long lane that has no turning. Within an hour of sunrise we came into the quite fresh tracks of the horses crossing their own spoor. Frikkie exclaimed that there were three horses, and an examination showed the narrow tracks of the red horse with the other two; they had not found water and were evidently on their way back to Ramib. We came on to the animals a few minutes afterwards. Except that they were hollow from want of water they were none the worse, and apparently they were not sorry to see us. By the time the sun was in the north they had had a good drink and were finishing the little grain in the pack. Midnight saw us riding into the main camp —only to find it deserted, for the column had marched. The camp was apparently completely empty, and it felt very desolate under a small moon. I expected I would discover a message of some sort for me at sunrise; in the meantime the obvious thing was to keep out of the way.

Nothing moved in or around the camp till near sunrise, when three men rode out of some shale ridges about a mile away on the opposite side, and came down to the water. By the white bands round the left arm—the sign of loyal troops—I knew them for our own men; indeed, we had recognized the horse one of them was riding. They gave me the message they had stayed behind to deliver. We were to stay and watch the camp site for three or four days, and to patrol daily some distance to the southeast. The water was important, for it was quite probable that one or other of the rebel commandos would come to it. The men had hidden provisions for us and some grain for the horses; they themselves were to hurry on to the column with our report of the Ramib pits. We rode a few miles along the column spoor with them, and then turned off on some gravelly ground and fetched a compass round back to the place in the shale ridges where the men had slept and where the provisions were. We took no more chances with the strawberry horse; he was closely hobbled.

The loss of the animals had been a serious thing, and we were extremely fortunate to have got out of it so easily. It did not lessen the annoyance to realize that it was my own fault for not hobbling the roan, but only a rogue by constitution and habit would have carried his hostility to so dangerous a length. But within a week he was to provide another taste of his quality. This time nothing more serious was involved than the risk of his own loss, for we were never led far from water in so menacing and barren a country.

Most of that day was spent in the stony krantz, from which a view could be obtained over the whole dry, gray landscape, and the pools a mile away. In normal times the laagte was frequently used for sheep grazing, but in these days of mobile and ever-hungry commandos the few farmers in the vicinity were grazing their meagre flocks nearer their homesteads. Except for a few wandering Griquas, and possibly a band of ragged rebels on tired horses, it was not likely that our watch would be interrupted. A rough shelter made of the stunted spiny scrub served as a sentry box; the saddles were hidden in a narrow cleft on the lee side of the ridge, and the horses were kept down in the valleys.

In the afternoon we saddled up and rode south and east, keeping for the most part to the rough ridges, and overlooking the level country along which our column had come, and which was the natural approach from that side for any body of men having wheeled transport with them. We did not ride for more than an hour, but my glasses showed an empty, treeless world for miles beyond. If the commandos did come our way they would probably trek by night; we should hear them arrive and laager about dawn, and sunrise would have seen us well on our way to our own men.

Just at dusk that evening we rode along the lee of the ridge upon which our poor home was. Frikkie was riding the roan. He was leading his own animal, for a single horse could not be left grazing alone, to be picked up, perhaps, by any wandering rebel, or to stray off in search of companionship. When we passed under the highest point of the ridge I stopped and sent Frikkie to the top, for he could spy in both directions from there. I took the led horse from him, and he threw the roan's reins over the neck to the trail on the ground—the accepted instruction to every trained veld horse to stand still. I watched the boy's slim figure against the sunset sky in the west as he turned about, searching the veld through his binoculars, though it was really getting too dark for prism glasses. He called out that nothing was moving, and presently came lightly down the steep slope in the gathering dusk. As he reached his horse the beast turned his quarters to him and walked away; and when I put my horse across to check him he lifted his head and trotted off.

This was a new, but not unexpected, trait in an already depraved character. Some horses, though they are inveterate strayers, are easy to catch when you do come up with them; others are very difficult to catch, although they seldom go more than a mile from the camp; this hectic degenerate apparently combined both these bad habits.

An hour after dark the horse had not turned up, though our own reliable animals were knee-haltered and turned loose for a time with their nose-bags on as decoys. At dawn he was not visible in any of the shallow valleys we could see to the east of the ridge; and to our surprise and concern he was not in the valley where the water was and where the camp had been.

Our own horses were knee-haltered short and let go, and we spent a careful hour examining the margin of the pool, but there was no narrow spoor to show that the roan had been down to drink during the night. I spent the morning with our horses and on the look-out, while the boy cut a wide semi-circle round to the south and west of the water. He came in at mid-day, certain that the truant had not gone out in those directions. Then Frikkie took over the sentry work, and I set out to cover the remainder of the circle. I worked methodically along the soft ground of the valleys outside the range of an area already fouled by the spoor of our own animals, and where I would find the roan's tracks at once. From time to time I climbed one of the low ridges, for the boy was to spread a light-colored saddle blanket over a prominent rock on the side away from the water as a signal if he saw either the lost horse or any one approaching.

That evening, when I got back to camp, I found two Griquas sitting over the coals with Frikkie. They said they were shepherds, and they may have done a little of that congenial work recently, but they looked to me more like sheep-stealers. They were wild people from the Orange River, and I was sure they had never been any sort of farm laborers. However, they were friendly enough and promised to help in the morning. The horse had then been without water since the morning of the previous day. He had not strayed away, for at sunset he must have been still within four or five miles of the camp; if he had intended business we would have cut his outgoing spoor during the day. Horses were too valuable in that country, and at that

time, for the loss of even such a three-cornered abomination as the pink horse to be taken lightly.

Morning showed that the horse had not been to the water during the night. He had then been forty-eight hours withou water. The only thing was to take up the spoor where the animal had last been seen, and so stick to it till he was found. The Kalahari bushmen have the reputation of being the finest trackers in South Africa, but these two cross-bred Griqua bushmen gave us an incomparable exhibition of skill. I have had some experience of that game, and Frikkie was a master, but these savages astonished us.

Inch by inch the spoor was picked out from that of the other animals. No proved mark was abandoned until the next was certified, often only an inch or two away. The only slight help they had was the rare and very faint mark where the trailing reins had touched the ground. The first hundred yards took probably an hour to cover, but when the spoor reached comparatively clean ground the work was easier. At this point Frikkie got the water bags and some food and joined the bushmen, for it was possible that the horse, driven by thirst, had taken it into his head to travel far during the previous night.

Late that evening the trackers returned with the horse. He was emaciated and weak, but otherwise quite well, though for some days his back was tender from the continual "sweating" of the saddle blanket. His spoor showed that he had spent the first night and day wandering about the low ridges and hollows not far from our camp, and that the night before he had commenced to journey away into the empty country to the east. Somewhere about dawn of that third day his trailing reins had hooked up on one of the few bushes in that country strong enough to hold him, and there he was found by the bushmen, the picture of a natural misery, and too dejected to take much notice of his rescuers. Nothing but his own gloomy thoughts had prevented him from going down to the water at any time, or to the companionship of our camp.

Thirty-six hours after this we were back with the main column. It is not necessary to add that we were glad to get a bath and a generous meal, and that I took the first opportunity of handing over the parti-colored strawberry to troop duty.

In the first of these two offenses it is clear that the white-legged roan was animated by spite. Such malevolence is rare enough, but his second performance is much more remarkable. I offer three alternative explanations. The first is that it was just stupidity. I have the poorest opinion of the intelligence of the horse, as distinct from instinct. It is professor Lloyd Morgan, I think, who defines instinct as "the sum of inherited habits," and this may be accepted as a sound definition. Elementary necessity, to say nothing of instinct or intelligence, should have driven him to the water soon after he had obtained his freedom. He could not have forgotten where the water was. If his normal mental process was so dislocated by the fact of the saddle on his back without the presence of the masterful human in it, then he was a fool of the first class.

The second solution I offer is that his action was prompted by roguery; for even a very limited intelligence would have warned him that he would be captured if he ventured near either the water or the camp. It may be that when his reins hooked up he was on his way to the free water at Ramib. The third explanation is that he was a little daft. In a long and varied experience of horses I cannot really remember one so afflicted, though I had a pack-mule once that I am certain was a harmless lunatic. You may take your choice of these alternatives; for my part I incline to the second.

John Ridd's wisdom led him to express the opinion, upon the memorable occasion when John Fry was bringing him home from Blundell's School at Tiverton, that "a horse (like a woman) lacks, and is better without, self-reliance."

Darius Ogden Mills

THE career of Darius Ogden Mills, both as a pioneer and banker in California and later as financier in New York City, is most interesting and stands as a model for young men of this generation who would succeed through hard work and genuine integrity. He took a prominent part in the upbuilding of the State of California from 1849 until the day of his death in 1910, always showing a keen interest in the welfare of the West, even when absorbed in his many Eastern business affairs during the latter part of his life. In his early activities in Sacramento and San Francisco he was an important man. In San Francisco, after the earthquake and fire of 1906, he was one of the first to rebuild, on a large scale.

Darius Ogden Mills was born in Westchester County, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1825. He had a good common school education, supplemented by courses in the academies at North Salem and Ossining. At fifteen he began to earn his living as a clerk in a small general store in New York City, where he remained for six years. At twenty-one he entered the Merchants' Bank of Erie County, Buffalo, where he became cashier, and later part owner in the institution.

At this time glowing reports were constantly being circulated throughout the East about the wonderful opportunities in California. Two of Mr. Mills' brothers had already gone West; and it was only natural that he should feel drawn in that direction. He decided to make an experimental trip and took passage to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Here he was forced to remain, with thousands of others, waiting for a ship bound for San Francisco. Finally he went down the South American coast, and shipped from Callao to San Francisco, taking with him a considerable amount of stores which he disposed of advantageously. From San Francisco he went directly back to New York, having laid his plans for a future career.

In 1850, he disposed of his interests in the Buffalo bank, and started again for California, where he established himself in the general merchandising and banking business in Sacramento. This enterprise prospered from the start, his first year's operations netting him a clear gain of $40,000. The Gold Bank of D. O. Mills was founded in Sacramento as a natural outgrowth of the "Eastern Exchange" department of his business. The bank was a great success, and is now one of the strongest financial institutions in the West. Through its medium, he was enabled to enter many new business ventures in mining, railroading, timber lands and supply expeditions. The gold excitement in the Comstock mines was the next thing that attracted Mr. Mills' attention, and he took up the development of the Comstock Lode in Nevada, and soon acquired valuable and extensive timber holdings in that neighborhood. The California quicksilver mines also interested him, and he obtained large interests in other mines.

On September 5, 1854, he was married to Miss Jane T. Cunningham, the daughter of James Cunningham of New York, also a pioneer and a shipowner. It was Mr. Cunningham who sent the famous ship, "Senator," around the Horn. In 1864, Mr. Mills assisted in the foundation of the Bank of California. He was a large owner and was elected the first president of the bank, retaining his office for nine years. In June, 1873, he retired from the active management of the bank to look after his own affairs. The bank then fell on bad times, and Mr. Mills was again elected president by the stockholders, and within three years he succeeded in placing the finances of the bank again upon a firm foundation.

In 1880, two years after resigning from his second term as president of the Bank of California, Mr. Mills went to the East to live, and established his business in New York. Mr. Mills be-

lieved in the great future of California, and left as a legacy to the State such financial institutions as the Bank of California in San Francisco and the bank in Sacramento which bears his name—the National Bank of D. O. Mills & Co. The Mills Building on Montgomery street, San Francisco, was erected by him. The Millbrae Dairy in San Mateo County was also founded by him, as it was his desire to provide a model dairy where pure milk and cream could be furnished and where prize dairy stock could be bred. When Mr. Mills transferred his activities to the East, he still retained his interest in his investments, and the institutions he had founded in the West, and retained also a residence here. In addition to his material benefactions to the West, he left something even more valuable, and that was the mighty work he helped to accomplish in building up the social and economic structure of the State.

While living here, he was a regent of the University of California, which he endowed with a chair of philosophy. He was also trustee of the Lick Observatory, and from time to time furnished this institution with funds, as well as giving the Observatory its great photographic spectroscope. He also furnished funds for a temporary observatory in Chili, where field work was being done under the direction of the Lick Observatory.

Shortly after Mr. Mills was established in New York, he erected a model office building on Broad street, opposite the Stock Exchange. This edifice took the name of the "Mills Building," and was the forerunner of the many large office structures which have continued to be erected in that city. He was one of the first to be interested in the Niagara Falls Power Company, which was probably the first great power company that was organized in this country.

Aside from his financial projects, Mr. Mills has, no doubt, secured as great recognition throughout the United States from his activities in the realm of art, science and philanthropy —and it is for these reasons that his name will be remembered, when perhaps his large banking achievements have been forgotten. In New York, Mr. Mills was trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and of the American Museum of Natural History and was also chosen president of the Botanical Gardens.

In philanthropy his greatest achievement was the Mills' Hotels. These were founded somewhat after the system of the Rowton houses in London, but differed in many details. In these hotels a poor man may get a wholesome meal and a night's lodging in pleasant surroundings for a nominal sum. Mr. Mills was also interested in the City and Suburban Homes Company, which provided model dwelling houses for families.

With the advancing years Mr. Mills continued his active participation in the business affairs begun during his earlier years. Even at seventy-six he was vigorous and clear minded, and his financial interests at this time included such important responsibilities as the directorship in the Erie and New York Central and other railroads, the Bank of New York, the Morgan Trust Company and other such institutions. At this stage of his life he headed a syndicate to purchase an important railroad that ran from the mining districts of Eastern Washington to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Mills died suddenly of heart trouble at his Millbrae home on January 3, 1910, at the age of eighty-five. The Millbrae property was purchased by him in the early '50's, where the home and dairy now stand, and he always continued to take a great interest in this beautiful spot, which still belongs to the Mills' family. It was here that Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, his daughter, and his son, Ogden Mills, make their California home.

In every phase of his character and in the deeds he accomplished, Mr. Mills stands as a worthy example to the younger generation of business men. His composure was never ruffled by petty annoyances or by financial

shakeups. Nothing could cause him to take hasty action. He had all the born characteristics of the captain of industry, being gifted with the ability to dispose quickly of the details of business brought before him to transact. His was the gift of seeing opportunities and turning them, with Midas-like touch, into pure gold. His was the strength to seize and the ability to co-ordinate. His was a judgment that was ripe; and with it went a knowledge of men that enabled him to secure from them the very most in loyalty and service. He accomplished a great creative work in American industrial life that continues to live after him, because he created wealth—did not destroy it in his own search for the precious metal. In fact, he was one of the few men of great wealth of whom there has never been any intimation that his fortune was obtained by grinding and oppressing the poor.

A "Back to Nature" Maiden

By Edith Kinney Stellmann

WHILE in this progressive age there are many young women engaged in agricultural pursuits, Miss Grace Elliott, rancher, owner and sole operator of the Hillcrest Ranch, has some very distinguishing traits.

In the first place, Miss Elliott left a wealthy and fashionable home to earn her own living, because of her spirit of independence. She first became a nurse, but her love of outdoor life caused her to relinquish this, after some years, to take up ranching.

Miss Elliott is the daughter of Henry Elliott, known the country over as the champion of the fur-bearing seals. To prevent the extermination of the bachelor seals, Mr. Elliott devoted a life time of effort and sacrificed a fortune. Though opposed by many prominent men, including David Starr Jordan, he finally secured the passage of laws preventing the capture and destruction of these seals for a term of five years.

Miss Elliott lives entirely alone, save for her bull dog, on her high hill above Sunol, Alameda County, cultivating olives, grapes and apricots. She does all her own work, even to the chopping of firewood. Her house is in two sections; the living room, screened porch and kitchen form one building, while her sleeping apartment is in the



Miss Grace Elliott

top of a tank house, the lower floor of this is guarded by her bull dog, whose fame as a "scrapper" reaches all over the valley below.

Miss Elliott finds no time to be lonely, though she often stops in the midst of work to enjoy the surpassingly lovely view, which she finds from every point on her ranch. The fruit orchards stretch below her to the town, several miles distant, intersected, here and there, by picturesque canyons, with their immense oak and buckeye trees.

Miss Elliott does not leave her ranch during the long, rainy season, except for occasional week-ends, devoted partly to business, though she is constantly being importuned by her town friends to participate in their social activities. She is taking the University Extension courses in vine and olive culture, and devotes practically all of her time when confined within doors to study.

A direct descendant of the famous John Elliott, known as The Apostle to the Indians, Miss Elliott inherits the sturdy dauntlessness of her father's family, but in appearance and manner bears a closer resemblance to her vivacious Russian mother. Mrs. Elliott is the daughter of a former Russian governor of Alaska, where she and Henry Elliott met and were married.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Hawaiian Legends of Volcanoes, Collected and Translated from the Hawaiian," by W. D. Westerfelt, author of "Legends of Old Honolulu," etc.

The Hawaiian Islands are the theatre of the most stupendous exhibition on the earth of volcanic eruption, so it is quite natural that the aboriginal natives early personified the tremendous forces they visualized in the immense and tremendous outbursts of the pent forces beneath the crater. Eventually the weird and uncanny mysteries surrounding these forces were formulated into simple tale forms, the themes covering remarkable adventures, miraculous escapes, conflicts with the demons that lived deep down in the wonderful lava. Out of these original tales came a series of deeds of heroic sacrifice, loyal devotion, all thrilling sacan intense passion. It is these tales that the author has put into shape. Great care has been exercised to preserve the spirit, ideals and form of these ancient tales narrated by the aborigines, and handed down through the generations. A large number of phenomenal geological facts regarding the Hawaiian Islands are set forth in a lucid introduction to the book, so that the reader may picture the extraordinary volcanic background of these legends.

Freely illustrated with photographs. Price, 12mo, $1.50 net. Small, $1 net. George H. Ellis Co., Boston, Mass.

"Towards an Enduring Peace, a Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programs, 1914-1916." Compiled by Randolph S. Bourne.

Franklin H. Giddings in a succinct introdution sets forth a number "of agreeable presumptions which undoubtedly influenced individual and collective conduct" when the great war burst on the world; these presumptions lay between the practical and the aspirational, with the rule of reason between. The world has recovered from great disasters before now, and will recover in this instance. Rational control of affairs is still on the map despite what has occurred, so Mr. Giddings asks the question: By what power shall conscience and reason be reinforced and the surviving forces of barbarism driven back? All but one answer seems to be shot to pieces.

That answer is conscience and reason are effective when they organize material energies, not when they dissipate them in dreams. Conscience and reason must assemble, co-ordinate, and bring to bear the economic resources and the physical energies of the civilized world to narrow the area, and to diminish the frequency of war. There must be a specific plan, concrete, practical, a specific preparedness, a specific method, a plan drawn forth from the situation as the war makes and leaves it, not imposed upon it. There must be a composition of forces now in operation."

Published by the American Association for International Concilliation.

"The Men Who Wrought," by Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Night Raiders," "The Way of the Strong," etc.

Tales by this well known author are always full of stirring action with men of red corpuscles in their blood, and women who have daring spirits and wills of their own. The background of this volume is the war zone in Europe, a background which readily furnishes a round of thrilling adventures and complications. It opens with the meeting of a strange and beautiful woman with the hero, and the introduction of a mysterious inventor who endeavors to sell the plans of a new idea in submarines to the hero's father, one of the biggest ship owners in England. With such a captivating start the plot worms its exciting way through startling adventures to facing the problem, Where shall the government of Great Britain be placed?

Price, $1.35. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography." Edited by Distinguished Biographers. Vol. XV.

This new volume covers the important biography of the present time and embraces all the leading men of prominent endeavor from U. S. Senators to learned scientific societies and religious organizations.

The detailed description of the life-work of these subjects is a characteristic feature of the National Cyclopedia, and carrying out this idea through the entire realm of American history and biography has produced a comprehensive record of American progress and achievement.

This volume contains all the members of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States not published in the preceding volume.

In the field of aviation a full account is given of Samuel P. Langley's experiments in aerodynamics, his unsuccessful attempts to fly a heavier-than-air machine, and Glenn Curtiss's achievement with Langley's apparatus only two years ago. A notable contemporary of the Wright brothers was John J. Montgomery, whose biography is here published for the first time. A description of the gyroscope stabilizer for aeroplanes is given in the biography of Elmer A. Sperry, it being the first authoritative and complete account of this Wizard of the Gyroscope. The leaders in all bankers, financiers and all professions, industries, etc., are all set forth in the same pithy, comprehensive fashion.

James T. White & Co., New York.

"A Hidden Well, Lyrics and Sonnets," by Louis How.

There are numbers of edifying verses in this little volume, and they touch attractive themes that hold the imagination, both here and abroad. Indeed, several numbers of the selection are translations of several notable foreign poems. Lyric and the sonnet are the two forms used with nice discrimination by the author.

$1 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Nichiren, the Buddhist Prophet," by Masaharu Anesaki, M. A., Litt. D., Professor of the Science of Religion at the Imperial University of Tokio.

In the preface the author states: "To the intrinsic interest of the life of Nichiren as a Buddhist reformer of the

thirteenth century, may be added the fact that there has been a noteworthy revival of his teachings and spirit in modern Japan," through the conversion and writings of Chogyu Takayama, once called "the Nietzche of Japan." The author edited Takayama's writings, and was thus brought in closer touch with the Nichiren's faith and thoughts. This little volume was the result. Deep gratitude to Professor Isaiah Royce and Professor George F. Moore of Harvard, where the author was professor of Japanese literature and life, 1913-15, for the suggestions regarding the interpretation and cast of the manuscript.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

"Republican Principles and Policies: A Brief History of the Republican National Party," by Newton Wyeth.

The object of this volume is to outline the origin, progress and achievements of the Republican National party. Sixty-two years have passed since Republicans met "under the oaks" at Jackson and organized the party. Within a decade it was strongly on its feet, and for half a century, less two terms, it was in the saddle. The author sets forth the leading aspirations and constructive legislative and executive work which he deems most worthy in the rise and success of the party. He believes that the stalwart and sterling characters of the founders of the party endowed it with the spirit which carried it through the five decades.

Illustrated by Joseph Pierre Nuyttens. The Republic Press, Chicago.

"Geraint of Devon," by Marion Lee Reynolds.

Although romance, the foundation of this narrative poem in blank verse, is old, the interpretation is new. The Geraint here pictured is very different from the hero of the medieval and the Tennysonian versions. He is younger, more eager, more sensitive; he has a finer comprehension of beauty and a greater reverence for it. He is possessed by a yearning after that bright, unattainable Faeryland which lies "at every rainbow's ending," not suspecting what in the end Alarin learns, that not even in Faeryland can the soul be content.

$1.25 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Something Singing," by Margaret Perry.

There is a gaiety which is saddening, and a sadness that cheers. Here is a sweet sadness whose undercurrent is peace and hope. The poet is conscious of the essential loneliness of the soul, and the sacrifice which it must pay for companionship. But there is "something singing"—bravely, and, in spite of a faltering note now and again, triumphantly—every step of the way. The author has chosen for the most part the simpler verse forms—lyrics, quatrains, sonnets—in the more usual meters. A few excellent translations preserve some exquisite old world melodies.

$1.00. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Castle Builder," by Etta Merrick Graves," author of "Mosaics of Truth in Nature," etc.

Romance, the natural atmosphere of castles, is present in the little village at the foot of the White Mountains, where love finds and loses its own. The warm glow of mother love glorifies the castle, and mystery, the attraction of castles, furnishes a lure until the happy "ever after" is reached. There are contrasting conditions of heights and depths in the process of castle-character-building, with its tragedy, uncertainty, mystery, pain and fear. Yet in spite of all that tends to tear down the walls, the upbuilding process continues, and so real is the drama of life it seems as if beyond the covers of the book the building were still going on among characters in our midst.

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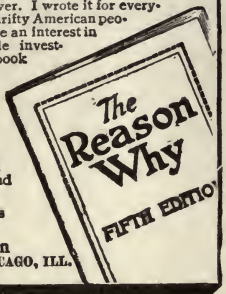
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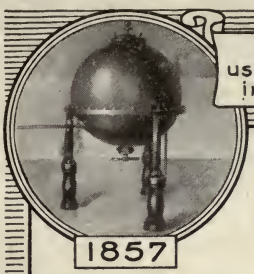
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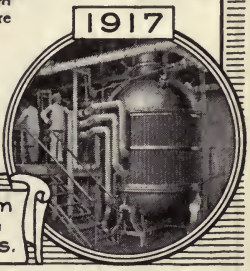


Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

Borden's as an institution is sixty years old. The primitive little device at the top of this advertisement made possible the first "Eagle Brand" Milk. The giant apparatus shown below is one of over 100 now in operation. They constitute a monument to Gail Borden's work, as well as gratifying evidence of the public confidence won and held.

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BORDEN'S
Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York



10 Years Copies Wanted of the OVERLAND MONTHLY—We desire copies of the Overland Monthly from **December 1875 to January 1886,** to complete our files. Liberal premium will be paid. Manager

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259 Minna Street San Francisco

Do Business by Mail

It's profitable, with accurate lists of prospects. Our catalogue contains vital information on Mail Advertising. Also prices and quantity on 6,000 national mailing lists, 99% guaranteed. Such as:

War Material Mfrs.	Wealthy Men
Cheese Box Mfrs.	Farmers
Tin Can Mfrs.	Axle Grease Mfrs.
Druggists	Railroad Employees
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Write for this valuable reference book; also prices and samples of fac-simile letters.

Have us write or revise your Sales Letters.

Ross-Gould, 814 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

For the New Series of Pastor Russell's Contributions in the Overland Monthly See the Announcement on Page 79 of this Issue.



Four Routes East!

SUNSET ROUTE: Along the Mission Trail, and through the Dixieland of song and story. To New Orleans via Los Angeles, El Paso, Houston, and San Antonio. Southern Pacific Atlantic Steamship Line, sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays, New Orleans to New York.

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No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke
Unexcelled Dining Car Service—

FOR FARES AND TRAIN SERVICE ASK ANY AGENT

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A unique boarding school for young children only, of the kindergarten age. Gives careful home care and scientific training to little tots under seven years. Delightful location. Resident doctor and trained nurse. Most healthfully situated in the Sierra Nevadas, 3500 feet altitude, surrounded by pine forests. Every modern convenience. Parents having very young children to place in a home boarding school where they will be brought up under the most refining and strengthening influences will welcome this opportunity and communicate with

MOTHER M. AUGUSTINE,
MOUNT SAINT AGNES,
STIRLING CITY, CALIFORNIA.

300 IRISH GEMS

'Let us laugh for Health Sake."
—Alan Dale.

KELLY'S GEMS OF IRISH WIT AND HUMOR containing Shannahan's Old Shabeen, Kelly's Dream, The Fox Hunt and the Tailors Thimble from the "Shaugraun;" the late "Sheriff" Dunn's original stories and many more specimens, not found elsewhere.

This collection will give satisfaction and much pleasure. 160 pages, cloth (stamps taken), 60c. postpaid.

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For the new series of Pastor Russell's contributions in the Overland Monthly, see announcement on page 79 of this issue.



The Vose Player Piano
is so constructed that even a little child can play it. It combines our superior player action with the renowned Vose Pianos which have been manufactured during 63 years by three generations of the Vose family. In purchasing this instrument you secure quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price, on time payments, if desired.
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VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 189 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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Send in your subscription to *The Leghorn Journal* and keep posted on the progress of the Leghorn industry; as it is devoted exclusively to the different Leghorn fowls. Subscription price 50c. per year. Special offer—Send us 10c. and the names of five of your neighbors interested in Leghorns and we will send you *The Leghorn Journal* for three months.

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APPOMATTOX, VA.

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Profusely Illustrated

Timely Editorials. Latest News of Society Events. Theatrical Items of Interest. Authority on Automobile, Financial and Automobile Happenings.

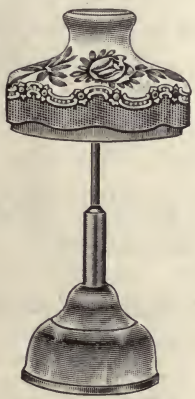
10 Cts. the Copy. $4.00 the Year

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FACE POWDER

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS
Are on the Market
LADIES BEWARE!

Buy LABLACHE FACE POWDER of reliable dealers. Be sure and get the genuine. Women who know frankly say—"I have *tried* other face powders, but I *use* Lablache."
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Portable, safe, convenient. No connecting wires or tubes. Operates 60 hours on one gallon of gasoline, saves money and eyes. Automatically cleaned, adjustable turned high or low at will. Positively cannot clog. Operates in any position. Guaranteed. Decorated china shade free with each lamp. Just the thing for homes, hotels, doctors' and lawyers' offices. Ask your local hardware dealer for a demonstration, if he doesn't carry it he can obtain it from any Wholesale Hardware House or write direct to us.

National Stamping & Electric Works
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ECZEMA REMEDY CO. Hot Springs, Ark.

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Typewriter prices smashed! Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Fox, etc.—your choice of any standard factory rebuilt machine at a bargain. Everyone perfect and guaranteed for three years, *including all repairs.* My free circular tells how to save 40 per cent to 60 per cent on each machine.

Write for it. C. E. GAERTE, President
DEARBORN TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, DEPT. B-9 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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A dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse. A handy article for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

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Santa Clara County, Cal.

"Las Uvas" is the finest mountain stream in Santa Clara County.

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Perfect climate.

Land is a gentle slope, almost level, bordering on "Las Uvas."

Several beautiful sites on the property for country home.

Numerous trees and magnificent oaks.

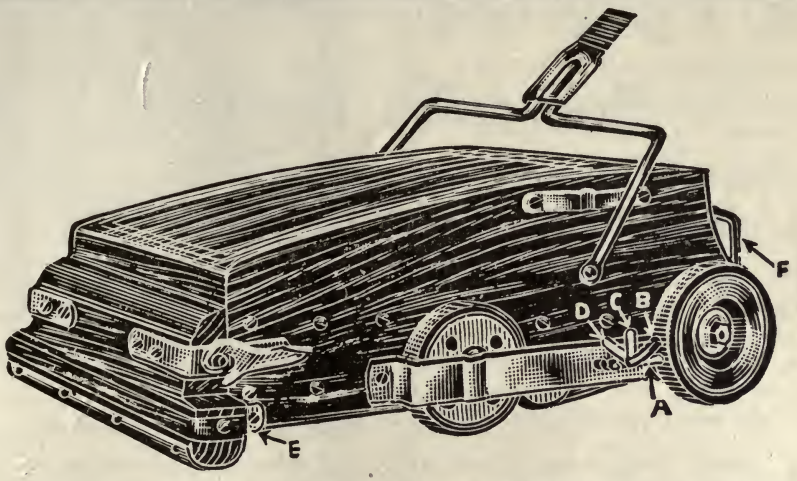
Splendid trout fishing.

Good automobile roads to Morgan Hill 9 miles, to Madrone 8 miles, to Gilroy 12 miles, to Almaden 11 miles, and to San Jose 21 miles.

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$10.00 VACUUM SWEEPER to OVERLAND MONTHLY — SUBSCRIBERS — $4.95

***THE SUPERIOR*—Combination Cleaner with Brush Attachment**

has three highly efficient bellows, so arranged as to produce a continuous even suction, so powerful, that we have entirely eliminated the necessity of sliding or dragging the nozzle and front end of the machine over the carpet.

This makes the machine run fifty per cent easier; saves the nap on the carpet and makes it possible to run off and onto rugs without lifting the machine from the floor. WE ACHIEVE these results by supporting the front end of the machine on two small side wheels just back of the nozzle.

In addition, our new Combination Sweeper is fitted with a large revolving brush that will do its work as well as any carpet sweeper.

This brush is full sweeper size and is very thick and substantial, having 4 rows of genuine bristles with spiral twist setting.

The brush may be instantly adjusted to brush deeply into the nap of the carpet, to skim lightly and swiftly over the surface or it may be raised up entirely out of use, all by the touch of a finger.

Both dust pans are emptied instantly without overturning the machine by merely depressing one small lever at the rear.

These attachments make the Superior combination sweeper the premier sanitary cleaning device of the age.

THE COMBINATION SWEEPER RETAILS FOR $10 CASH.

Subscribers to the OVERLAND MONTHLY old and new will be supplied with the Superior Vacuum Sweeper for *$4.95* when ordered with OVERLAND MONTHLY for One Year, Price $1.20.

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Delivered in your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment in exchange. Time Payments accepted. If interested, send for catalogues today.

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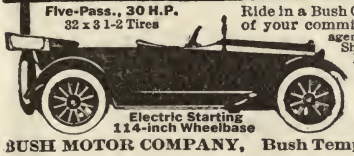
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Cradle of California's Romance

By GRACE MacFARLAND

Accurate information, based on Municipal, State and Church records, hitherto unpublished.

Systematic presentation in epochs of the history of California's first capitol, founded in 1770.

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Overland Monthly

259 MINNA STREET SAN FRANCISCO

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COLUMBIA Records are more than reproductions, more than mere echoes of the artist's voice—far more than records, they are revelations of the artist's *personality*.

All the charms, freshness and earnestness of a singer like Alice Nielsen; the gay, sweet allure of a Florence Macbeth; the power of Rothier, the strength of Sembach, the magnetism of Garden, Fremstad, Graveure radiate with the force of *life* from their Columbia Double-Disc Records.

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New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

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to the EAST

Most Romantic Railway Journey in America —

"Sunset Limited"

(No Extra Fare)

From San Francisco (Ferry Station)
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Quickest Time to New Orleans

Via
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Compartment Drawing-Room Observation Car and Pullman Standard Sleepers to New Orleans
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Unexcelled Dining Car Service.
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For Fares and Berths, Ask Agents

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Write for Folder on the Apache Trail of Arizona



This intensely human picture stands for all that is best in music

It is a picture with a message—a living message of absolute fidelity.

"His Master's Voice" is inseparably associated with the highest attainments in the musical art; with the exquisite renditions of the world's greatest artists; with the world's best music in the home.

It is the exclusive trademark of the Victor Company. It identifies every genuine Victrola and Victor Record.

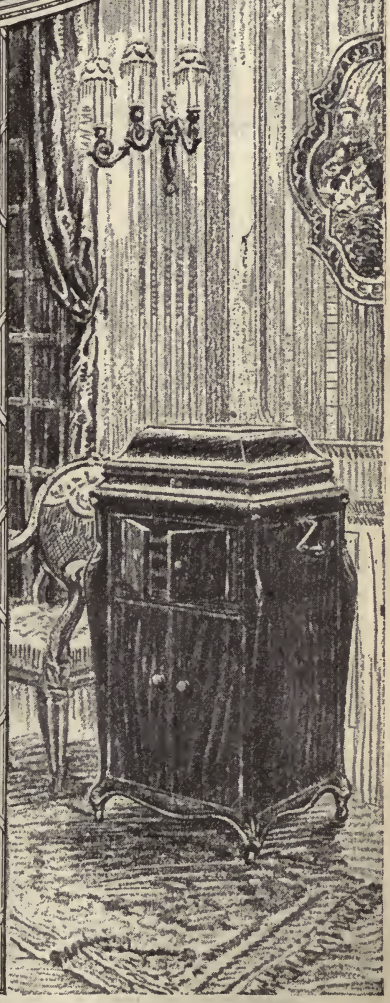
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola



Vol. LXVIII No. 2

Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second-class matter.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

259 MINNA STREET.

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DO THEY PERSUADE? DO THEY CONVINCE? DO THEY BRING *ORDERS*?

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We want to add you to our list of clients. If you have a shady proposition, don't write to us. We handle nothing that is not on a 100 per cent truth basis. But if you are

A Manufacturer, planning to increase your output,

A Merchant, eager to multiply your sales,

An Inventor, looking for capital to develop your device,

A Mail Order Man, projecting a campaign,

An Author, wanting to come in contact with a publisher,

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We Will Do Our Best To *Find You a Market!*

We put at your service trained intelligence, long and successful experience in writing business literature and an intense enthusiasm for *GETTING RESULTS.*

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200	"	"	"	2.00	"	3.00	" "
100	"	"	"	2.50	"	4.00	" "
100	"	"	"	$3 to $5	"	4.50	" "

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SPACIOUS
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American and European Plan
Write for Rates and Literature
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MANAGEMENT—JAMES WOODS

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Under Management of Palace Hotel Company

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to the EAST

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"Sunset Limited"

(No Extra Fare)

From San Francisco (Third St. Station)
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Compartment Drawing-Room Observation Car and Pullman Standard Sleepers to New Orleans

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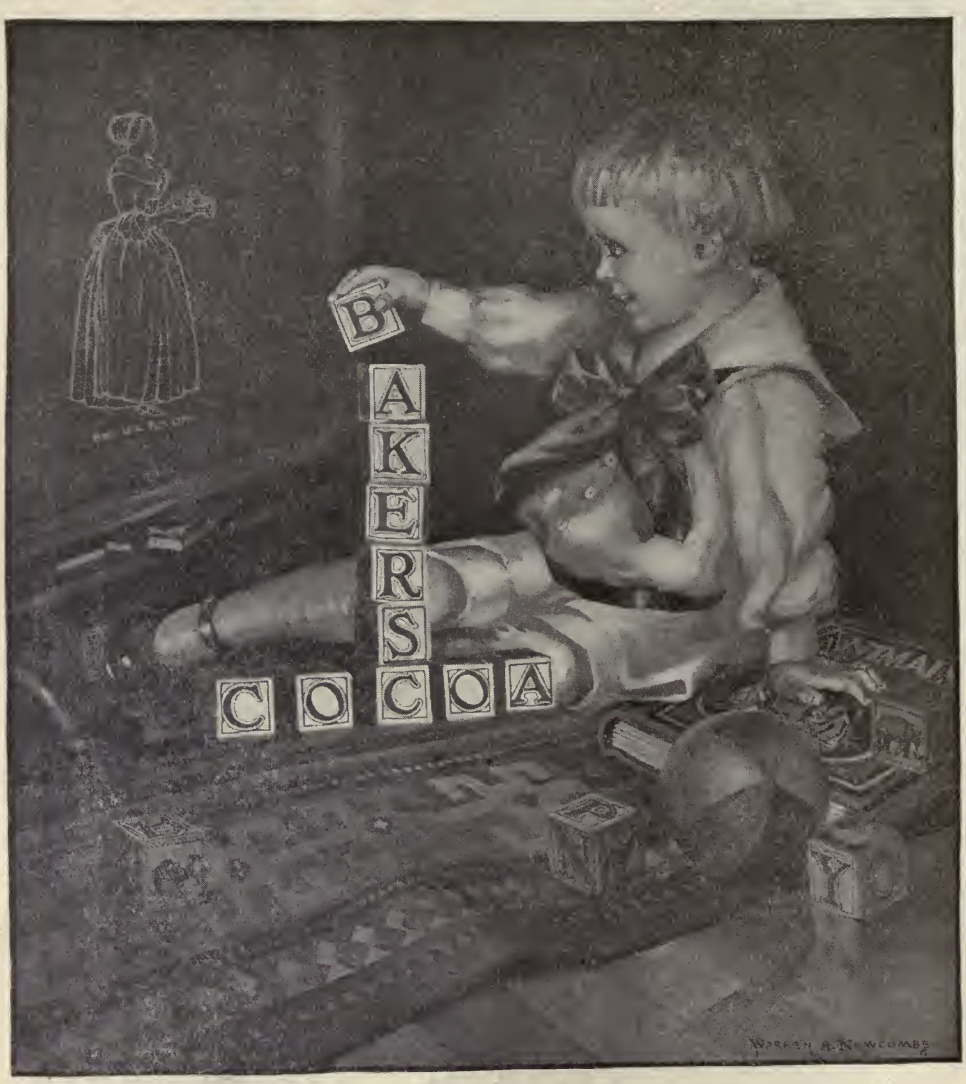
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A Section of the Children's Playground, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco



Another Corner of the Children's Playground: Children Awaiting Their Turn to Ride the Donkeys



Another Section ot the Children's Playground on a Holiday



Under Giant Tropical Ferns



The Main Baseball Field: the Affiliated Colleges of the University of California in the Distance



Tea House in a Corner of the Picturesque Japanese Garden, Golden Gate Park. The Garden Itself Looks as if it Had Been Lifted Out of Japan and Deposited in this Beautiful Site in California



A Corner of the Fine Arts in the Museum

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GOLDEN GATE PARK

The Story of the Initial Development of the Idea: With Illustrations showing its extraordinary Improvements of Late Years

By Ralph Springer

FIFTY years ago the site which is now Golden Gate Park was mainly a series of desolate sand dunes —barren of vegetation of any kind, save a small fringe of chaparral and weak soil at the eastern end. It was then known as a part of what were termed, in the municipal parlance of the day, the outside lands. These outside lands had originally been the pueblo lands of the old pueblo of Yerba Buena as it existed in the days of the Spanish and Mexican dominion. These lands were held in trust by the Alcalde for the benefit of subjects and citizens, each of whom had the right, after complying with certain legal requirements, to have a site for a homestead set apart and transferred to him. When the sovereignty over California was ceded to the United States by Mexico, and before the municipality of San Francisco, as created under the Americanized California law, obtained a title from Congress to these lands, they became, it was conceded by some, a part of the public domain of the United States, and as such, subject to appropriations, under the pre-emption laws, by all citizens. Much of the area upon which San Francisco now stands was taken up in this way. Still another class of questionable titles were founded upon a claim of succession to the grantees under old Spanish and Mexican grants. Many, if not most, of these claims of title were little better than assertions of what has been designated squatter sovereignty; but it was an era of confusion and self-assertion in which squatter sovereignty was a recognized institution, and as the community settled down upon a more orderly and methodical basis it was thought advisable in the interests of harmony to partially recognize and compromise with what may be termed the claims of vested rights that had grown out of this squatter sovereignty. At the same time an effort was made to save as much as possible for the city. It was in the course of following out this policy that the municipal authorities, under the leadership of the late Mr. Frank McCoppin, succeeded in getting possession of the lands upon which Golden Gate Park now stands. In 1864, Mr. Justice Field, in the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision in favor of the city's claim



A Corner in the Buffalo Paddock. The Fine Herd is Increasing in the Extensive Rolling Fields



Deer Feeding in one Corner of the Extensive Grass Slopes

to four square leagues of land upon the San Francisco peninsula. This decree was approved of by a confirmatory act of Congress passed in 1866. But the squatters, or settlers, as they termed themselves, were still in possession of their lands, and it was an open question whether they would not be able in the end to maintain their titles. The legal battle, indeed, was only begun, not ended. The city had gained little more than a good standing in court and an interminable litigation seemed before it. Besides this, the squatters or settlers, in addition to having a good legal position, had certain equities which everybody recognized. In this condition of affairs the municipal authorities, with Mr. McCoppin at their head, held a conference with the squatters or settlers—among whom were such able and influential men as John B. Felton, Eugene Casserly, Eugene Sullivan, John H. Baird, Eugene Lies, Thomas U. Sweeny, who has since donated to the Park the Observatory on Strawberry Hill, and many others—at which the latter were asked if they would be willing to surrender ten per centum of their holdings to the city, for the purpose of creating a Park, if the city authorities would join with them in procuring State legislation confirming their titles and thus settling forever the existing dispute.

They all agreed to this. Some of them, indeed, offered to give up an even larger percentage. John B. Felton, who was a large-minded, open-handed man, offered to give twenty-five per centum. Thereupon an ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors embodying this agreement and a committee was appointed to appraise the value of all the outside lands, and also to fix a price for that portion required for Park purposes. This committee found that the value of the outside lands was something over twelve millions of dollars, and that the portion to be taken for Park purposes was worth something under thirteen hundred thousand dollars. An assessment of ten and three-fourths per centum was, therefore, sufficient to pay for the Golden Gate Park lands as well as for the Avenue Park, commonly known as the Panhandle, and Buena Vista Park, which were acquired at the same time, and are now a part of the territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners. While the ordinance embodying the compromise was before the Supervisors, and while the confirmatory acts were before the Legislature, a fierce opposition to the whole project was maintained.

The Park site being acquired, the Legislature proceeded to pass a bill creating a Park Commission and authorizing the Supervisors to appropriate money for the reclamation of the land. In the forty odd years that have since elapsed that work has been carried forward steadily and energetically. Mr. William Hammond Hall, the eminent engineer, laid out a broad plan of reclamation and designed an appropriate system of roadways for the Commissioners. While of course it has been elaborated in detail to an extent and in ways that probably its designer never thought of, the general lines of Mr. Hall's plan have been carried out, and the artistic and enduring nature of the scheme bears testimony to his judgment and taste. At first the Commissioners were a good deal embarrassed for the want of funds commensurate with the extent of the undertaking, for, as Mr. McCoppin said, there was at that time no public sentiment upon the subject of parks, and there was a widespread ignorance among the masses as to the value of public recreation grounds, while, upon the other hand, the Supervisors were always anxious to have the appearance of giving a very economic administration. But as the Park work began to develop into picturesque lawns surrounded by fringes of forest, well-made drives and walks running through exquisite gardens and charming landscapes, its importance was accorded a growing recognition.

When the work of reclamation was first begun, the Park Commissioners were confronted with one of the most

discouraging tasks that men have ever faced. Commencing with the eastern boundary line of the Panhandle, and ending at the ocean beach, they had a territory four and a quarter miles long by half a mile wide, and consisting mainly of dry, shifting sand dunes, to improve and make beautiful. The vastness of the undertaking was equaled by the apparently unsurmountable difficulties that had to be overcome. All sorts of devices were tried for the reclamation of the shifting sand dunes. Grain crops were put in, and nearly all varieties of grass were cultivated, with but little success. Yellow lupin was tried, but did not fully produce the results desired. Finally the sea bent grass was experimented with, and its strong, fibrous roots were found to accomplish the purposes desired. This grass held the sand in place, and under its shelter stronger plants and shrubs were set out and grew up. After four years of effort that which had been a barren waste began to clothe itself in a rough and dingy verdure that inspired the hope of future and more perfect achievements. Subsoiling, tree-planting, flower sowing, shrub setting, road making and water-pipe laying, were soon inaugurated, and in a little time the eastern end of the area up as far as the present Conservatory began to present a most attractive appearance.

Soon after the work of improving the Park had begun to take shape and form, men of means also began to assist the development by creating special features at their own expense. Mr. William Alvord, President of the Bank of California, led the way, in this direction, by presenting the lakelet which bears his name at the Haight street entrance, where the daily life of curious species of water fowl have for years past interested children as well as adults. Later on Mr. Alvord headed the syndicate which erected the Conservatory. The material of which the Conservatory was originally constructed was brought to this coast by the late Mr. James Lick for the purpose, it is believed, of erecting a sanitarium at San Jose. Upon Mr. Lick's death, Mr. Alvord saw the opportunity to get material for a Park Conservatory, and he induced a number of others to join him in the project. As a result, the Conservatory was soon built and stocked. In 1880 it was nearly destroyed by fire. After this catastrophe the late Mr. Charles Crocker, one of the famous builders of the Central Pacific Railroad, stepped to the front and restored the structure at a cost to himself of about fourteen thousand dollars.

The creation of the Children's Playground with money left by the late Senator Sharon was another individual contribution to the Park that adds much to its completeness as a place for recreation.

The Huntington Waterfall on Strawberry Hill is, perhaps, the most important gift ever made to the Park. Its importance does not, however, grow out of itself so much as it does out of the improvements to which it has led—the creation of Stow Lake in its present form and of the innumerable scenic effects in the immediate neighborhood. The Huntington Waterfall was built with twenty-five thousand dollars contributed by the late C. P. Huntington at the solicitation of the late W. W. Stow. Strawberry Hill in its present condition, and with its adjoining Japanese tea garden, is one of the most charming bits of Park effect to be found in the world. Surrounded by a lake which makes it an elevated island, its sides present delightful bits of scenery no matter what point it is viewed from. While everything is artificial, the visitor would never for a moment suspect that that which so delights his eye is not a creation of Nature in one of her most generous moods. Amid rocks gracefully drooping ferns thrive luxuriously, their delicate green colors forming a picturesque contrast to the darker shades of the pines and acacias with which the hill is covered. By a well-formed driveway that reminds one of some remarkably nice piece of mountain road, as well as by numerous paths leading



The Band Section of the Extensive Music Ground. Seats are Provided for Many Thousands of Auditors



A Picturesque Island in Stow Lake. Several Breeds of Domesticated Water Fowl are Raised in this Lake. During the Winter Months Several Species of Wild Ducks, Especially Mallards, Join the Tame Ducks in Breeding

through delightful grottoes and shady places, the summit is reached. And there is the Observatory. Below lies the Park, its winding drives and walks bordered with noble trees, its forests of pine and other trees, its undulating slopes covered with rich verdure, its lake glistening in the sunlight, and its romantic cascade. On the Park's western side the Pacific Ocean tosses in fretful impatience, while its waves break with a dull and ceaseless roar on the sandy beach. Still farther off, faintly outlined against the horizon, one can, on clear days, catch a glimpse of the Farallone Islands—twenty-one miles away. To the northwest lies the entrance to the bay of San Francisco, and its famous Golden Gate. Beyond are the lighthouses on Points Bonita and Arena. To the east the quiet households of Sausalito can be seen nestling beneath the shadow of the rugged hills on the Marin shore, while Mount Tamalpais rises in colossal grimness toward the blue sky above. Across the lower bay are seen the towns of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, standing out in relief from the dark background of hills that rise in gradual undulations until they blend with the towering form of Mount Diablo.

Another gift of great value was that of the Park Museum, which was erected by M. H. de Young and his associates in the Midwinter Fair enterprise, as a memorial of the success of their great undertaking. This is one of those improvements which grow with age. It is now one of the principal attractions in the Park. Recently Mr. de Young has donated a notable collection of paintings, sculpture, bronzes and marbles, which he purchased at the close of the recent Panama-Pacific Exposition. Among the several noble works of art presented to Golden Gate Park by Mrs. de Bretville Spreckels was the notable statue of "The Thinker," by the famous French sculptor, Rodin.

Near the Children's Playground, at the entrance to what is known as Concert Valley, a magnificent statue to the memory of the author of the Star Spangled Banner has been erected by money provided by the late Mr. James Lick. Numerous other works of statuary, personal and allegorical, have been contributed by individuals and associates. Among these are a statue of General Halleck, another of General Grant, and another of the Rev. Thos. Starr King. Further contributions of a like nature are expected from time to time. Some time before his death the late Mr. Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger contributed a Prayer Book Cross, in the Runic style of architecture, which is in commemoration of the first Episcopal prayer offered up on this coast. The prayer was uttered by the chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, when that famous and daring navigator leader landed on the shores of Drake's Bay, June 24, 1579.

Another generous gift that now constitutes one of the principal attractions of Golden Gate Park is that of the new Music Stand in the Musical Concourse. This was contributed by Mr. Claus Spreckels. It is designed in the Italian Renaissance style and executed in Colusa sandstone. In elevation, the new stand presents itself as a central feature, with a frontage of fifty-five feet and a height of seventy feet. This central feature is flanked on each side with Corinthian columns. Extending from these columns on each side are colonnades, fifty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide, each of which supports 16 Ionic columns. Taken as an entirety, the structure is massive and artistic, yet charmingly simple.



"The Fall of Babylon."

By Charles Oliver

IT IS difficult to connect Babylon with this pleasant corner of Burgundy where the war has immobilized me. But Sylvanus Conifer cries "Babylon! Babylon! All is Babylon!" And Sylvanus Conifer is an honorable man.

The first sound I hear in the day is often the horn of a descending barge, the message of the master to our lock-folk below. It is a warm, mellow, insistent note, but though it has in it something of a grave summons to sleepers, I linger on my pillow, awakening with agreeable deliberation to the harmonious appeal. Then the Angelus swings down from behind the house and the thronging vibrations of the sweet clangor on the silent air lead my drowsy fancy achase of them into the immensity for which they are bound. A pest, a mild one, of your immensities! I should lie abed all the morning did I not want to see the young sun flood the gossamer-meshed, dewy meadows, kindle to a pinky glow the russet fells beyond, and bring out into relief against them a distant hamlet which, with its white walls, brown roofs, Noah's Ark trees, and neat church tower holding out a great clock at arm's length, has the absurd and amiable suggestions about it of the naive landscape that adorns a Swiss timepiece.

"You are quite right to take things easily," says Madame, when I descend. "At your age, Monsieur, one has no more ambitions." That depends on the barometer, and in any case Madame's is a frankly anti-Babylonian sentiment. For Ambition is the magic flute that pipes up luxurious cities, huge armaments, railways, telegraphs, steam ploughs and all the other abominations that Sylvanus Conifer has inscribed on his list of grievances against modern society.

If our canal, for instance, was not a canal—a diabolical invention for complicating life—it would please my philosopher as much perhaps as it pleases me. In a solitary stretch, shaded green and gold, I came to-day on a tied-up barge, slumbering over its lustrous brown image, in the still water. The barge dog yapped perfunctorily at me from a gaudy kennel that had the air of a greatly enlarged dolls' house or a greatly diminished villa residence; and the master, putting up his head from a mysterious hole in the deck, seemed to have risen, a disheveled river-god, from his weedy kingdom to have a look about him. There is no more agreeable semblance of occupation for a leisurely man than to watch a low flat boat of Flemish build—there are many refugee boats on the canal now—gunwale down under its load of stone or wood, making one of the reaches. Sighted long before anything else are the mules' earcaps of bright red twinkling above the tow path. Below them, nine pairs of spindle legs materialize themselves in staggering, jerky progress. Then you glimpse on the water the long black line of the barge trailing through intricately laced shadows and sun-shafts, and this line disintegrates itself with magnificent slowness into a fine medley of colors, tangles of ropes, a shock-headed urchin at a pump, another fishing, an old granny in a white bonnet frying the afternoon's take amidships, and the master at the helm, grim, imperturbable. The neighborhood is suddenly redolent of fry, of tarpaulin, of hay, of stable. The nine pairs of legs on the bank

sort themselves out between four meagre mules and a boy; and two dots that have rolled along beside them develop into an infant and a puppy, who, put ashore to stretch their legs, have discovered a new continent and find it very good. The reverse of the process begins, and in a long half-hour the red earcaps, last vestige of it all, die out like sparks from burning tinder on shades so thick that you confound them with the trees that produce them.

I will grant Sylvanus Conifer that there is a touch, Babylonian, of the latter day craze for speed about your barges of the Accelerated Service, the monarchs of the canal which, worked by eight strong horses in relays of four, travel night and day and make their journey hot-keel at the rate of something like two kilometres an hour. I thought to get away from the "strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry," on this placid waterway of the careless Hours. But I can forgive the Accelerated Service its whisper, so faint, of Babylon, when it is kind enough to combine poetry with high pace. Such was one of these meteors that passed me the other day. It was a towering affair in ballast, that took the corners athwart the whole canal with shriek and creak of monstrous rudder and swish of reeds and burbling of mighty green swirls, and it barred the heaven above the westering sun with its broad bands of red and white and warm brown. At the prow, a youth in green tarpaulins signaled their approach to the next lock with volleying cracks of a long whip, and struck against the sky the bold free attitudes of a Phaethon lashing his horses of fire. High over the deck the master leaned back on his tiller, a man of such hoary age and such grand contempt of the towpath that I conceived of him as having seen the dividing off of the dry land from his particular primeval waters and having thoroughly disapproved of it.

The shoots of the pollard elms are brilliant purple now; the young buds haze with golden shimmer the crests of the poplars. Catching golden and purple gleams, the ripples of the canal play monstrously disrespectful tricks with the reflection of the disdainful moon's full silvery disc, elongating or compressing it; then on a sudden caprice brushing it out altogether and beginning their games afresh. Morning, noon and evening our canal is beautiful. But my philosopher cannot forget that it is a canal, a mechanical contrivance, a Babylonian device.

"All is Babylon!" cries Sylvanus Conifer. And Sylvanus Conifer is an honorable, if mistaken, man.

Whatever he might do with the Accelerated Service and all its works, I do not see how he could put on his black books many or indeed any of my amiable Burgundy neighbors, who seem to have had no hand at all in propelling modern civilization on its less course. Te judice—to your judgment I will leave it.

* * *

There is Grandpere Venoy, a splendid specimen of the Bourgignon smallholder, tall, hard, sun-scorched, with a ringing voice and a sympathetically ugly crimson face, around which his iron gray beard sprays out untidily. His principal occupation nowadays is the melting of green wax in a crucible, for the sealing of his bottles of brandied cherries. He is the most genial of souls, but he wears at this season a most ferocious air, for naughty are the ways of green wax in a crucible.

As Grandpere Venoy is cheerfully ignorant of all history but that of his own time, in so far as it has touched him personally, he has contrived a sort of pigeon-hole, labeled "ancestors," into which all the world of ante-Second Republic goes; as Methuselah, Julius Caesar, Louis Philippe. "Des ancetres, quoi!" And indeed I do not know if this division of mankind into A—ancestors, B—the rest, is not as satisfactory as any other.

* * * *

Giselle and Madeleine, Monsieur Venoy's orphan grandchildren, are charming little girls, always clean as new pennies, with most pretty manners. They are very shy, and I can

only get them to kiss me by fining them a sou every time they omit the ceremony. As they have no sous, I pay the fines myself—to them—and we are excellent friends.

Of course they always give me the "bonjour," and they have the idea that they put a touch of splendor into the greeting by addressing me as "lady and gentleman." I argued the case not long ago with Giselle when I met her in the street.

" 'jour M'sier, 'Dame," says she.

"Bonjour, Giselle. Ah, I want to ask you something. When you see Monsieur le Cure, what do you say?"

" 'jour, M'sieur le Cure."

"Parfaitement. 'Monsieur le Cure. You do not say 'Bonjour, Monsieur et Madame. And why not?"

"Because — because — M'sieur le Cure is not married. The gendarmes do not let him."

"Parfaitement—that is—of course—well, if there is a lady with him?"

"Then I say, ' 'jour, M'sieur, 'Dame.' "

"Exactly. Well, you see that I am alone—like Monsieur le Cure. There is no lady with me. So 'Bonjour, Monsieur,' is enough. Do you understand, my little Giselle?"

She pursed up her lips and nodded importantly.

"Bien, tres bien. Well, I suppose we must all be running along. Bonjour, Giselle."

" 'jour, M'sieur, 'Dame."

What was there for it but to fine her a sou and Madeleine another—by default?

Of course, Giselle and Madeleine compute my age at a round hundred, and I have no doubt that when they discussed this incomprehensible business, it came to a final:

"Des ancetres, quoi!"

* * * *

Monsieur Courteau is a friendly old gentleman, deaf and persistent, with a long white beard. He talks in a kind of soft, resonant bleat, ma-a-a foi! He combines in his more leisure moments the employments of cobbler and watch maker, and I have my reasons for supposing that he uses the same tools in both characters. He is given to petty poaching, is a high authority on local salad oils, and has vague, picturesque ideas on immanent justice. There is a dearth of walnut oil in the country, because most of the trees were killed —la justice immanente, ma-a-a foi!— by the great frost of 1881. But we are not too badly off.

"Turnip, colza, hazel," bleats Monsieur Courteau, "they all produce an excellent oil that goes to the making of what they call a good salad."

I frequently walk over the fells to an edge of the forest where I know I shall find Monsieur Courteau's little donkey-cart laden with sticks and the infrequent walnut, not to mention the trifle of game that probably underlies the whole. And Monsieur Courteau unfolds his ideas on immanent justice—chiefly in regard to the scarcity of what they call walnut oil and what I, too, call walnut oil, ma-a-a foi!

* * * *

Monsieur Poulet is the founder and president of our Democratic Club. The club is housed in a single room, approached by a carefully zigzagged path through a shrubbery, to which it lends a suggestion of an easy maze, and furnished with a huge bust of Liberty in a cravat of the Belgian colors. It boasts a one-shelf library.

"We read or write or talk," says Monsieur le President. "And sometimes," he adds gloomily, "we play."

It is rumored that Monsieur Poulet, a red-hot Radical, started the Democratic Club in opposition to the Chateau, which has all the air of not minding. And, indeed, there is nothing terrible about Monsieur Poulet. He is a tiny, apple-faced, timid old president, with a constant expression of the most dreadful alarm, and when he declaims against bloated aristocracies and so forth, it is as if a mouse were to put his paw down and declare squeakily that he would have no more of this, sapristi! From the fact that Monsieur Poulet always has the key of the Democratic Club in his pocket, I am led to believe that he constitutes in himself

the entire membership, and that "alone he cuts and binds the grain" of the democratic harvest and plays alone. But he is most kind and courteous, has given me the freedom of the club, with the full liberty to use the library "for purposes of reference," and has most correct views on Englishmen.

"I always recognize an Englishman when I see him," says Monsieur le President, looking horribly scared. "I know him by his grand reserve, his fine presence, his majesty."

I often call on Monsieur Poulet.

* * * *

If Mademoiselle Gontrain were not afraid of what the village would say should it come to be known that she received visits from a single gentleman—majestical—I might go to see her more frequently, for she puts a pleasant Early Victorian touch into my existence. Long ago—so long ago that the commune might surely backbite away now and be hanged to it!—Mademoiselle Gontrain spent two years in London at St. James's Palace with her uncle, who was messman to the Regiment of Guards quartered there. So she speaks what she considers to be English and was once possibly something more like it. She has an idea that the exact translation of "Mon Dieu!" is "By God!" and the expletive bursts upon our quiet conversation like the clash of cymbals into a subdued orchestral movement.

It was "when she used to be seventeen"—'tis a habit I lost many years ago, and she even more—that Mademoiselle Gontrain was at St. James's. She remembers Queen Victoria, "a nice lady," and the Dowager Duchess of Cambridge, "another nice one," on whom the Queen would come to call. She always had a greeting from the Prince of Wales, as Edward the Seventh was then, when he came to dine at the Mess: and he, too, was nice. From the eagerness with which Mademoiselle Gontrain inquires after certain vivid places of entertainment in the proximity of Leicester Square, I expect that the messman showed his niece some rather murky sides of London life—when she used to be seventeen—by God!

* * * *

Of an evening the neighbors drop in for coffee. Grandmere Venoy, somewhat bent, somewhat weary of life, somewhat sloppy, arranges Giselle and Madeleine on low stools at her side, and the little orphan girls snuggle in to her and sleep with their golden heads propped up against her ancient flannel jacket. Monsieur Courteau is there, ma-a-a foi and Monsieur Poulet, Radical dormouse. Mademoiselle Gontrain nurses a rheumatic hand, by God! And Grandpere Venoy discourses of the Dominicans—des ancetres, quoi!—who had a monastery here and now walk their vaults, carrying their heads under their arms, for reasons best known to themselves.

I cannot see the Babylon in all this. But "Babylon! Babylon!" cries Sylvanus Conifer. And with his gentle, wistful smile he adds pleasantly—

"I am waiting, Monsieur, I am hoping even—for the Fall of Babylon."

* * * *

It is over the pseudonym of "Sylvanus Conifer" that my philosopher contributes to the Latin paper edited by Arcadius Avellanus. Only his very short stature and his rather too broad and high-mounting shoulders reveal the fact, which you speedily forget, that Sylvanus Conifer is slightly deformed. He has lively, kind black eyes and a wide, very mobile mouth. A thin shock of iron grey hair tosses about his head in a carefully ordered disorder, and his fringe of iron-grey beard curles up at the edges as if the fire of his brain had scorched it. His hands fascinate you; large, white, finely shaped and very flexible. They are his strong point: he knows it, and he brings them into constant play with harmless coquetry. He sits very low, and at table you see little of him but his beautiful hands and his interesting head deeply sunk between his shoulders.

That perhaps is the reason why Sylvanus Conifer generally stands, for if he is to be conceived of as a head

and two hands, a man is but a ghost before his time. He takes up his position by preference behind a chair, one elbow resting on the back, one foot slightly advanced. He is the most erudite of men, and has a wonderfully good and neat memory, from which he gets down his facts as he gets down his books from his large and scrupulously arranged library. Whenever he opens his mouth, Sylvanus Conifer delivers you, in his warm and eager voice, a clear, logical, conclusive dissertation; he speaks in lectures, and his elbow-prop of the moment loses its humdrum character and demands capital honors as a Professorial Chair of Widely Extensive Knowledge.

Though France and her history have no secrets for him, and he juggles with the French dates and talks of Clovis and Phillipp the Bald with almost terrifying familiarity, it is in the Latin classics and neo-classics that Sylvanus Conifer is most at home. He has mastered the liturgy of the Roman Church with such thoroughness that he claims to be able to find his way about in the Antiennes, though I must confess that, when I accompany him to Vespers, he seems to lose himself as extravagantly in his missal as I in mine. I seldom leave him without a Latin volume in each pocket; the histories of Tacitus, for instance, to keep me in the paths of classicism, and the "Conversations of Erasmus" to seduce me from those paths and instruct me how to pass the neo-classical time of day with gravity or in your rollicking vein. For he holds that Latin is to be the universal language, the cord that will bind the regenerated world together, and he begs me to join with him in doing our trifle of binding. I am afraid the work is not very solid, not very even. When we talk in the universal language I have the impression of submitting selections from the Public School Latin Primer, scraps of Erasmus, and purloinings from Calepin, the lexicographer, to the benevolent but perplexed consideration of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Sylvanus Conifer is a cheerful pessimist, and at amiable warfare with things in general and in particular. When he attends vespers, he takes—and keeps—his cues in such an emphatic and deliberate fashion that he overlaps Monsieur l'Archipretre at each end of his sentences, and the office seems to consist wholly of responses. This is by way of protest against the fact that, while all the people should say "Amen," they are not allowed the time or breath to do so. He writes to the Bishop—in Latin—on this matter. Monseigneur refers Sylvanus Conifer to the diocesan Professor of Dogma. The diocesan Professor of Dogma hints—in elegant French that Sylvanus Conifer might, as it were, mind his own business. Whereupon Sylvanus Conifer begins again. For it shall never be that, for lack of good wholesome nagging, the people shall not have time to say "Amen."

He makes the reproach against modern life that by its intensity it wears down vigorous races to weaklings, degenerates, like himself. He comes of a fine old Burgundy stock which was robust enough in its origins. His great-grandfather served in the Napoleonic armies, and for sixteen years did not set foot in France. When he came home after the First Abdication, he set to cultivating the family vineyards, but the Hundred Days disarranged all his plans. At the approach of the Allied Armies he hid himself among his vine-stocks, from which, however, he sallied out to cudgel a trio of Cossacks who were making free with his cellars. After this there was nothing for it but flight to Paris. His way with children did not much differ from his way with Cossacks, and his descendants—an Engraver at the Mint especially, Commander of the Legion of Honor—rise up and call him blessed.

Sylvanus Conifer shows you with pride the service sheet of another ancestor of his, a Napoleonic conscript, who, in an action of the Peninsular Campaign, shouting "En avant!" and heading a bayonet charge, recaptured

an abandoned gun. "If there is a cross for our regiment," said his comrades, "it will be for thee." The gallant boy was laid up of his wounds at Barcelona for two months, and when he came out of hospital, he found that the cross had gone to an older man, for where all were heroes you had to fall back on seniority. The Conscript's regiment was one of those that went over to Napoleon on the return from Elba. It was a touch-and-go business: they knew, writes the Conscript, that if the venture failed they would all be put to the edge of the sword. The Emperor had the regiment formed into square, and harangued the officers in the center. "I will defend you," cries the ghostly voice, "or I will die with you." Then the narrative leaps to Brazil, France having become too hot to hold the Conscript, and back again two years later to Burgundy, where we find the Conscript clamoring vainly for his cross and founding an enormous family to back his clamors. His descendant of to-day has twelve arrows in his quiver. Little wonder that Sylvanus Conifer calls every man on the tellside his cousin!

It was a brother of the Conscript's, the Notary of the village who, when the Cossacks came up our valley, locked all the women and children into the church tower, put the keys in his pocket, and defied the Muscovite invader to his beard. The Cossacks, impressed by the bold demeanor of Maitre Tebellion, made him a present of a bag of coffee and rode away. The Notary's little daughter first tasted coffee that evening, and the first time was not the last, for she died prematurely of coffee, thirty-six thousand cups of it. in her ninety-eighth year. She was Sylvanus Conifer's grandmother, a fierce, merry, decided little lady, who swore like her uncle, the Conscript, when she did not get her coffee, though the Faculty declared it would kill her, as indeed it did. She was very independent of character, and, when well on to fourscore and ten, would start off on solitary rambles, from which she was often brought home, gay and impenitent, with her face all blistered by the nettles of the ditch from which she had been rescued. At the end of her life her children rigged up a barrow for her, the only wheeled thing that could negotiate the steep paths of the country. But she never quite took to the barrow, regarding it as a soft, luxurious, Capuan vehicle.

If my philosopher's ancestors have not bequeathed him their physical energy, they have passed on to him unimpaired intellectual powers and a most pleasant house, that the artistic taste of Sylvanus Conifer has most charmingly adorned. Into the stone lintel of the front door Sylvanus Conifer has caused to be carved—by a cousin—the legend "Thebas novi, rus veni," and you feel that he has done well to desert Thebes—read "Paris"—for this sweet rural retreat. His own study is a great dim, low room, whose subdued tones and quiet, sparse furnishing are an admirable setting for the fine little marble replica of Michael Angelo's Slave on the mantelpiece. Here among his books the gentle pessimist meditates systematically on the Fall of Babylon. He has placed his sanctum at my disposal for the same purpose. But the plague of it is that I cannot meditate to order, and Babylon never seems so far away from me as when I am seated on the old oak faldstool that is Sylvanus Conifer's oracular tripod.

Sylvana Conifera, delicate and placid, inhabits the upper story, which, by the suppression of partition walls, has been converted into one long gallery, many-windowed, floored with lustrous tiles of dull brown. The position that the slave occupies in the philosopher's study is accorded here to an adorable Virgin and Child in richly-colored Flemished glazed ware: her lips puckered for an eternal kiss, the Holy Mother has bent three hundred years over the upturned face, rosy and smiling, of her Babe. Sylvana Conifera sits at her organ, a matronly St. Cecilia, haloed by the snow of her hair, or retouches her water-colors. The care of her philosopher is her chief

thought and that of Rhoda, her handmaid. Rhoda is an energetic and capable Burgundian girl, who has her own formula for calling her world to table. It runs: "Madame est servie. Voila!" and may be interpreted, "Madame is my mistress and Monsieur is my cousin. Voila!"

There seem to be no absolutely conclusive arguments in support of Sylvanus Conifer's pessimism, but one can be very happily pessimistic without conclusive arguments. The war has strongly developed this side of the little philosopher's character. He lies long abed—Sylvana Conifera and Rhoda encourage his late rising for obscure domestic reasons of their own—and arranges the lines on which Babylon is to fall: the modern civilization whose mad rush has rudely pushed him aside. The war will last out comfortably for seven years. The nations are all to be plunged in the blackest ruin, for they will be incapable of paying the interest on their enormous national debts. There will be an incalculable dearth of labor, especially of the skilled labor which is not trained in a day. The mentality of those who live to return home from the battlefields will be so greatly changed that a new race of tired sleepy men will people Europe. Machinery will have been deteriorated beyond redemption by the wear and tear of war, or annihilated by German pillage. We shall be reduced perforce to the Simple Life in its simplest expression. Ruined cities will not be rebuilt: their inhabitants will make shift with the roughest wooden shelters. Railways and canals will fall into disuse: mails, if there are any, will be conveyed by horse: steam navigation will become a thing of the past, and the height of luxury in traveling will be a fifteen months' journey to Constantinople, by sampan as far as Marseilles and on by felucca. The philosopher hardly leaves a watch for Monsieur Couteau to cobble, and the little Giselles and Madeleines of the future are apparently to revert more or less to a state of nature, and say " 'jour, M'sieurs, 'Dames" to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. As for the Church, in view of that "Amen" business, Sylvanus Conifer prophesies the most unsmooth thing for her. It is a murky picture—by God!—but Sylvanus Conifer in his more cheerful moods lightens it up a little by arranging the Fall of Babylon as a Thousand Years' Sleep, of which the world, feverishly active since the unfortunate discovery of America, has great need. And when the world has slumbered its thousand years, and in conscious intervals thoroughly mastered the conversational niceties of the Latin language, it will awaken refreshed and go on more reasonably.

These are some of the ideas which Sylvanus Conifer hatches on his pillows and expounds later in the day, standing behind a chair, making play with his beautiful white hands, his face aglow. He works each proposition up into a neat lecture, which has the one defect of being monstrously discursive. But Sylvana Conifera and I listen meekly: it is such a pleasure, his only one, to the little gentleman to be pessimistic—and discursive. Thus that suggestion of a sampan-felucca voyage to Constantinople is introduced by a disquisition on biremes and triremes, with Sylvanus Conifer's scholarly opinions as to how the ranks of rowers were or were not arranged. The necessary abandonment of the ravaged cities to their ruin is illustrated by the slow growth of Paris, statistics taken on that subject under Julius Caesar, St. Louis, the Grand Monarque, the Third Empire, and the Second Republic, and the observations made by the Engraver of the Mint, Commander of the Legion of Honor. Sylvanus Conifer rains knowledge. He is such an eager, pitiful, "sympathique" little Jupiter that I cannot find it in my heart to put up the umbrella of contradiction. And he does what he likes with Babylon.

Sylvana Conifera and I are not alone to suffer from our philosopher's discursiveness. Sent out one evening to see why he did not come to dinner, I found him in the street expounding to

a white-bloused workman, who appeared to be stunned by his eloquence, the origins and aims of the Society of Jesus.

"He is my cousin," explained Sylvanus Conifer as I led him in. "He has written a poem accusing the cures of having brought about the War. Which, of course, is absurd."

* * * *

It was a majestic, sombre western sky, with jags and horizontal splits of fiery orange. Against such a background St. John should have seen "a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

On a ridge over the valley, Sylvanus Conifer was silhouetted, his cape whipped out in black flutters by a wild, rain-laden evening wind. He stood immobile, looking out over the great Burgundy plain at his feet. I knew that his constant vision was before his eyes, that he saw Babylon falling, falling.

That menacing rout of black mists went sweeping eastward. On my mind there flashed the tremendous words of a greater prophet than Sylvanus Conifer:

"Thou shalt take up this parable against the King of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! the exactress of gold ceased! . . .

"The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing . . .

"They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms? . . .

"All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. . . .

"But thou . . . "

And the storm swept over eastward, where Babylon lies.

But the western sky was calm and clear now, suffused with a pink sunset glow. Sylvanus Conifer had disappeared. And the sickle of the young moon was hung up silver in the peaceful heavens.



GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

(SYNOPSIS—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at the dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears Captain Pasek, the captain of the Fusiliers, who will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. When Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hut with her, Jagiello wounds him in an encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan.)

CHAPTER VII

THE TRAIL of their honeymoon led down through dewy meadows and along solitary cattle lanes as Jan and Jagiello climbed from the heights into the awakening town.

"Oh, Jan," exclaimed Jagiello, "if every morning of our lives could be as beautiful as this morning!"

"Every morning with you will be as beautiful," answered Jan.

To their ears came the whistling of the river packets. From a thousand chimneys smoke began to ascend in yellow, brown and white spirals. To the north the shipyards lay, awaiting the coming of the toilers to infuse them with mighty, creative life. What a tremendous, pulsating thing this building of the world's greatest ships! And Jan was part of the life, with its incessant toil, its few joys and many sorrows.

Henceforth Jan's life was to be transformed. No longer was he to live alone. The woman that he loved, and that had been given to him by the strange adventures of a night, was to share his humble home, and make of it a beautiful thing, sacred to their love. The hope of the morning sent the blood boiling through his veins. Life was far more wonderful than he had ever dreamed. And this was living, this loving Jagiello with all his great heart and soul. As she went down through the grass on that splendid midsummer morning, with her eyes dancing and her full young throat open to the winds that whispered from the sea, Jan thought her the loveliest creature he had ever beheld. How he would work for her! How he would bend his great body under the lash of toil that he might win a fitting tribute to lay upon the altar of his love! She of the soft white skin, with the voice of wind-bells, she of the wild freedom of the hills, with the breezes lifting the gay ribbons at her throat—with what passionate zeal he would strive to bring her infinite happiness!

And she loved Jan no less than he cared for her.

When they reached the Street of the Larches and turned in at Jan's gate, there swept over him a blinding desire wholly to possess.

He opened his door and Jagiello went in.

Then he closed the door tightly behind her.

She was now his.

She saw that the house was of wood,

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whitewashed, with a thatched roof. She suddenly found herself in Jan's arms. She returned his kiss, a little timidly, her cheeks burning, her heart fluttering. She broke from his grasp and ran into the next room. She took up her bundle of things that she had packed the night before, and began spreading them on the table.

"Now, Jan," she observed, "we'll have to divide the clothes recess. I've got to have some place to hang my domino and dresses."

"That's so," answered Jan, but he was not thinking of the dresses.

Jagiello crossed to the recess and pulled aside the old serge curtain.

"This half is mine," she said, laughing, indicating the left half. "And don't you dare use any of my hooks, big man!"

"Indeed I won't," he replied, amused.

She took from her bundle a velvet bodice with gold braid over the shoulders, and hung it in the closet beside the few things that she owned. Her sins had paid her meanly after all, and these few clothes, beautiful in Jan's eyes, were already shabby and old. As she worked she began singing the love song that she had sung to Jan in the night:

"Thy heart with my heart
Is locked fast together,
Lost is the key
That locked them forever!"

Presently she went into the kitchen and began making the fire.

She gathered a handful of fagots from a box in the corner, thrust them into the flat porcelain stove, and soon the fire was crackling merrily. She poured lentils from a bag into a pot, filled the pot with water from a great earthern jar, and placed the pot on the stove. Jan watched her, standing awkwardly about, filled with wonderment and strange emotions.

She now spread the table with a honey-yellow cloth from the table drawer, and placing upon the table a crock of honey and a loaf of rye bread, sat down in the chair Jan drew up for her.

He laughed. It relieved his pent-up emotions.

"Ah, you fine little housewife!" he cried. "I'm going to have a good wife! I can see that!"

While the lentils simmered in the pot, Jagiello sat opposite Jan, her hands clasped, staring in awe of him.

"Dear Jan," she said, "I'm going to try to be a good wife to you. I want to make you happy. You're all I've got in the world to live for now . . . all I've got. You'll be good to me, won't you?" Her voice broke, and great tears sprang into her troubled eyes.

He leaned forward and took her face between his hands. "Jagiello, sweetheart!" he breathed. He rose to his feet and stood towering above her, worshiping her lovely, slim throat, her silken lashes, her eyes, blue as summer dusk. And then, suddenly, a great passion shook him. He thrust aside the table and it crashed to the floor—honey and dishes and all. He seized her in his great arms and rained kisses upon her—kisses of adoration upon her lips, her eyes, her delicate, smooth throat . . .

Without warning there was a loud knock on the door.

Chapter VIII

Jan started violently. Who could it be? Never before had any one called upon him in the early morning.

"Jan, who is it?" whispered Jagiello.

"I don't know."

On tiptoe he went to the window and glanced through the coarse curtains. Turning to Jagiello he called softly:

"It is Captain Pasek!"

Jagiello's face went swiftly white. "Captain Pasek? What—has he—come for?"

The knock of the Captain of the Fusiliers was repeated with savage insistence.

"We'd better let him in and see," said Jan. "The fool will knock forever if we don't!"

Indeed, Pasek rapped louder and

hammered the door with his sabre until Jan suddenly threw the bolt and greeted him face to face in the doorway.

The Captain stood smiling blandly, silhouetted against the splendor of the morning sky. About his shoulder was a white bandage, supporting his left arm.

"Good morning, Captain," greeted Jan deferentially.

Pasek shifted his sabre. "Are you alone?" he asked.

"No," answered Jan, "my wife is inside."

"*Your wife!*"

Pasek uttered the words as though stunned. He had not thought it possible that Jagiello would carry out her threat of the night.

"We were having breakfast. Your knock interrupted us."

Pasek entered. He laid his sabre and cap on the sitting-room table.

Jagiello had quickly restored the table to its legs, respread the cloth, and set upon it bread and honey, steaming black coffee, and three dishes of lentils. When Pasek entered she looked up with pale face and curious eyes.

"My dear Madame Rantzau!" exclaimed Pasek, bowing with extravagant courtesy.

"You are the first person in the world to call me by that name," replied Jagiello, pleased but secretly frightened. She indicated a chair for Pasek, and soon the bridal breakfast was under way. Pasek laughed with forced nonchalance as Jagiello described her new regime. She told of the night on the priest's balcony, of the flooding up of dawn, of her marriage to Jan at sunrise, and the honeymoon trail through the misty morning fields.

And then quite unexpectedly, Pasek's whole manner changed. He scowled and sprang to his feet, a savage glint in his eye. "Then you *are* married!" he ejaculated, as the realization smote him.

"Married? Indeed we're married!" and Jagiello threw her arms around Jan's neck, stirring Pasek to further fury.

"Then here's to the years to come!" exclaimed Pasek, "and to the happiness to issue from a knife thrust!"

So saying he chuckled ominously, and striding toward the door, picked up his cap and sabre and hurried out.

"Captain!" cried Jan after him. "Captain! Come back! Let us be friends!"

Bewildered, overcome with amazement, Jan stared at Jagiello, a strange unexplainable fear suddenly born in his heart. "What—what does he mean?" he asked, puzzled.

"That he will be avenged on us because—because I struck him with that knife!"

"But what can he do?"

"Terrible things! Oh, Jan, I have brought all this unhappiness upon you!"

"Let's forget that he ever came, Jagiello; let's make out that we never saw him."

"Yes, Jan!"

Then swiftly resentment boiled up in Jan's heart. "What does he mean by coming unbid to our house and jumping up from our table and threatening us?" He clenched his hard fists until the knuckles showed white.

"Don't, Jan! Be quiet! He meant nothing. Everything will be all right. We love each other. There is nothing he can do about *that,* Jan, dear."

"No, of course not!" Jan smiled at his own credulity. The girl's lips were parted, her face flushed. Jan saw only the wild roses in her cheeks. He gathered her again in his arms.

Suddenly the great six o'clock whistle in the shipyard screamed out its morning greeting. Instantly men poured into the streets from all the little houses, choking the tortuous thoroughfares: men strange and gaunt; powerful, grizzled giants—whipped, beaten—men who dwelt forever under the keels of gigantic ships—hundreds and thousands of them, some laughing, some morose, some with all the hope of life wiped from their grim countenances—the toilers of Galt, the army of the shipyard, the multitude of the world's Forgotten.

In a moment Jan was one of them, flinging open his door, kissing Jagiello her first "good-by," joining the surging torrent of the Toilers that poured down into the black, roaring pits.

Jagiello watched him until she could distinguish him no longer in the mighty stream; then slowly she went inside and re-seated herself at the table of their bridal breakfast. The dishes were untouched; the coffee was cold; the lentils black and coagulated. Then it burst upon her that Jan had gone to work without his breakfast. First Pasek had interrupted! Then the whistle had blown! . . . She covered her face with her hands and sobbed uncontrollably, torn with a great happiness and a sinister foreboding.

Chapter IX

The Naval College at Nagi-Aaros had announced that a superdreadnaught, greater than any warship of the world's dominions, was to be built in the shipyards, and was to be fitted with the most powerful guns of Galt. She was to be an All-Big-Gun ship. Her name was to be the Huascar. Rumors of her strength and power spread among the toilers. When Jan heard the news it made him uneasy. It presaged war.

That day the keel of the Huascar was laid.

Eight hundred feet long she was to be, with an incredible height to the fire-control in her tripod mast. Her engines were to be 90,000 h. p., capable of 30 knots. Seven long years it would require to build her, and the services of seven thousand ship builders. And what would happen at the end of the seven years?

Jan was no philosopher, no visionary. He only knew that he must continue to work hard and steadily for little Jagiello.

In a month the Huascar was well under way. The rattle of trip-hammers, the thunder of sledges, the blinding glare of light from white-hot forges, the rolling of huge steel plates from Westphalia—and the thousands upon thousands of ribs of steel took their orderly places in the great hull.

The Huascar was not to be a ship. She was to be a monster—a floating citadel. The eye could not behold her all at once. The immensity and the terror of her were beyond human comprehension. She was designed to be the most terrific engine of modern warfare, at once indestructible and irresistible.

The mind that had designed the Huascar had been mad with over-reaching. One man in her fire-control could, by the touch of a single lever, control all her giant mass. If she succeeded, all war would automatically cease. She would be able to ride among the war dogs of the sea and pour a rain of shell and fire into them, sweeping them from the vision of mankind.

As the Huascar advanced the summer came and went, the lovely summer of Carlmania. The mowers worked in the fields above the village. The corn grew golden. Myriads of blue and yellow wild flowers starred the hills. One evening after the day's toil, Jan and Jagiello climbed up to the heights and watched the day vanish into purple dusk.

There was a road that led from Jan's house to the gray stone Jena Bridge, opposite the west wing of the gun factory. Across this bridge the lovers went, under the interlacing trees. The road wound up toward the priest's house. As they climbed the sunset paled; the twilight became studded with golden stars. The shipyard stretched half a mile below, with mammoth hulls and cranes in the yawning cradles.

"There is the Huascar!" exclaimed Jan.

She lay with the twilight blue between her ribs, already domineering, already a thing inspiring terror.

She was imposing, with beautiful lines, a graceful hull, and sweeping, far-flowing undulations.

She was supported roundabout by immense steel girders, but in her strength she seemed to laugh and mock at the girders.

She was black and red, marked with a million hieroglyphics, and all her marvelous fretwork was knit together by countless bolts that had been tossed white-hot from toiler to toiler and locked by an electric hammer in her ribs.

She was already majestic—already she bore herself with a sense of supreme power.

She lay beside the Baku, a collier of the Baltic fleet, and the Baku was dwarfed until she appeared no more than a fishing smack.

In the twilight bright red lights began to flash around her great steel body. She was to be the Alpha and Omega of the last terrible war.

Jagiello looked at the Huascar for the first time, and her eyes grew big with wonder. "Oh, isn't she beautiful!" she gasped.

"Think, Jagiello! Four months ago the Huascar was only an idea in the brain of a man. Now she is born, and you say she is beautiful. Day by day she grows, but it will be many years before she is ready for the seas."

"She is like a child," said Jagiello.

They were sitting on the hillside. As the sea-wind freshened it wafted to them the ringing laughter of little children in the streets below. Jagiello could faintly distinguish the Ballandyna house, and before it Marya's three little sisters, Elsa, Lela and Ula, playing in the starlight. The laughter at last died away. From down the river came the musical chimes of St. Catherine's, sounding seven. Jagiello drew closer to Jan. The strange new radiance of her face thrilled him. Impulsively he exclaimed:

"Jagiello!"

He faced her, a question burning deep in his eyes. An intuitive flash enlightened him. Her voice, in a whisper, told him of a new thing under the sun, news that astonished him and sent his heart racing.

"The ship will grow like *your* child, Jan dear," said Jagiello.

"Jagiello—love!"

His voice was husky with awe. "Really, Jagiello?"

"Yes, Jan, it is true!"

He kissed her, and the little pale gold child he had wedded became in that instant a woman, blessed in his eyes. Great joy clamored in his heart.

Hard upon the cathedral chimes all the bells of Galt began ringing the hour—some sweet and low, some clamorous and rebellious, some wild and chiming, as though in token of the news.

"I hope it is a boy!" said Jan, elated.

"Oh, I hope so!" said Jagiello.

"Why do *you* want it to be a boy?"

"Because you do."

"And you will love him?"

"As I love you."

He crushed her in his arms. "When am I to know my son?" he asked.

"In the spring of the new year," Jagiello told him.

"Oh, I do hope it is a boy!" mused Jan, himself a boy at heart.

Night closed down swiftly. Jan lifted Jagiello in his arms, and carried her down from the heights. Fireflies illumined their path, and in the fairy glow the big man bore the coming mother to his house under the larches.

When the door was closed upon them: "Oh, Jagiello!" he cried, "my boy will be like the Huascar, a man among men as she is a ship among ships!"

"Are you happy, Jan?" she asked, just to hear him say that he was.

"Happy?" laughed Jan. "Happy? Oh, am I happy!"

"You don't love me!" protested Jagiello.

"Don't love you? Oh, no, I don't love you!"

They laughed like children together.

Chapter X.

Inspiration came to Jan.

"You wait here," he said to Jagiello. "I'm going down the street."

He put on his hat and went out to the shop of a silk mercer, and for three rubles bought her a red silk bodice. On the way back he got some round almond cakes and some Negotin

wine. What a feast they would have together!

Jagiello had combed out her long golden hair and adorned her tiny ears with the brass circlets, and clasped her anklets upon her slender feet. When Jan burst in upon her she stood radiant in the candle light, a vivid, beautiful creature.

He placed the cakes and wine on the table. The silk bodice he concealed behind his back.

"Close your eyes a moment," he called playfully.

She obeyed, happy and curious, and heard the rustle of paper as Jan opened the bundle. He smoothed out the silken garment and held it near the light. "Now look!" he called.

Jagiello looked.

The red bodice met her delighted gaze. "Oh, Jan!" she cried, seizing it and holding it close, while her dancing eyes feasted upon it.

"That's to celebrate the coming of the little man," explained Jan, jubilantly. His voice quavered with feeling, and tears glistened in his eyes.

"I've wanted a *red* bodice for so long!" sighed Jagiello. "How did you know?"

Jan opened the bottle of wine and placed the almond cakes in a dish on the table.

Jagiello quickly put on the new garment and sat across the table from Jan.

"Where did you get such a pretty bodice?" she asked. "Marya Ballandyna's got one, but not like this . . . Look at these gold buttons. Oh, Jan, and such good cakes! But you don't love me!"

She smiled, anticipating his answer with every fibre of her being, closing her eyes, abandoning her lips to his.

"Jagiello, all I love in the world is you—just you—and——" His voice trailed into ecstatic contemplation. "Oh, I hope it is a boy!" he breathed.

Chapter XI.

It was a boy.

He was born in the time of the year when the mantle of new life is being draped across the hills, when the sun is warm upon the breast of the sea. He came with the singing of the larks and the flaming tapestry of the sunrise sky, when all the fields and valleys were singing with life newborn.

His coming was an epic.

For months before that momentous day Jan had dreamed dreams of him, and had lived in fancy through his boy's life from obscure birth to a glorious pinnacle of honor.

One day under the keel of the Huascar he had glanced up at the mammoth ribs of steel, towering into the infinite blue, and been thrilled with the mighty strength of the ship. In that moment he had conceived that his son was to be as splendid as the great vessel. What the Baku was beside the Huascar, so the sons of other men would be beside his son. He wanted his boy to grow up—not as he and his father had, to be a builder—but to have the brains to devise a ship such as the Huascar. In the Construction House were walls of blue prints with infinitesimal calculations. These blue prints represented the epitome of knowledge to Jan denied; and to create them was the ambition he held for his child to come.

As the Huascar developed, the shadows in the great pit under her keel grew blacker. From six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening the roar and ring of the hammers never ceased. It was as if the universe were being rocked in the grip of Titans. Floors trembled and quivered, great cranes lifted their thousand-ton burdens through the smoke-laden air, heavy chains clanked and rang against steel pillars, and giant steam hammers rose and fell with the clattering din of tremendous strokes. And through it all the Huascar reared herself in majesty upon the bones and blood of seven thousand toilers. She was an inexorable monarch exacting tribute from the army that was putting the breath of life into her steel. And into the relentless maw of her were swept the lives of that toiling army. At times a tiny figure upon a platform would jerk

forward and be dashed through the smoke and steam to be lost, a limp, huddled mass, somewhere under her keel. But little did she care, this Leviathan of the deep, and the crash of lapping-hammers went on unremittingly at her awful command.

On that eventful April afternoon Jan was swinging high on a huge crane when he saw far below in the shipyard a boy beckon and shout up to him. The boy was Barro, Marya Ballandyna's brother. Jan knew why Barro had come for him. Jagiello had agreed to send him when the hour should arrive.

When the crane descended again, Jan reported off duty at the Construction House and started home.

Barro talked incessantly, asking questions about the Huascar, but Jan heard not. His mind was in a turmoil. Only once did he stop to look back, and then he saw the great battleship in the flaming sunset, with the army clinging to her sides—imperial in her strength and grandeur.

"That's how I want *him* to be—like that!" Jan told himself.

Madame Ballandyna met him in his doorway. She was a midwife, and Jagiello had arranged for her to deliver her child. She was a large, coarse woman, of brutal texture, somewhat swarthy, with brass earrings and a bland, man-like smile. "Jagiello is doing nicely," she said by way of greeting.

Jan found little Jagiello sitting up in bed, laughing. The ripple of her voice shocked him. Certainly, he told himself, this was no time for laughter. He sat down on the edge of the white bed, and took the small white hand of the woman he loved in his great grimy one.

"Jagiello!" was all he said.

"What did you come home for?" she laughed, impishly. She was abnormally happy; her voice was vibrant and gay. Jan marveled at her. "Will you hold my hand when the time comes, Jan?"

"Yes, my love." But he did not know what he was promising.

He went into the front room and found Madame Ballandyna laying out rows of clean white rags on his pallet. "What makes Jagiello so happy?" he asked.

"Be thankful she is happy," returned the midwife. "Soon she will not be so gay."

This troubled Jan. He asked nothing more.

For upward of an hour he sat beside his wife, and they talked of the wonderful things they would do for the little stranger.

"We'll have to get him a new house," said Jan.

"Oh, yes, a nice new house!"

"And a red wagon, and a box of soldiers."

"Oh, yes, a wagon and soldiers!"

"And what shall we call him?"

Jagiello said: "I should love to call him 'Jan' after you."

"No," argued Jan, "that won't do! "My father was named 'Jan,' and my grandfather, and we all have worked like slaves in the works. If we call our boy 'Jan,' he, too, may have to work in the shipyard. Let us call him 'Stefan'."

"Little 'Stefan', then," agreed Jagiello, smiling wanly. She fell back on her pillow and closed her eyes in pain. Jan ran for Madame Ballandyna. The midwife came and sent Jan away.

The glow of the sunset faded. Jan sat upon his steps and smoked his pipe.

Upon her snowy bed Jagiello moaned softly. When her moans grew more intense, and her frail body quivered and writhed in paroxysms of pain, she called Madame Ballandyna to her and whispered what had for months lain hidden in her heart.

"Jan does not know what you and Marya and Ujedski know." Her voice was faint and quavering, lest its sound should reach her husband's ears.

"What!" cried Madame Ballandyna, "you married him and never told him!"

"I was afraid to," sighed Jagiello.

"Then never tell him," admonished the midwife. "What Jan does

not know will never hurt him."

"But I must tell him—I must—I must!" Jagiello moaned. Her mental anguish merged into the physical, and she lay white and shaken.

"Then you're a fool!"

"No! No! No! I love him—I must tell him—and he must forgive me—if I am to live!"

"You're not going to do anything of the kind!" expostulated the midwife, feeling Jagiello's pulse.

"Yes, yes, I am—I am! When his son is born—and he holds him in his arms—then I will whisper to him—and he will forgive me—O Mother of God, then he will forgive me!"

"Don't, child!" begged the other woman. She put out the candle and sat beside the bed in the darkness, holding Jagiello's hand.

And, moaning and tossing and crying, Jagiello spent the next few hours in torment. "He will forgive me then!" she cried over and over. "Oh, Mother of God, he will forgive me then!"

Once Jan put his head into the room but Madame Ballandyna quickly motioned him away.

He returned to his seat on the step, and in anguish listened to the cries of the woman he loved. His pipe went out, and, unheeding, he let it drop to the ground. As her cries became more agonizing he rose from the step and paced to and fro, to and fro, every moan and every sob a barb twisted in his heart. The bells from the cathedral down the river rang out merrily—eight, nine, ten, eleven—but he did not hear them, for his wife's anguished cries possessed his brain . . . Madame Ballandyna would not let him go in to her. Once when he heard her voice call his name, tremulous with suffering, he went to the door and uplifted his great hard hands, seized with a fierce impulse to batter down the door and rush in and take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her . . . How he loved her! What good would that do her now? . . . Wasn't it because he loved her, and she loved him, that she was now going through a living hell that he might be happy, that he might have a son to bear his name! . . . As he turned from the door the picture of her, dressed that memorable night in the silk bodice he had bought her, vivid and beautiful in the candle glow, rushed into his mind. He recalled her childish rapture, and how he had sat down at the table with her, and how they had talked of their boy . . . And always she had been so unselfish, so ready to please him, whether it was about the boy's playthings or about his name . . . But now—now he must stand helpless and listen to her moan, and know that her frail body was being racked and broken. God! was there nothing he could do—nothing? He was so big and powerful. Why would the just God not let him bear his portion of her hour of travail? Why must the woman suffer all? If only he could offer his own body to be torn asunder, that she whom he loved might escape the penalty of her love! Each piercing cry tore his heart and sent the blood from his face. . . . After a long while he saw men and women passing up the street—*laughing, laughing!* while his wife lay in torment! Now came lovers returning from a dance. They, too, were laughing. The horrible monstrosity of the thing enraged him, until he wanted to dash into the street and strike them down with his great fists. . . Then suddenly his wife's cries softened. In that brief moment Jan's heart softened too. Tears flooded his eyes, and thankfulness welled in his heart. Now he wanted to call out to the lovers, to warn them of the terrible thing ahead, the thing that now held him in its grip. By and by the cathedral clock chimed again: midnight! Five long hours had passed. Would the end never come?

After an eternity Madame Ballandyna opened the door and called to him: "She wants you!"

Jan went quickly. In the doorway he whispered to the midwife: "Has the child come?"

"No."

"How much longer will this last?"

"God knows! It's just begun."

Just begun! Good God, and he had hoped it was all over. Just begun! He shuddered.

Madame Ballandyna lit the candle. Jagiello's face was deathly white. Her hair streamed about her naked shoulders. Dark circles shadowed her tired eyes. She reached out her hand and gripped Jan's fingers. He held her slim little hand tightly. She smiled in response. "Love me?" she asked.

Love her! He gazed at her in adoration. Even now she was playful, with piquant abandon. But suddenly the smile faded from her face, her fingers tightened convulsively on his, and she pulled with incredible strength. Madame Ballandyna, nodding to herself, placed a piece of string in a dish of alcohol on the bureau, laid the bundle of white rags she had sorted over the foot of the bed, and blew out the candle.

Chapter XII.

It was now almost two o'clock. From the pavilion came far-away snatches of dance music borne upon the wind like the faint, unreal music of a dream. It was a strange accompaniment for the moaning from the bed. To Jan everything seemed a dream. And as the moments dragged, the dream became more terrible. His ears were filled with a roar like the mad galloping of wild horses. What a world of unreality this night was: the moon, the scent of the first roses in the garden, the phantom music, the lovers' laughter, the wind flowing through the trees, the screams of Jagiello—and Madame Ballandyna swearing and trying to light the candle!

Jan sprang to his feet.

The great moment had come.

"Where are the matches?" The midwife's voice rose in alarm.

"Here!" cried Jan, but when he ran his hand over the bureau top the box was missing! He knocked over bottles and things in his frenzied hunt. Inky dark, and the great moment had come! Where were the matches? Great beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead. At last his hands closed upon the box. He quickly struck one and lit the candle . . .

What he saw staggered him.

The birth of his boy was at once the most beautiful and the most terrible thing he had ever beheld. It was heaven and hell rolled into one—hell and heaven—heaven and hell . . .

* * * *

"It's a boy!" cried Madame Ballandyna.

She handed him to Jan, and Jan saw that he was in the image of himself. His own son! His first clear little cry rang through the room as the splendor of the rising sun gleamed through the lattice.

Jagiello looked up at Jan and smiled a wan, tired little smile. "Jan, come closer to me," she whispered.

Jan, holding his son in his arms, bent near to the mother.

"Jan," she whispered again, her voice sweet and far-away, "Jan, could you forgive me now?"

The big man heard in wonder.

"There is nothing to forgive, brave little heart!" he said.

"Yes, Jan! Listen! Once, before I knew you—long ago— Oh, Jan, come nearer—you love me—forgive me—Pasek——"

"Pasek!"

She rose to a sitting posture, and threw her arms around Jan's neck. Her eves were afire with the message of her soul. But in that moment when she would have told him, her physical strength failed her. Closing her eyes she sank back upon the pillow, her face buried in the golden cascade of her hair.

"Pasek!" Jan gazed bewildered.

"She's off her head," put in Madame Ballandyna.

Jan kissed her rapturously.

(To be continued.)

Life of Pastor Russell

By E. D. Stewart

PASTOR Charles Taze Russell was born February 16, 1852, and died Oct. 31, 1916, aged 64 years 8 months and 15 days. Thus in years, months and days, we measure the duration of his life; but measuring the duration of a life is not measuring the life.

"We live in deeds not years;
In thoughts, not breaths."

We can count the number of his years, but many a man has lived longer to whom mankind owes no debt of gratitude. We can count the number of his days, but the value of a day depends upon what is put into it. One day may be worth a thousand other days, and how much he accomplished in those 64 years we can only begin to know when we learn the intensity with which he lived them.

In testimony meetings, thousands all over our land and in every land under the sun, bear witness to their gratitude to God that he has raised up a man who has been the instrument in his land of snatching them from the very brink of doubt and infidelity, placing their feet on the solid rock of Christ's "ransom for all." Some of these men simply could not believe the Bible as interpreted by their religious teachers. They would not say they believed when they did not. They did not wish to be infidels, and they bewailed their lack of faith and hope. You need not tell me that normally constituted men are infidels from choice. You need not tell me that normally constituted men deliberately choose to believe and are glad to believe that they die as the brutes, with no hope of a future life. Many of these men are infidels not so much from their own fault as from the fault of their religious teachers who gave them an interpretation of the Bible contrary to reason and impossible for them to believe. Many a man in this attitude has gone to hear Pastor Russell. They have gone to the service infidels and came back rejoicing Christians. Their religious teachers kept saying: "Don't go to hear that man Russell; he preaches dangerous doctrine." But, by the grace of God, they went and received the spiritual food they had been starving for, the spiritual food their religious teachers did not know how to give. It is no wonder that men would sometimes stand in a crowded aisle and listen to his inspiring words for two hours at a time without moving from their places —no wonder, when those words were bringing hope instead of despair, faith in the place of doubt, peace in the place of agitation and unrest, joy in the place of sadness.

When men with heart full of gratitude would tell him of the blessings they had received, he would simply say something like this: "Brother, I am glad you received blessing from God's word; his truth is very precious." He simply ignored his part in the matter. In proof that this was his attitude, hear his own words, as found on page 10 of his celebrated book, "The Divine Plan of the Ages."

"Though in this work we shall endeavor, and we trust with success, to set before the interested and unbiased reader the plan of God as it relates to and explains the past, the present and the future of his dealings, in a way more harmonious, beautiful and reasonable than is generally understood, yet that this is the result of extraordi-

nary wisdom or ability on the part of the writer, is positively disclaimed. It is the light from the Sun of Righteousness in this dawning of the Millennial Day that reveals these things as present truth, etc."

He believed that the time was due for these truths to be made known, and if he had not written them, God would have found some one else to do so.

One of the great objects of his life was to show that the Bible, when correctly translated and rightly understood is harmonious throughout, and gives the most exalted and uplifting conception of our Creator and our duties to him that is possible for a human being to attain. To show this complete harmony of the Bible, of all its parts, was no easy task. It meant labor. At that time there was great indifference on the part of the people. Most of them did not seem to care whether the various texts of the Bible were in harmony with one another or not. Each seemed more interested in seeking such texts as prove or seemed to prove his particular creed, and ignored such texts as oppose it. Even ministers, when texts were brought to their attention that contradicted their creed, would make such remarks as: "Oh, don't trouble yourself about such matters as that. There is enough in the fifth chapter of Matthew to save anybody." They were merely seeking such knowledge as they thought would save them and their friends, and seemed utterly indifferent as to what truth honors God most. In 1st Sam. 2.30 the Lord says, "Them that honor me, I will honor." This promise is not to those who carry on some great work of charity or make some great attempt to convert the world, for these things are often done in such a way as to dishonor God. Many are engaged in these things; few make it the chief object of their lives to do those things and to preach those doctrines that bring most honor to God's name. Most men seem utterly indifferent on this matter.

At a time when such indifference was widely prevalent, Pastor Russell began his work of showing the harmony of the Bible with itself and with the character of its Divine Author. He saw that there is no way to bring permanent blessing to the human race except through faith in God and faith in the Bible. He, therefore, sought to show how worthy the Bible is of all our faith and love. That was the great motive of his life. We know that this was his motive, not because he has told us so, but because the motive rings through every article that he wrote and every sermon that he preached. A motive like that could not live in a narrow life. It could not find room in a little heart.

Therefore it is natural for us, as thoughtful men and women, to inquire, "What were the events of his life and the various circumstances leading up to such a motive? What must his childhood, his boyhood and his early manhood have been?"

Charles T. Russell was the second son of Joseph L. and Ann Eliza Russell, and was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and the son, when not engaged in study. spent much of his time helping his father in the store. By so doing, he rendered himself liable to the awful charge that certain ministers in various parts of the country have brought against him, that in his early life he was "a seller of shirts." In this work, however, he developed the qualities of industry, perseverance and earnestness of purpose, qualities that have been such prominent characteristics of his mature years. As the father was a very successful business man, it was only natural for the son also to begin business as a merchant. In this work the young man manifested such business acumen that, in a few years, he was the owner of five clothing stores. In all this work he was so thoroughly honest and his goods so thoroughly reliable that his success was marvelous, so marvelous that some who then knew him believe that if he had continued in the mercantile business he might have rivaled in the accumulation of wealth some of the richest money kings

of his day. But his great desire was not to be rich, but to be useful. We need not tell you this, you may know it for yourself when you consider the following facts:

At one time in his life, while he was yet a young man, the valuation of his real and personal property is said to have reached over $200,000. Of this $40,000 were spent in the publication and circulation of his first book, "Food for Thinking Christians." At various times he contributed large amounts to the Society of which he was president. In fact at the time of his death he had but $200 left of his own private fortune. Notwithstanding this fact, there have been men so ignorant of the facts in the case, or had so little regard for truth and veracity as to say: "Russell has just started this religious movement as a money-making scheme." The utter foolishness of such a statement could not be fully manifest to persons unacquainted with the manner in which the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society is operated. The very idea of a company of men getting rich preaching the gospel without money and without price, while their friends at the various appointments advertised the meetings "Seats free; no collection." The truth of the matter is that those ministers who have done this talking about "money making scheme" concerning Pastor Russell have simply been "measuring his corn in their own half-bushel." A man whose own life is actuated by low motives cannot appreciate a higher motive in another man.

In all of Pastor Russell's work, and in all the work of the Society including missionary work, translation of the books into all the important modern languages, exhibition of the Photo Drama of Creation, etc., not one penny was ever solicited and no collection was ever taken. That, of course, does not mean that money has not been liberally contributed, but every contribution is and must be absolutely voluntary and unsolicited. Two years ago last summer in the northern part of Pennsylvania, a little girl eight years old came to me after the services and said: "Here is five cents to help other little boys and girls to see the Photo Drama." The five cents were forwarded to the Watch Tower office, along with larger contributions, and in the course of a few days the proper officer of the Society sent her a receipt with just the same care that a $50 contribution in a neighboring town was receipted for.

Pastor Russell was a man of great faith, and he always had perfect confidence that money would be forthcoming for every work that the Lord wanted done. On one occasion, after he had spoken to a large audience, he was shaking hands with the people as they passed out, when a man handed him an envelope. He put it into his pocket and went on shaking hands. After a few minutes some of the brethren were consulting with him concerning some work that all agreed would be good to have done; "but where was the money to come from?" Brother Russell said: "If it is a work the Lord wants done, he will see that the money is provided." He opened the envelope. It contained a check for one thousand dollars, and the work went on.

Men have sometimes come to him and said: "Brother Russell, I have been greatly blessed by your explanation of the Scriptures. I feel that this is a great work. How can I get some money into it?" This may sound strange to men who all their lives have been dunned for money "to pay the preacher," but "Truth is stranger than fiction." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. The cattle on a thousand hills are his," and he does not need money that must be begged for or raffled for at box socials or church fairs.

His "Divine Plan of the Ages" has a circulation several times that of any other book ever published in the English language except the Bible. He is the author of five other principal books and of numerous booklets and tracts. He is also the author of the Photo Drama of Creation," which has been seen and heard by over nine millions

of people. His sermons of recent years have appeared regularly every week in over a thousand newspapers, and are read by millions of people.

While Pastor Russell had his friends and admirers he also had his enemies and persecutors. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." So if any one is not suffering persecution he is not living godly in Christ Jesus. When you read that a certain man did not have an enemy in the world, you have found a man that never steadfastly and earnestly opposed the wrong. On the other hand, every man that has done anything earnestly to free the race from wrong and error and superstition has had his opposers and persecutors. Christ and all his apostles save one suffered martyrdom for the truth they preached, and from that day to this, every man who stood for unpopular truth and against popular error has had his persecutors. So Pastor Russell has likewise had his persecutors who tried to minimize his work, burned his books and attempted to destroy his good name. Yes, they sometimes burned his books, and they did so for the very same reason that they used to burn the Bibles; they were afraid of the truth there was in them. But the more they burned the books, the more the truth spread. I had the pleasure a few months ago of speaking in a town where, not long before, some of the religionists had got together and agreed to advise the people to burn Pastor Russell's books. In a few weeks colporteurs came into the town and sold far more books than had been burned. The bigots who had burned the books had merely aroused the curiosity of the people. In the Dark Ages they sometimes sought to terrify the people by burning the Bibles in the streets, and thus compel them to submit to the prescribed forms of religion, the "Orthodox" forms. There is too much of the spirit of liberty and tolerance in free America for such an indignity to be perpetrated to-day without arousing a sense of justice in the minds of those who hate tyranny.

It is interesting to note how the books have found their way through the hands of those who did not appreciate them into the hands of those who did. It often happens that one man buys and does not appreciate them, then loans them to another man who enjoys them with all his heart. At one of the conventions, a lady tells us that a friend sent her "The Divine Plan of the Ages" and she burned it. Another friend sent her a second book of the same kind, and she burned it. A third friend sent her a third book, and she stopped and thought. It is sometimes a good thing to stop and think. "Finally," says she, "I read this book and it burned me." By this, I suppose, she means that it burned away all her prejudice and left her ready for the heart-glow of joy that comes to those who see what beautiful truth God has in store for those who are ready to enjoy it.

The parents of Charles T. Russell were of the "orthodox" faith, and up to the age of fifteen he believed all and only such doctrines as his sectarian ministers took the trouble to teach him. To fully understand doctrines at that time was very difficult. The clergy as a rule discouraged questions. So he simply believed the doctrines of the church he attended, especially the doctrine of the eternal torment of all except the saints. His favorite teacher was Spurgeon, because, as he said, "he peppered it hot," his claim being that if one believed a thing he should tell it with all his might. So at the age of fifteen he used to go about the city of Pittsburg on Saturday evenings with a piece of chalk writing on the fence boards and telling the people not to fail to attend church on Sunday, so that they might escape that terrible hell in which he so firmly believed. At about this time it seems that Providence had decreed that he should attempt to reclaim an infidel friend to Christianity. By skillful questions that neither layman or minister could answer and hold to the accepted creed, the infidel completely routed young Russell, and he became

a skeptic. He saw, for instance, that with the doctrine of eternal torment in it he could not believe the Bible; though he still held to a belief in God and the hope of a future life.

As he desired to learn the truth in regard to the hereafter, the next few years were devoted to the investigation of the claims of the leading Oriental religions, all of which he found unworthy of credence. At the age of twenty he was possessed of much knowledge and voluminous data in regard to "religion" as believed and practiced in all parts of the world, but his mind was unsatisfied and unsettled.

At length he decided to search the Scriptures for their own answer on hell-fire and brimstone. Here was the turning point in his life. Picture to yourself a young man in the early twenties with large business responsibilities upon him, and with little time for research, and yet longing to know the truth in regard to the great hereafter. He believed that the Creator of all things must be a loving God, and in harmony with this he read in the Bible, "God is love." He also read, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." That too was in harmony with what he believed the character of the Creator must be. But how could he harmonize this with what his creed taught? How could God's tender mercies be over all his works when some of his works, some of his creatures, were to be roasted eternally in an abyss of fire and terrors? How could there be any "tender mercies" in a course like that? How could our loving Creator be a God like that? Then the question came, Does the Bible really teach the eternal torture of the unsaved?

As he searched the Scriptures for the answer, the answer came. Not one text, merely, but texts by the hundreds showing the foolishness and unreasonableness of the doctrine of eternal torment. We do not know the order in which these texts came to his mind, but we know that they came. He read, "The Lord preserveth all them that love him" (Yes, he preserveth them, to all eternity. "but all the wicked will be destroyed." It does not say "All the wicked will he roast eternally." Again he reads, "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death," not from eternal torment. Again he reads "The soul that sinneth it shall die," not live in torment eternally. In fact, he saw that all the comparisons and contrasts in the Bible are never between life in happiness and life in misery, but always between life and death, eternal life or eternal death, all the wicked utterly destroyed in what the Scriptures call "the second death," so completely destroyed that "they shall be as though they had not been," and even "the remembrance of the wicked shall rot," utterly pass from the memory of all forever. Then this young man saw God finally triumphant over all evil, when "at his name every knee shall bow," when "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven on the earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of the Father." So he saw the whole glad universe uniting in one grand hymn of praise to the Creator, no room in that happy universe for men or demons who choose to remain in rebellion against the Creator, but all ready to join in a hymn of praise. Then this young man saw a loving God looking down upon a sin-cursed earth with an eye of pity and love, and in order to make it possible for us to have eternal life, he must give what was dearest to him in the whole universe. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not die eternally but live eternally." When, as a young man, Charles T. Russell saw all this and far more, his great heart was thrilled to its very depths. He was ready to do anything for the God he had found to be so wise, so loving, so wonderful. It was then that he gave his heart to the Lord in full consecration, ready to do or say or be whatever the Lord might show him. Little

did he care for wealth, or fame, or worldly pleasure. He had found a better God than he before had known, and he must tell it, and he did tell it out with a shout, hallelujah! Praise God's holy name, that he has found a man strong enough, true enough, brave enough to vindicate His character from the unscriptural and unreasonable doctrine of eternal torment. To the very ends of the earth he has told the Bible truth that "the wages of sin is death," and not eternal torment. Yes, and his words have been heard, heard by many who will not admit that they have heard, believed by many who will not admit that they believe. A few years ago a minister who was then preaching in this country was asked by one of his parishioners if he believed the doctrine of eternal torment. He admitted that he did not. "Then why do you preach it?" asked the parishioner. "Oh, there has to be some kind of a whip to bring them in," was the reply. A minister who used to preach in Waynesburg made the same admission to one of his parishioners. "Then why don't you tell your congregation so?" said the parishioner. "If I did that, I could not hold this pastorate," was the reply. A minister of Washington, Pa., made the same admission. The young man said to the minister: "Then, why don't you tell your congregation? He replied: "Young man, my bread isn't buttered on that side." That is the very class of men that are circulating false reports about Pastor Russell and other men who are opposing their false doctrines.

"Yes, but in regard to Pastor Russell's character, the people say——" Yes, "the people say" and "the people said" are the cudgels with which Satan has destroyed the reputation of many an innocent man. A few years ago, W. W. Giles, a leading financier of Brown Summit, N. C., made the following offer and published it broadcast wherever the English language is spoken:

"I have deposited $1,000 in the American Exchange National Bank of Greensboro, N. C., and $500 in the First National Bank of Miami, Florida, to be paid to the first person who proves through any court of justice in the United States that Pastor Russell is guilty of immorality such as is the gossip of those ministers who preach 'for pay.'" No one ever responded.

The editor of the Evening Journal of Wilmington, Del., about two years ago, published a statement that his columns were open to the publication of anything that might be published against Pastor Russell's character, provided the whole truth was stated with all the related circumstances and accompanied by the writer's name. Why did none of Pastor Russell's defamers respond to this fair offer?

The people say! The people said! Satan's weapon now; Satan's weapon always. The people said that Jesus was a blasphemer. His friends on one occasion "went out to lay hold on him, for they said, He is beside himself." The people said that the apostles were unfit to live, and put them to death. The people said that the noble John Huss was unfit to live, and when they burned him at the stake, they confined a ball of brass in his mouth, in order, as the historian states, "that the people might not understand his just defense against their unjust condemnation." The people said that the brave Savonarola was a heretic and they hanged him and afterwards burned his body in reproach.

The people said that the noble Alexandre Campbell was a "heretic." "He is not orthodox." "He is little better than an infidel." The people said that the brave and true John Wesley was a "falsifier," "a fomenter of strife," "a breeder of contention." They talked about the jealousy of his wife against Sarah Ryan, the jealousy against him of the husband of Sophia Christiana Williamson and how his wife finally deserted him. Does what the people say, weaken our confidence in the purity of John Wesley's life? By no means. The only difficulty was that he was so pure-minded himself that he forgot to guard himself well against impure minds who were watching to

find a charge against him. John Wesley, Alexander Campbell, Charles T. Russell, three of the bravest, purest men of modern times and the three most severely persecuted and slandered. Do we believe those slanders? Not if we are charitable, thoughtful and wise. Their names will go down in history together as the three greatest and truest reformers of the last two hundred years. We have only space to conclude with a quotation from Judge Rutherford:

From a personal and painstaking examination of every charge that has been made against Pastor Russell, I am thoroughly convinced and confidently state that he is the most unjustly persecuted man on earth. Notwithstanding this, his good work continues, and thousands testify to the blessings received therefrom. For many years he has stood forth to battle for the right. He is prematurely aged from his arduous and unselfish labors in behalf of mankind. He is loved most by those who know him best, and while he has some relentless enemies, his staunch and substantial friends are numbered by the thousands.

When the memory of his traducers has perished from the earth, the good name and good deeds of Pastor Russell will live immortal in the hearts of the people.

DIES IRÆ

Joel 3:9-14

"Beat each Pruning Hook to Spear."
Raise on high your martial song.
As the Day of God draws near,
"Let the weak say I am strong."
As the wine grapes disappear,
When within the wine press trod,
So the nations melt with fear
In thy wrath, Jehovah God!

"Beat your ploughshares into swords,
"Let the weak say I am strong."
Summon Kaisers, Czars and Lords,
All the champions of Wrong.
Like to vessels made of clay
Smitten by an iron rod;
So the kingdoms fall away
In thy wrath, Jehovah God!

ROBERT D. WORK.



The Story of the Miracle

Told in California

By Otto von Geldern

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(Continued from last month)

(SYNOPSIS—A number of prominent characters in the old pioneer town of Sonoma, Northern California, drop into the hotel's cheerful gathering room, during the evening hours, and swap tales, experiences and all that goes to make entertaining conversation. The subject of miracles starts a discussion, joined in by the old Spanish padre, lovingly christened Father Sunday. The judge, or Jux, as he was nicknamed by his cronies, begins a story based on a recent dream, in which a supposed miracle was wrought. He dreamed that he had died, and that his soul wandered in space, visiting celestial palaces, hearing rhythmic harmonies and scenes of soul-stirring splendor, grandeur and beauty. He visited the Palace of God, where all spoke in whispers, but none there had seen Him. He failed to find his name in the record of the dead. Later he was conducted to the Realm of Satan.)

BUT, you must keep in mind, my friends, that I am giving you impressions only, and that it is difficult for me to be very definite in drawing any conclusions from this extraordinary experience of mine.

"And now I was walking, actually walking along as naturally as any wanderer on earth, accompanied by these angels who spoke little, but who were always ready to answer an inquisitive question. Before fully realizing that we were on a delightful tramp, we reached, without apparent difficulty, the destination for which we were aiming, and I was surprised to find the suburbs of the home of Satan rather agreeable than otherwise.

"A somewhat severe looking mansion nestled in an extensive park of stately trees, of melancholy poplars and weeping willows, fringing an Acheron that did not look at all woeful, and amidst the most shapely and graceful shrubbery. This aristocratic domain gave one a feeling of solid comfort, rather than one of gayety and hilarity. It was certainly a dignified abode, this satanic residence, and there was nothing foreboding or intimidating about it.

"The objects around me were more than ever three-dimensional, if I express my conception correctly; in fact, they were as natural as they could by any possibility be, so that I became more and more at ease and reconciled to my surroundings. If there were fiery furnaces and Dantenian places of horror here, then they were so artfully concealed that no one could by any possibility suspect their existence.

"While my soul was not entirely relieved from the fear of future torture

and unhappiness, I had lost, at least, all apprehension of immediate danger.

"We walked through the park and gardens, where smart looking fellows, who greeted us courteously—imps, the angels called them, as they exchanged pleasantries with them—were industriously at work, and before many moments we entered the portals of the stately mansion and were received by a swarthy looking usher, who took us at once to what he called the library.

"This library, unlike so many others that I have had occasion to visit, contained books. It was noted particularly for its artistic arrangement of beautiful cases holding a bewildering number of them. What struck me at once as remarkable was an array of all the noted philosophers from the earliest Sages of the Ancients, down to Descartes, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Mill and Herbert Spencer. Similar literature was scattered about on tables and chairs, and the whole environment indicated the retreat of the serious student, of the man who finds pleasure in communing with the wisdom of the past and the knowledge of the present.

"Portraits of noted philosophers adorned the walls; steel engravings they were; while two oil paintings, one representing an ignivomous and catastrophal outburst of Vesuvius and the other the great conflagration of ancient Rome, added a certain vivid coloring to the austere surroundings.

"The room was elegantly furnished with all its severity. The most beautiful rug I ever saw, in which the plainer colors were harmoniously blended into a subdued but cheerful hue, covered almost the entire floor; to step upon it was a real pleasure, it was so soft and yielding, and so warming to the feet.

"A sideboard ran along the wall, richly hewn in solid oak, which carried the usual odds and ends required by a convivial gentleman in his occupations of leisure. Glasses, mugs, jars, card-cases, dice boxes, beautifully carved and lined with embossed leather, chess boards with the most exquisite little ivory men; all these details my eyes were running over hastily, when—Satan himself entered.

"Now, friends, you cannot imagine a more congenial fellow than the one who greeted me open-heartedly, with all the grace of a cavallero.

"He had been informed in the interim of the object of our mission, and dismissed the angels, who had been my guides, in the most affable and condescending manner.

"'How do you do, Tobias Severence? I am, indeed, delighted to see you. I hope you will like it here. Let me offer you some refreshments. No? I am sorry. Your business with me is attending to now. I have instructed Pipifax, my private secretary, to look up all the records in our registration vault, and he will let us know the result as soon as he is finished. It will not be long, because he has a large staff of clerks at his command who are expert searchers of records. Do not let all this worry you in the least, and in the meantime make yourself freely at home here.'

"This Mephistopheles—I prefer to call him by that name, for he strongly reminded me of Goethe's immortal creation—possessed a personality so entirely different from that which I had always conceived it to be. My early Quaker education had given me a false impression of him. You have gathered by this time, my friends, that he had the appearance of a man of the world, with refined manners and the most polished address, and such was, indeed, the case. There was neither hoof nor horn, nor did I find any evidence of the proverbial spiked tail; in fact, he had no tail at all.

"He was of middle age, tall and slender in figure, with broad shoulders upon which rested a well shaped head, covered with hair as glossy and black as a raven's plumage. He had a pair of penetrating eyes, fiery as two coals, that were constantly piercing through one.

"He was becomingly, I may say

fashionably dressed, and he carried himself with a genial decorum. His gestures were those of an educated gentleman and his speech was faultless. He conversed with animation, and interestingly.

"After having welcomed me as one clubman would another, he did not hesitate to give me bits of information in a chatty way about the immediate environments of his realm, explaining this or that detail of the objects about him without being obtrusive. And, through all his explanations, there ran a certain strain of philosophical argument which was very entertaining, to say the least.

"It is difficult for me to give you his exact words and phrasing, but I shall attempt to repeat to you what he did say.

" 'It is all very well,' he said pleasantly, 'to build scintillating cloud castles and lofty star-dust edifices, but, I assure you, they are cold and dismal to abide in. They lack every comfort of a club. Ideals are noble and edifying, no doubt, but they do not get us anywhere. We must take the things and the conditions as we find them; to attempt to change them is the most thankless undertaking I know of. To try it is to be sacrificed. But that is another story, and I don't feel inclined to go too deeply into that.

" 'We require animation and energy. To acquire them needs warmth; the mere cold light with all its brightness is not enough; we must have a fire, and it takes considerable effort now-a-days to keep one going, not to mention'—and he said this more to himself than he did to me—'the supply of sulphur which is becoming scarce and more and more expensive. I know this subject well, you may believe me, for I am the most expert pyrotechnologist in existence to-day.'

" 'And, after all, my dear Jux,' he was getting pleasantly familiar by this time, 'a good fire has its decided advantages if one doesn't get too close to it. Those who do will necessarily suffer, but that is their own fault. Who told them to stick their hands into it?'

" 'Before I had my so-called fall, I, too, had lofty ideals, but they were ideals only, without that something which I found necessary to warm me up to them. I prefer this genial warmth; it makes me cheerful, and I may tell you frankly that there are others who have the same craving for it.

" 'It seems that no one is ever satisfied with existing conditions, be these conditions ever so perfect. Just imagine yourself, if you will, within the most ideal and beatific environment; nothing is more certain than this, that in time you will tire of its monotony and of the constant recurrence of beatification. You will long for a change, and so would any one. Do you understand now why the indwellers of heaven call here at intervals to enjoy a brief relaxation? Nothing tires *me* so much as a so-called saint in active service; he is very trying.'

"Having chatted along in this manner for nearly an hour, the swarthy usher, who was called Charon, entered, and with deep obeisance announced that Pipifax desired to report that he had searched every available record, and that the name of Tobias Severence could not be found.

"This gave me a violent shock. What great misfortune awaited me now? Neither in heaven nor hell had it been deemed of sufficient importance to place my name on record. Was there ever any one subjected to such absolute neglect and ignominy? I could not constrain my tears.

"Mephistopheles laughed heartily. 'We are now, indeed, in a double dilemma, if you will admit the absurdity of such a thing with four horns to it. The difficulties are heaping themselves upon us; but never mind, Jux, there is a solution to every problem, and I shall certainly find one to this.'

"He thereupon ordered Charon to call Pipifax, an imp of the most sagacious appearance, who entered respectfully and awaited his master's pleasure.

" 'Thou wilt go at once to celestial

headquarters, Pipifax, and thou wilt report there the results of thy search. Thou wilt thereupon request, upon my authority, that a celestial emissary with full plenipotentiary powers be sent to me to take counsel with me, in order that we may be prepared to make a final disposition of this soul.'

"Pipifax, without uttering a word, withdrew in the same respectful manner in which he had entered the library. Implicit obedience, without question, appeared to be the order of the day here."

" 'Do not become alarmed, my friend,' continued Mephistopheles. 'You are my guest for the present, and while under my roof you shall not only enjoy its hospitality, but also its protection.

" 'It is difficult at times to trace a record, but if you will leave it to me there will be a way out of the difficulty. I have never failed to find an expedient. Pipifax has suggestions and new thoughts that are worth their weight in gold. He is a jewel, indeed, and absolutely loyal and true-blue.'

"I was perfectly willing to admit Pipifax' high carat value, but I thought very strongly that there were in reality two jewels, and that the casket which contained the one would be incomplete without the other.

"I don't know why, but I was slowly beginning to lose that degree of trust in my host which I seemed to have for him in the beginning; that is, before he deluged me with his pithy philosophical statements and catchy aphorisms. I appeared to be so small and insignificant as compared to this resourceful intellect, that I felt like crawling into the most remote corner before him; that is, I was beginning to fear him, although he gave me no tangible reason for doing so.

"He evidently noticed the change in my demeanor, for the penetrating search of his coal-black eyes seemed to be able to fathom me long before I had time to digest the thought that had come to me.

" 'Come now, Severance, and do not lose your confidence in me,' Mephistopheles began again in the most consoling manner. 'There is no reason to do so. You have been taught in your early youth to abhor me, to loathe me and to shrink from me, but that is no reason why you should be unjust. Are you not willing to admit now that I have been very much maligned?'

" 'It is said of me that I am the arch-fiend, the father of lies, the prince of darkness, the beelzebub, the foul fiend, the tempter, the traducer, the dia-bolos who delights in throwing about or in displacing the order of things.

" 'Now let me tell you that I am nothing of the kind. I am simply one who disagrees, and disagreeing, negates. *I am the spirit of negation.*

" 'That means that I am not positively bad, but negatively good. Badness is nothing but negative goodness; that is, goodness with a minus sign before it. The reverse, too, holds for those who claim to be good, for a so-called saint is negatively bad, and if you will take the trouble to square him he becomes positively bad.'

" 'There is a decided advantage in looking at the order of things from the negative standpoint, as you will now have recognized.'

"This sophistry made me still more doubtful. I had never heard, in all my earthly career, any reasoning like this. Any one able to premise an argument on such fundamentals as these, is so superior to a Philadelphia lawyer that he could yield to him cards and spades in a game of casino and then beat him with his eyes shut. Where is there an American lawyer in our glorious Republic, in our home of the free, who could equal this?

"Again, Mephistopheles appeared to anticipate me; he seemed to be able to read my thoughts, and, always ready to take up a new subject, he said:

" 'I take you to be an American and a disciple of the law, whereof you were a 'well-deserving pillar,' no doubt. As an American you cherish the Republican form of government, as you should. But, my dear fellow,

let me tell you that this form of government, although the most ideal that has ever been conceived, does not work out well in practice. Now here, where everything runs like clockwork, we have the most ideal monarchy that it is possible for your imagination to picture. And you must not forget that the idealists control this entire machinery.

" 'The celestial majesty is the absolute power here, whose will is law, and we don't propose to look around the angelic hosts to find a suitable candidate for this office and to elect him by enfranchised angels and imps. Not if we know ourselves, for the imps would soon have the best of it, and I know that that would not work well. Our well-organized plan of governing the universe would be very seriously handicapped if we did, and unless we hold onto the principle of the One Power eternally, we will find ourselves in a serious dilemma very soon. Your solar system alone, if not handled properly, would find itself in a chaotic condition in a very short time, for that old earth of yours, because of your Philadelphia lawyers, is very obstreperous at times, which is enough to upset the best regulated conditions over night.'

"He saw that I was getting wroth under these implications, and I was about to answer him hotly, when he continued rapidly:

" 'Don't interrupt me, Jux, I know well what you are going to say; you are going to resent any aspersion on your form of government. I do not blame you; on the contrary, I honor you for this loyalty; but you must admit that I am better acquainted here than you are, and that I am making a justified statement when I tell you that the only practical form of government suited to supermundane affairs is by a king of heaven and not by a president of heaven. That shows you how much of a dia-bolos I am.

" 'I am speaking to you very disinterestedly, for as far as I am personally concerned, I would prefer a celestial republic, because that would give me an opportunity to do some politics, and politics is a game in which I am artmaster. You see that as a politician I am out of business here, but that does not prevent me from taking a hand in the politics of your little earth, whenever I require a little diversion and a mental stimulus. I have known your citizens to halloo themselves hoarse, and they didn't know that they were shouting for me. O, how Pipifax and I have chuckled over this; it is a little comedy we play sometimes to amuse ourselves when things are dull. We have watched the torch-light processions from here of the puppets and marionettes whose strings we held in our hands, and we laughed over their antics, and we shrieked with laughter, until it was impossible to laugh any more. Your country, my dear fellow, is, indeed, the greatest country that has ever been established on the face of the insignificant planet earth, and it will increase in greatness with the advance of time, but mark me, Jux, not *because* of your political institutions, but in *spite* of them.'

"I need not tell you, my friends, that these reflections upon the intelligence of our people and upon the dignity of my country did not please me. While I perceived in all he said a very astute and convincing method of diagnosis, one that I could not help admiring, I felt intuitively that he must be in the wrong; but I had lost the ability to defend myself. Think of this, my friends, I, the talkative Jux, one of the best after-dinner speakers whom my college had ever sent out into the gastronomical world to ease the alimentation of his fellow man.

"Mephistopheles seemed to have hypnotized me, so that I was unable to gather my thoughts sufficiently to meet him. I felt now that I was absolutely in his power, and that unless other events occurred to release me, I was hopelessly enmeshed. I realized for the first time that there was something sinister behind all this—yes, I was becoming fully convinced of it.

"Mephistopheles' reference to the scarcity and cost of sulphur some little

time ago occurred to me again, and I—always so practical in mundane matters—could not imagine the necessity for sulphur in starting or maintaining a fire. Did he not tell me boastingly that he was the greatest of all pyrotechnologists? Why did he acquire the intricate scientific knowledge of pyrotechnics? For the purpose of steeping a cup of tea, or for roasting a quail on toast? Hardly. Of what nature, then, were his ignigenous objects?

"I was deeply concerned about all this, when a knock at the door announced the swarthy Charon, who informed his master that Pipifax had returned and that he wished to present the arch-angel Gabriel, who had been commissioned from celestial headquarters.

" 'I know—I know,' said Mephistopheles nervously and irascibly, 'but for the purpose of presentation I need not Pipifax. He hath performed his duty and his services end there for the present. Admit, however, and at once, the Commissioner Gabriel, with whom I have important business of a personal nature concerning neither Pipifax nor thyself. But remain within call should I need thee. Also, see to it that the mansion is carefully guarded, for I would not have transpire that which may occur here.'

"Charon withdrew with a low bow of submissiveness, and a moment thereafter he ushered into the library the angelic messenger referred to as Gabriel.

"I don't believe that I ever saw a more beautiful personage. He was a youth rather than a man, tall and well built, with the face of an Apollo. His features were classic into the minutest detail. He carried himself like a soldier, erect and manly, but with the aristocratic reserve of a noble knight. Auburn hair fell in wavelets upon his shoulders, framing a face expressive of seriousness and intent of purpose.

"He was dressed in the loose flowing garments of the classic period, which were girdled at the loins; on the left side he carried a sword, which was not straight in its alignment, but forged in waves like the body of a crawling serpent. I had heard of Gabriel before, but I always associated him with the blowing of a horn, as if calling to arms, rather than with the more serious attributes of martial activity.

"When he entered, nothing was said for some moments; both principals bowed slightly to one another and looked at me.

"Finally, Mephistopheles took the initiative and said very earnestly:

" 'Gabriel, thou hast been sent on a mission of great importance. It concerneth the futurity of a human soul upon which I have as great a claim as thou hast. Had there been a record of it, this unusual, nay extraordinary dilemma would not have arisen, but as thou knowest, neither within thy realms nor in mine have our most expert searchers of records been able to trace this most unfortunate, this more than lost, I may say this orphaned human soul.'

"Then spoke Gabriel with a strong, manly and intonated voice, like an exhorting clergyman from his pulpit:

" 'Why unfortunate and why lost? The repentant are never lost, because we who feel for them are willing to shelter them, and we hold out to them the glory of salvation. With this holy weapon, symbolized by my flaming sword, the heavenly hosts are enabled to overcome all its enemies.

" 'We recognize but the one fundamental and divine doctrine which glorifies all creation by a process of sacred purification, so that the souls of all mortal creatures may be made fit to abide in perpetual harmony and in eternal bliss. On the contrary,

> " 'Thou, the spirit of negation,
> Doest proclaim that all creation
> Is but worthy of damnation.'

" 'Oh, how fair!' answered Mephistopheles with a sneer.

"And he asked: 'What doeth thy plan of salvation lead to? The personal liberty to go about among wet clouds and sneeze and shiver forever

with the cold. And thou wouldst do thy so-called saving even against the wishes of those who care not for it, while I have never made a claim for a soul that was not conscribed to me from the beginning.'

"'All thy arguments, Satan,' returned Gabriel, 'are needless and all thy sophistry is spent in vain. I am here with plenipotentiary power to return to heaven with this soul, and with it I shall return.'

"Said Mephistopheles: 'Maybe thou wilt and mayhap thou wilt not. Why didst thou keep it not when thou hadst it there? Why didst thou send it here? Didst do this to observe the form of the law only to evade it and to repudiate its ruling later on?'

"You have noticed that during their conversation both were referring to me, the masculine Jux, as *it*. This lowered me greatly in my own estimation, and I cannot tell you how deeply this apparent affront humiliated me. A rule in Latin grammar relegates all nouns that cannot be declined to the neuter gender, and I seemed to have become, O irony of fate, an indeclinable something not even worthy of gender, let alone sex.

"Gabriel took up the discussion again at this point and said very determinedly:

"'All arguments and discussions are neither here nor there; but whatever thou hast to say, say it now and do so speedily, so that we may draw this unpleasant incident to a close.'

"Mephistopheles retorted calmly and deliberately:

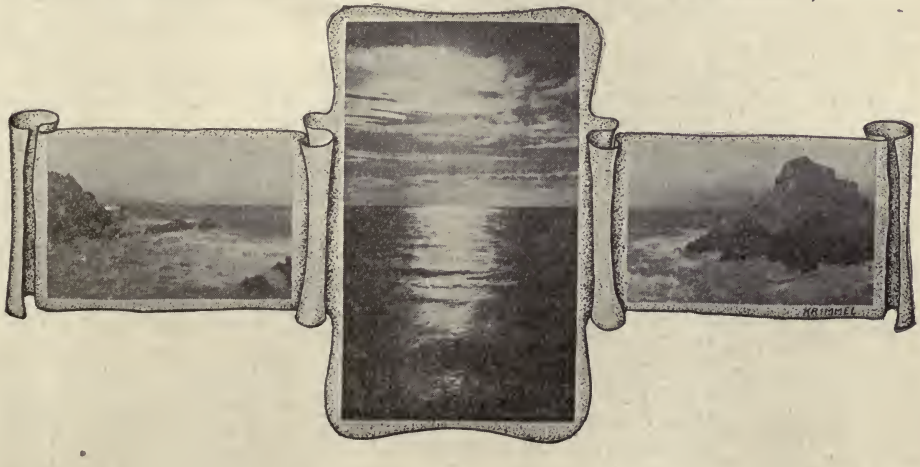
"'Thou art in a great hurry for which I see no reason. We have met here to adjust a difficulty, not to claim a victory before it is won. This situation may not arise again in aeons. We are confronting it now, however, and it necessitates a well digested plan of action to settle the dispute, for the decision will create a precedent for all time.'

"'This soul,' referring to me again, 'must be disposed of, and its disposition is not a matter of an arbitrary wish, but a subject entitled to a due process of the law. Under the immutable laws by which we both abide, it hath become necessary to decide, in some just and equitable manner, who shall lay claim to it, either thou or I. That much thou wilt grant me.'

"'But doest thou know of any paragraph in our code or corpus juris covering this unusual and extraordinary case? I know the musty pandects all by rote, and yet am I in great perplexity, for not a single clause or section have I found possible of application.

"'Now, I shall leave it to thee, Gabriel, to suggest a method by which this may be done. I see thou, too, art in a quandary. Thy sense of justice doeth not deny that we both possess an equal right under that law which hath been recognized by us from all eternity.'

(*To be continued.*)



The Storm King

By Eugenia Lyon Dow

With frightful din and furious might
The King of Storms stalks forth to-night.
Relentlessly with wind and rain
He beats against my window pane,
As he were loth to pass me by
While I am sheltered, warm and dry.

The inky blackness of the night
Is rent by lightning, dazzling white,
And echoing thunder, crash on crash,
Gives back the challenge of each flash.
A myriad voices rise and fall
As disembodied spirits call;
And as each fitful blast goes by,
It bears a long-drawn, wailing cry
As if some soul from love's estate
Were vainly calling for his mate.

My neighbor just across the way
Whose light gleams dimly through the gray,
A vigil keeps as well as I—
She, too, is sheltered, warm and dry.
But out upon the boisterous sea
Her lover's ship rides gallantly.
Upon her knees the whole night through
She prays for him and all his crew.
And such the power of prayer and love
To guard the depths, or heights above,
Her love a pathway through the foam
Will show to guide her lover home.

I see her light grow dim, and blur.
How gladly I'd change place with her.
The tearless anguish, doubts and fears,
The agony—for years on years
I'd bravely bear if chance might be
'Twould bring *my* lost love back to me.

Blow deathless winds, and rage and roar,
Your force can reach that far off shore
Where mignonette and heartsease grow
Whose sweetness I may never know!
Blow on! The world is yours to-night,
I glory in your awful might;
Had I your power I would not be
The helpless toy of destiny!

A Kindergarten of Romance

By Will McCracken

DUNCAN LANGE'S eyes wavered and turned aside from his accuser's scrutiny, as he sat beside her on the porch settee. After nearly a year's engagement to Bertha (on probation), he felt that they were drifting apart, and all on account of what seemed to him as a mere trifle.

Glancing furtively toward her again as she continued to speak, he experienced a thrill at her sparkling beauty, a flush upon her cheeks, her brown eyes flashing, and the morning sun revealing a shade of red in her auburn hair. Why, he thought, should she take him to task for his one innocent delight in life, that of exploring the intricate passages and lofty chambers of nature's underground wonder of the West—the Marble Caves of Oregon.

"I suppose, Duncan, you received that cut on your temple while crawling through some crevice in your marble halls?"

"Yes," he answered humbly. "You are a good guesser, Bert."

"And the sprained wrist?"

"Got that in a little fall by the River Styx."

Bertha, with an impatient shrug, turned her face toward the south, her companion's gaze settling in the same direction. The foothills of the Siskiyous loomed large through the clear spring air, and Duncan could locate the exact position of old Grayback mountain. And there seemed to come to him again that call to the place in the hills yonder where nature had for unknown centuries been carving out her vaulted chambers. A slight breeze tossed a spray of the girl's tresses across his line of vision, and a meadow lark in pursuit of his mate fluttered for a moment beneath the porch.

"I would not care so much," she continued, turning toward him, "if you only had a little spark of romance in your heart."

"Romance?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, I'm full of it, Bert—as full as a queen bee is of pluck, only I haven't had a chance to show you the real stuff."

"Yes, there's your slang again; you do not make a single effort to improve."

Duncan arose and on tiptoe luxuriously stretched his five feet six inches of stature, and as his heels came to the floor with a clatter, the impact of his 190 pounds caused the windows to rattle. "I guess I'm not much account at anything except selling automobiles, and I could improve there, too," he admitted.

Bertha arose and stood before him. "You are right. I hear your company is mourning the loss of business in this territory."

At last the other's eyes steadied and met hers. "So?—and them writing me a fine letter of commendation for working up a seventeen per cent increase over last year? Whoever serenaded you with that line of music peddled out the wrong dope on——"

"Duncan Lange—such talk!" she cried. "Why don't you try and stop it? I do wish you would take Dick Featherstone as a pattern; he is so polished. And he is imbued with such a fine spirit of romance that I am sure you will benefit by associating with him."

Then as Duncan looked up at her

from the bottom of the steps, as he was leaving, she smiled, and he felt that after all he was fortunate in having such a prize to strive after.

"I have determined to visit your wonderful caverns next Saturday," she announced. "Brother Jim and Katie are going, and last night I consented to be one of the party. And also they may invite Dick Featherstone. Jim said you must be sure and go."

"Let's see—to-day is Tuesday," he mused aloud. "I don't know that I can get away, Bertha, though I might make it later in the afternoon."

Then as he hurried down the street, his thoughts turned to the ideals of the girl he had just left, and he could not help feeling that she was a trifle too exacting. She did not like to hear him express himself in slang, yet he knew he was gradually breaking himself of the habit. She had voiced in favor of a spirit of romance, and had cited Featherstone as an example. Thinking thus, the slight travail of his soul gave birth to an idea. "I'll show her about 'being imbued with a spirit of romance.'" He turned into Main street and went straight to the office of Dick Featherstone.

"Want to consult you, Featherstone."

"Right in my line, Mr. Lange."

"Nothing in it for you this time," laughed Duncan, and he proceeded to outline his plan.

"She thinks I'm short on this romantic stuff, and this will be the great demonstration," he explained, as he finished.

"She'll either hate you or eat out of your hand," said the attorney, laughing.

"That's my idea. I can't stand the way things are going now. She has changed during the past six months, and not only criticises me, but holds you up as an example."

Dick's attempt to show displeasure at this announcement was a partial failure. He thought of Bertha Warren's generous income from her two office buildings, and of his own meagre practice, and a ray of hope loomed up within him. As his visitor departed, he watched him walk with rapid strides across the street, and snapping his fingers with each step.

"Pretty much all ivory," the attorney remarked aloud.

* * * *

It was nearly noon, four days later, that Bertha Warren, Jim Warren and his wife, with Featherstone in the rear leading a pack horse, tramped down the trail a half mile from the Oregon caves. They had walked the nine tedious miles from the ranch where they had left the automobile, and then hired a horse, in three and a half hours. The climb over the two divides on the western slopes of Grayback mountain had tired them, and they were commencing to discuss the good things the pack contained for dinner.

"There's another gray squirrel," cried Bertha. Isn't it a beauty?"

As the nimble rodent sped up into the branches of the great fir, she chirruped shrillly. A moment later Mrs. Warren called in a low voice to the others.

"Look, look!" she whispered loudly, pointing ahead on the trail.

Not more than a hundred yards from them stood a strange appearing man. Tall and slimly built, he was clothed only in a breech-clout and jacket of fawn-skin, and with moccasins protecting the feet. In his left hand he held a fluttering grouse, while in the right he grasped a polished stick from the crooked manzanita bush. With his hair hanging to his ears, and staring eyes above the bushy beard, his appearance held the party spell bound and mute. Standing thus for a half minute, he gave the grouse a wave above his head, and with a loud "Hi-o-oo," he sprang into the bushes on the lower side of the trail.

"A wild man!" gasped Mrs. Warren.

"I doubt it," saith Featherstone. "A wild man would be too crafty to allow us to see him at such close range."

"I believe he has gone toward the caves," remarked Bertha..

"Now, don't you women folk work

yourself into a frenzy," cautioned Jim Warren. "We're out for a good time, and we're not going to mar it by considering an eccentric trapper."

Little was said during the rest of the journey down the trail, and in ten minutes they had reached the camping ground close to the lower entrance of the great caves of the west. As the party emerged from the timber into this open space, the figure of a man crouching on the floor of the passageway, a few feet back from the portal, hastily arose and retreated back into the darkness. Scrambling up the first story ladder, the man lighted a candle sticking in an empty tin can, and pressed rapidly on through Watson's Grotto, over Satan's Backbone, past the American Falls, and toward Neptune's Grotto.

The party outside had in the meantime prepared their early dinner, and were demonstrating how a long walk through a forest reserve could build up an appetite.

"No sign of Duncan yet," Warren took time to remark as he slipped two more fried eggs and a slice of ham from the skillet to his tin plate.

"If he comes at all it will not be until later in the afternoon," announced Bertha.

Twenty minutes later, equipped with flashlights and wearing suitable clothing, they entered the first cavern. As they progressed, all thought of the wild man had left them, the wonderful formations to be seen on every hand having taken their whole attention. Through the chapels and grottoes and lofty passages they climbed and crawled, tiptoeing over narrow ledges and squeezing past the crevices. As they entered the Queen's Dining Room, a thousand feet from the entrance, a man lying upon an elevated ledge raised his head and peered out at them. Then, as the four explorers passed on, he dropped nimbly to the cavern's floor. Following noislessly and at a safe distance, he kept the others in sight, sometimes darting swiftly into a narrow alcove as a flashlight from some one of the party ahead chanced to be turned momentarily in his direction.

It was when a long ladder, or rather a series of ladders had been reached, that the man drew closer. Featherstone was mounting to test the soundness of the structure, and as he reached the top he called out that everything was safe. After Jim Warren and his wife had ascended a considerable distance, Bertha dropped her flashlight into her pocket and placed her foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. But a hand now pressed firmly over her mouth, a stronger arm brought her arms to her side, and in a moment she realized that she was being carried away from her friends, back into the velvet blackness. After a few long minutes her captor halted, freed her arms and proceeded to press a gag between her teeth. Accomplishing this, he deliberately kissed her upon the cheek. Wild in her wrath at this presumptuous cave-man, with the odor of fur upon him, she clawed at his face and bit into his wrist. But soon he had her arms bound tightly to her side, and lighting his candle he proceeded a short distance farther, now compelling her to walk in front of him up a steep incline. At the top of this was what appeared to be two fissures in the rock, and close together. The column, however, separating the openings, was a huge stalactite, and this her captor removed with a lifting and twisting motion. The aperture now being wide enough for one to enter, the man freed her arms, and firmly pushed her through. While she tugged and pulled at the gag she could see the faint outline of her kidnaper replace the limestone pillar, pick the shaded candle from the floor and swiftly withdraw. As she freed her mouth of its incumbrance her first instinct was to cry for help, but she quickly realized the futility of such a procedure. Remembering the flashlight in her pocket, she drew it forth and pressed the button, revealing to her view a wondrous prison cell. Back in a nook of the oblong cavern was a recess near the floor, and on the ledge were spread the furs of

deer and bear and cougar. The walls were almost white in the glare of the light, and were covered with myriad figures in bas relief, while from the dome shaped ceiling hung countless stalactites, fashioned like stilettos of pearl. As she looked upon all this she ceased to think of her very recent experience. Her soul threw off its shroud of earthly rancour, while awe and reverence took the throne; this was romance of a brand she had never dreamed of, and she felt that she was indeed a prehistoric being—a captive in a cave-man's lair. She was surprised to find that she was unafraid, in the sense of any bodily harm being in store for her. Then, as she surveyed again the formations on the walls, carved as by a wonderful intelligence, she sank upon her knees in humility of spirit at the thought of the greater beauties of the world of sunshine, and which she had not appreciated.

Arising to her feet she stepped toward the cot with its covering of furs. A feeling of nervousness began to steal over her, and as she reached the alcove a distinct cry seemed to come indistinctly from some remote point. The thought that the cave man might be returning brought her to the verge of hysteria. Listening in an agony of fear, she heard the call again, and closer. Surely that was her name she heard. A moment later the voice could be heard quite distinctly in a familiar cadence.

"Bertha-o-ho-ho-Bertha!"

* * * *

In a few rapid steps she reached her cell entrance, from which point a flashlight could be seen near by. With a glad cry she called back: "Here I am. Who is it coming?"

"This is Dick. Are you all right?" In a moment Featherstone was in front of her prison house, tugging at the bulky pillar of limestone. Finally removing it, he helped Bertha through the opening. When she had briefly related her thrilling experience, he explained how, the previous year, he had by accident discovered the passageway leading to this chamber.

"When we missed you, I ran back ahead of the others, and remembering this offshoot from the main chain of caves, I crawled in. Finding a piece of buckskin that had been freshly cut I was sure I was on the right track."

"To say I thank you sounds too commonplace, Dick. You are a real hero. But even now we may be in danger from that monster."

After five minutes of rapid going they reached the main artery, where the rescued girl was received by her brother and Katie as one returned from the dead. All were anxious to get out into the open world again, and decided to forego the pleasure of doing the rest of the caves until some time when the government guide was on duty later in the season. In half an hour they emerged into the daylight, and Bertha gave expression to her delight in a fervent "Thank Heaven."

The sun was well down in the western sky, the lengthening shadows of the great fir and pine trees pointed to the fleeting day, and from the deeper shades of a branching gulch came the evening call of a coyote. Then a whistle was heard in the timber on the opposite slope, and a moment later a man on horseback came into the clearing.

"Why, it's Duncan," cried Katie, and she trilled a high note of welcome.

Man and horse were covered with dust, and the animal's flanks wet and steaming. "Rode all the way from the Pass since the 9:30 train this morning," he remarked as he dismounted and commenced loosening the saddle girth. In piece meal from the others he learned about the great adventure, but the thought uppermost in his mind was that Featherstone had been the rescuer, and not he.

"I imagined it some joke when I first felt his hand press over my mouth," Bertha was saying. "And then, after he had put that ill-smelling piece of buckskin in my mouth, he deliberately kissed me on the cheek."

As she ceased speaking, she looked enquiringly at Katie, and then at her brother.

"What is it, Bert?" asked Jim.

"I was just saying the man kissed me on the cheek—but it was an odd little kiss, sort of a two in one or a one in two contrivance!" Her brows contracted, and she looked thoughtfully down the canyon. Turning with a quick movement toward Duncan, who was carefully wiping down the horse with a whisp of grass, she cried out:

"Duncan Lange, look at me!"

He glanced over his shoulder into a pair of searching eyes, and at once his face and neck took on the shade of the reddening clouds. In a few rapid steps she was by his side, and grasping his left wrist she deftly pushed back his coat sleeve. She said not a word, merely pointing, as Jim and Katie came forward, to two little rows of blue and red indentations, unquestionably the marks of teeth.

"Duncan!" Her voice rang clear. "Just what is the idea?"

He looked toward where Featherstone had stood a minute before, but that gentleman had disappeared. "I guess, Bert, I'm caught with the goods, all right."

She looked at him in amazement as the confession was made. "But why, Duncan? Why did you give me such a terrible fright?"

"I never though about that part of it, Bert—really I didn't." As the other remained silent, he continued: "You see, I wanted to do the rescuing myself, but I guess Dick double-crossed me. It's all right, though. Dick's a good fellow."

Bertha's eyes widened. "Do you mean that Dick Featherstone knew that this was to occur?"

"Yes, I believe I sort of confided in him, and he agreed that it would be a pretty good scheme to——" He hesitated.

"To what?"

"Why, to make you think I had some romance in my nature," he said weakly.

"But the sweating horse and you covered with dust, and the wild man. I don't understand."

"After placing you in the 'Den,' as I call it, I went to a crevice where my clothes were hidden and changed garments. Then coming out I went to a spring up the gulch where my horse was tied. Wetting down his flanks and his saddle back, I threw dust into the air until we were covered with it, and have kept him on the run ever since. And about that wild man you met on the way here, he is Tom Bowles, a university student. He is demonstrating for the satisfaction of the faculty that a man can go into the mountains of Southern Oregon without a weapon and with no clothing but a breech-clout, and can there clothe and feed himself. He probably thought you knew he was in this district, and desired to show you the live bird he had captured."

Bertha took hold of his coat lapels and held him off at arm's length. "And so you thought I was worth all that trouble and scheming, did you?"

The new look in her eyes set his heart to pounding at a terrific pace. The figure of a man leaving the upper end of the camping ground with a pack on his back drew his attention for a moment. "I guess Dick has decided not to camp out with us to-night," he thought.

"Duncan!" Bertha's voice was now soft and low. "I think I have had all the romance I want. The kiss you gave me in there proved that your heart is all right, and that's what I'm banking ing on when I hitch up with a mate for life."

The other showed his astonishment, yet in his exultation at the meaning her words implied, he could not refrain from a laughing rebuke.

"What, Bert! Slang?"

"You bet you—just this once," she mumbled, as he forgot the presence of Jim and Katie, and placed another two-in-one upon her—lips.

No Questions Asked

By William De Ryee

(Author of "Stabbed," "Coyote o' the Rio Grande," etc.)

BANG!

The express messenger whirled, beat the air an instant with his hands, then plunged to the floor, where he lay motionless.

"Sorry, Kid, but you forced me to do it." Tom Nestor, known from Tucson to El Paso as "Golden Spurs," lowered his smoking Colt's and strode forward to examine the man he had shot. "Nothing serious, I reckon, son, If you just hadn't dived for that little nickel-plated squirt-gun, everything would'd gone tip-top, and nobody hurt. Gee, but this *is* a cinch."

"Hands up!" The order, given in a stentorian voice, came from the opposite end of the car.

But instead of obeying the command, Nestor's gun leaped and again spat fire.

A moment later, a package of greenbacks stuffed into the bosom of his shirt, Tom Nestor leaped from the speeding train and scrambled down the embankment. A five-minutes' run brought him back to where he had tethered his horse. Untying the reins, he swung into the saddle and rode furiously off toward the northward.

"Durn bad business—that," he muttered, as he lashed his mount unmercifully. "Guess I'd better hit the ball for some place where no questions'll be asked, and that'll be Lost Cabin, on Lookout, where I reckon no human being ever set foot, 'ceptin' myself."

About five miles from the Sunset tracts, the bandit drew his horse down to a fox trot. This he kept up all afternoon and far into the night, only slacking his pace in order to roll and light an occasional cigarette.

At Bigg's Tank he dismounted, removed his saddle and buried it; then striking his faithful horse a smart blow with his quirt, he set off on foot toward Lookout Mountain.

"I ought to have buried you, too, Bess," he soliloquized, as he listened to the dying hoof-beats of his only friend, "but I couldn't, I just couldn't. I reckon I'm not *all devil*—not yet."

It was on the evening of the fourth day following the robbery of the Sunset Limited that Nestor was returning to Lost Cabin from a lucky quail-hunt, and feeling rather well pleased with himself and the world in general. After all, it only took a certain amount of gray matter to "beat the game." Here he was, ten thousand feet above sea-level, far from the abodes of man, worth some fifty thousand dollars—money that he had gained through the use of a little common-sense reasoning. He would stay here a year, then go East, and, under an assumed name, "take things easy" for the balance of his life. The secret of the whole business was to have a well-provisioned retreat where one could go and "bury" one's-self for a year, or more—some place where no questions would be asked. That was the spirit of this wild country—"no questions asked."

"Who are you?—and where did you come from?"

It was a human voice—a girl's voice.

Instinctively, the bandit's right hand flew to the butt of his Colt's. He halted in his tracks, nonplussed, fairly petrified. How could any one have gotten up here—here on Lookout? He

kept his steel-gray eyes fixed upon the scrub-oak, from behind which the voice had come. At length he spoke:

"Come out here where I can see what you look like. *Pronto!*—or I'll shoot."

The intruder obeyed instantly—and Nestor caught his breath. Never before had he seen such beauty; never before had he beheld a creature so enchanting—so symbolical of the spirit of Wildness. And yet—he had never trusted women.

The girl looked at him a moment, half-defiantly; then—

"What are you doing here?"

"What are *you* doing here?"

With evident admiration, the girl's gaze lingered for an instant upon the handsome face of the man; then, as though by accident, her eyes dropped to the large gold spurs on his boot-heels, and she started involuntarily.

"Up to a week ago," she said hurriedly, "I've been living here for three months. I went back to see how they were getting along without me."

"*They?*"

"My father and brother."

"Why did you leave them?"

"They drank—and—abused me."

"The devil they did!"

Silence reigned for a space. Then, half-playfully, the girl spoke again:

"Now will you tell me what *you* are doing here—here on *my* property?"

Nestor hesitated a moment.

"I——" he began; then stopped. It wouldn't do to tell her that he had *built* this cabin. "I found this place by accident," he substituted, "and I liked it so well that I thought I would try living here for awhile for—for my health."

"Are you *very sick?*"

"No, not *very;* but——"

"Where did you come from?"

"See here, little friend, I don't like people who ask too many questions. I'm here, and you're here—that settles it. Come on, let's get something to eat."

Three days later they were seated just outside the door of Lost Cabin. The girl had been watching and commenting upon the sunset—the gorgeous tints of the sky above the purple, western ridges. The man had been surreptitiously studying the girl. Nestor couldn't understand exactly what had come over him. A feeling altogether new to him seemed to be affecting every fibre of his being. He cursed himself for a fool—and yet, he caught himself longing to caress her golden hair, to even as much as touch one of her tiny white hands. She was different from the women he had been used to. She appealed to his "better self"—a self long buried—and almost forgotten. To be sure, what a silly ass he was! And yet—and yet——

Since their first meeting, the girl had refrained from asking any more questions. But now she suddenly turned and said:

"Why do you always carry that gun? Are you *expecting* some one?"

"I reckon it's just a habit I've gotten into."

The girl smiled mischievously.

"What was it you put under the floor of the cabin last night, after I had gone to bed?"

Nestor started.

"I know!" And she laughed—a little silvery laugh. "Don't you think I know who you are? You're 'Golden Spurs.' I'd heard of you, and I knew you the moment I first saw you—from your spurs. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself? The Good God says: 'Thou shalt not steal.' Oh, it's terrible—a big, fine, handsome man like you, too. When I say 'big,' I mean bigness of heart, as well as bigness of physique. You see, it isn't as if you were *all* bad. You aren't, because if you were, you wouldn't have treated me so—so royally since I have been here. You're not an ordinary roughneck, Mr. Nestor; you're a gentleman. And oh, I'd be the happiest girl in all the world if I could get you to give it all up! to send back that—that blood-money; to turn over a new leaf, and live square with the world."

At sight of the tears in her eyes, Tom Nestor hung his head. Against his will, he was silent. Again he cursed

himself for a fool; but something, some inexplicable power beyond his control, seemed to be dominating him. One moment he was on the verge of an angry outburst; the next, he was submissive, ashamed, actually embarrassed.

"When I say that you are a gentleman," the girl went on, in a soft, pleading voice—"that, if only you would let your 'better self' come uppermost, you would be good, honorable, refined, noble—I only say what I feel—here." And she placed one small hand over her heart. "You must have had a good mother——"

His mother! Oh, God!

Nestor rose abruptly and stood with his back to the girl. Something welled up in his throat; his vision blurred. Thoughts of his childhood days crowded into his mind—his little sister, May; the last words his mother had spoken: "Trust in God, my boy, and you will never have anything to fear." Sobs, the first he had known for long, long years, shook his frame. He tried to repress them; but they would not be repressed. He was no longer "a strong man." Unable to control his feelings, he wept like a child.

"You will give it up?" pleaded the girl at his elbow.

With an abrupt movement, he put her aside and walked away.

"You—you are not going to leave——" she cried after him.

"I'll be back," he flung over his shoulder.

An hour later he came back to her, a smile on his lips.

"As a rule," he said, "I don't like people who ask questions. But now I'm going to ask a question myself—the biggest question I ever asked in my life. If I promise to bury 'Golden Spurs;' to send that—that money back; to give up this sort of life forever; to start all over again, and live cleanly and square—if I promise that—*will you marry me?*"

An expression of pure joy suddenly flooded the girl's lovely face.

"There isn't a soul to care what I do," she said. "So I'm going to put my trust in you—and accept your proposition."

A new light in his eyes, Nestor extended his hand.

"Shake, little partner," he said.

And they shook.



Foothill Fall

By Elsinore Robinson Crowell

I HAVE an old brown coat. Within its warp and woof are threads of scarlet, blue and dusty gold. But closer than in woolen web are woven elements more precious far than brilliant threads, which make my shabby coat a garment rare. It is a tramping coat—not worn on measured streets nor for a festive show. But just for wandering, over a stout wool shirt, a battered skirt and hob nailed boots. So out we go, my coat and I.

The hills are good to see. Upon them the October light lies warm and wide. The slow winds rise and fall, fruity with blowing over ripened grass and seed. As pulsing fire, the yellow tar weed spreads abroad in glowing sheets of bloom, with fragrance like some old and mellowed spite. The grasses now are golden and the crisp stubble gleams against the resting earth. No longer are the scrub oaks dully green. Throughout their leaves they, too, are undershot with bronze. It is as if the amber light had entered as a winey life into the trees and fields until they pulse in one rich harmony.

I throw my old coat open wide as I go down the road. Deep in its folds the sunshine works its way. And through my veins as through insentient earth the light and color throb. Till I, who thought myself a thing apart from hill and wood—knowing so little of their strength and peace—become again a member of the freer world. I, too, share in the warmth and cheer, the joy of full maturity, the mystic promise of the pregnant soil. One with the heavy grain and fruitful trees, I lift my face up to the sun and sense the joy of natural toil well done.

* * * *

I reach the hill top. Below me lie the checkered fields—the ruddy furrows of the new ploughed lands—the tawniness of pasture lots. Along the creeks the willows hold their green, but upward, swift and sure as singing flames, the poplars flash in orange laced with light. And in and out, beneath the fallen leaves and moldering hay, along the road, beside the wall, the new grass pricks its way—a filigree of living emerald.

Behind me lift the mountains, wine and amethyst; their shadows flushed as in warm blooded sleep; with smoky mists that drift like yearning dreams across their violet folds.

Our life just now seems such a simple thing, enwrapt within this beauty, and content as I am warm and safe within my old brown coat.

Long Bill has piled his pumpkins. I can see their glow against his dingy shack beside the bed of "oregano" and chives. Around them tiny specks of red and tan whirl in a tumbling dance, not autumn leaves, but Long Bill's seven babies, fat and brown, and full as cheery as his pumpkin pile.

Pasquala cooks the egg plant for her man—egg plant and onions in tomato juice, with flavoring of "persa" and "basalico." Her chimney's near the road, half hidden in the Pride of India trees. The tang of oak-wood smoke and homely onion odors rise and creep into the folds of my rough clothes, until I'm sanctified with commonness.

I smell fresh mushrooms on a sudden gust of wind. They're coming fast after the first fall rain. Their scent is pungent—earthy—rich with the fatness of the teeming soil.

How good life is! I'm glad for simple joys—the daily beauty of this outflung robe of God—the heartening ties of sweaty work, warm evening food and dancing babies. For all the little

voices that are set to sing against the weary wailing of a blundering world.

* * * *

A great cloud flings its arm across the sun and all the wine and warmth have left the wind. It's cold. The cottonwoods are moaning by the creek; their tortured branches twist against a livid sky. The dust is lashed before the rising gale, acrid and blinding. Confusion, darkness, wailing—silence—and the rain falls in sudden bitter gusts. Sharp earthy odors rise. The colors crumble, drenched in scudding gray. The rushing waters spurt about the stones. I wait beneath a hanging rock until the rain is gone. The empty clouds pass on, trailing their tattered mist. The brown earth crouches, spent and still, under the fading light.

Lonely and silent the sky—silent and lonely the world. Nor in all space a voice to answer when my soul cries questioning.

Only a Presence, brooding—infinite. Shabby my coat, dear God—and shabby my heart. After the hill top the weariness—ashes where once were flames.

But as I wait, hunger and doubting pass. Constant behind the mysteries I find Him and partake of potency. Not mine to know the secret of the brooding hills, nor why across them sway the mists of pain and sin. But in the homely tokens He has left on wall and path—the tiny burrowing owl who is my friend—the thistle-down that catches on my sleeve—the spray of scarlet leaves—the childish things that I do understand—I know He keeps the trails, and I am comforted.

* * * *

Now as the sun slips down, once more there is a golden burst of light. I lie close to the freshened earth. The ripe seeds weave into my coats' warm wool. Above my face the grass stalks bend, frail fairy silhouettes against the sunset sky. From the vast cup of hills the light brims up; slowly at first, then with a rushing flame—topaz and opal, coral and jade—molten and spilling—flashing and glowing—mounting in splendor. Yearning and ecstacy, passion and prayer. Then poignant, sweet as waters bubbling, the fluting of the meadow lark's last song. And, in the graying glory, the first great star burns low.

Rising, I go home—my hands deep in the pockets of my coat, counting the treasures I have found along the way. Two acorn cups—a smooth blue stone—a ruddy oak gall on a twisted twig to put within my Chinese jar. And for to-morrow's pot-roast, leaves of bay. So I go back to set the bread, to mend a little shirt, to bring the slippers when the lamps are lit. And in the corner hang my old brown coat—redolent with tar weed, stained with grass and mold, but holding deep within its folds the garnered riches of my golden day.

THE SONG

Dead boy, whose name I never knew,
Your wistful song, upon the page
Of this thin book turned brown with age,
Leaps out at me, and as you sing,
Sudden my lips are quivering;
The quiet pulses in my wrist
Shout out; my eyes are dulled with mist;
I am a-swoon with love of you—
With love of you—or Youth—or Spring.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Manuel Lisa

By Cardinal Goodwin

AMONG the numerous Spaniards who traded with the Indians within the borders of what is now the United States, perhaps no one of them became more widely known during his own day than Manuel Lisa. Possessing the restless energy and the intrepid physical boldness of the most adventurous of his countrymen during the golden days of Spain, and born and reared in an environment where these qualities could be developed to their full capacity, he has left a name for himself which will be remembered as long as the fascinating study of the fur trade of the west commands the interest of the student. His character seems to have been a perfect enigma to his associates. Unscrupulous he may have been; selfish he probably was; ambitious and energetic he has been justly considered by his contemporaries and by late writers. But while men may have doubted his integrity there was probably no one of them who doubted his ability. If there was an important business transaction to be put through, Lisa was invariably the man chosen by his associates to accomplish it; if a commander was needed for a dangerous expedition, he was likely to be the first one considered to lead it; if diplomatic negotiations with hostile Indian tribes were under way, his presence among the savages gave double assurance of a peaceful settlement. Whatever the emergency, his courage and tact were such that he was thought by his companions to be perhaps more nearly equal to the occasion than any one of them.

Very little is known of the early youth of this remarkable man. On his tombstone in Bellefontaine Cemetery at St. Louis it is stated that he was born in New Orleans on the eighth of September, 1772. His parents were Christoval de Lisa, a native of the city of Murcia, Spain, and Maria Ignacia Rodriguez, who was born in St. Augustine, Florida. Christoval came to Louisiana, probably with O'Reilly, when the Spanish took possession, and remained in the Spanish service in the territory until the time of his death. Manuel was scarcely more than twenty years old when we find him at New Madrid in charge of a trading boat and describing himself as a merchant of New Orleans. Two years later he was again at the same place, returning from a trading expedition on the Wabash. He went to St. Louis from there, and in 1799 petitioned the Governor for a grant of land "upon one of the banks of the River Missouri, in a place where may be found some small creek emptying into the said river in order to facilitate the raising of cattle, and, with time, to be able to make shipments of salted, as well as dried meat, to the capitol."

But the quiet occupation of farming and cattle raising was probably never seriously considered by Lisa. He had hardly established himself in St. Louis (he bought a home on the west side of Second street) before he became interested in the fur trade. In fact, it has been assumed that he came to Missouri to enter the business of the fur-trade. Certainly, he received permission to trade with the Osage Indians before he had been in St. Louis very long, and continued to exercise that privilege until Upper Louisiana was transferred to the United States. This

took place at St. Louis on March 10, 1804. Indeed, he did not immediately give up his business, but with his greatest rival, Pierre Chouteau, holding the position of United States Indian agent among the Osage, and the new governor, General James Wilkinson, assuming a hostile attitude toward him, Lisa could hardly expect to gain anything by attempting to carry on trade longer in that section. If Wilkinson may be believed, Manuel tried to open up trade with Santa Fe, but the official opposition of the Governor prevented it.

Lisa then turned his attention toward the Missouri, with that same untiring energy which marked all his actions. On the 19th of April, 1807, he started his first expedition from St. Louis, while he himself did not leave until the 28th. The company consisted of forty-two men, and represented an outlay of $16,000. Up the river they went, passing successively the Sioux, the Arickaras, the Mandans, and the wandering Assineboin Indians, until they reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River. They ascended this stream for about one hundred and seventy miles to the Big Horn, where a trading post was erected. This was on the 21st of November, too late for the fall hunt. Colter, a member of the party, was sent to the Blackfoot Indians, a journey in which he discovered the wonders of a country long remembered in St. Louis as "Colter's Hell," but better known today by the more attractive name of Yellowstone Park.

The men remained in camp at the mouth of the Big Horn throughout the winter. Leaving a small garrison at the fort, Lisa left for St. Louis during July of the following year. The expedition had proven so successful that the St. Louis Missouri Fur Company was organized as a result of it. Into the details of this cumbersome organization it is not necessary to go. In 1809, Lisa and other members of the Company led an expedition into the blackfoot country on the upper Missouri, and spent the next three years trapping and trading with the Indians. Thefts by the latter together with some loss in transporting their furs down the river practically exhausted the profits which might have been realized from the expedition. The experiment was sufficiently remunerative, however, to induce Lisa and his associates to re-organize upon their return to St. Louis in 1812, the year in which the former agreement expired. The War of 1812 interrupted the trade on the upper Missouri, but the company operated along that stream in what later became the States of Nebraska and the Dakotas. Fort Lisa was built during this period at a point about eleven miles by land above the present city of Omaha. After the war was over the company returned to their posts along the upper Missouri. A law passed by the United States in 1816, prohibiting British from operating within the boundaries of the United States, resulted in checking the trade of the Northwest Company in that section, and thus relieved the Missouri firm of a strong competitor. The St. Louis Company was re-organized several times after the war, Lisa becoming more dominant in its councils upon each reorganization and continuing the life and soul of the company until the time of his death.

While Manuel Lisa will always be remembered first as a fur trader, he was also an active and efficient Indian agent during and just after the War of 1812. Upon many occasions it has been said the settlers in Wisconsin and Michigan were indebted to him for the preservation of their lives and property. In his report to the government at Washington for 1815, Governor Clark gave a list of the Indian agents and spoke as follows of Lisa:

"Manuel Lisa, salary $548. Agent for the tribes on the Missouri above the Kansas; greater part of his time with the tribes; resides at St. Louis; has been of great service in preventing British influence the last year by sending large parties to war."

Another statement which reflects even more favorably upon the services

of Lisa as an Indian agent comes from Joseph Renville, the British guide and interpreter among the Sioux during the War of 1812. The report was given by him to his son, the Rev. John B. Renville, and has been preserved in the Missouri Historical Society Collections for 1903-1911. During the War of 1812, he says, the Americans stirred up so much trouble between the Tetons and the Santees that it seemed impossible to prevent civil war in the Dakota Confederacy. The Santees were British sympathizers, and on numerous occasions attempted to send their warriors to assist the British, but "every time they started out to go to the lakes and Canada, runners would come and tell them that the Tetons were coming to destroy their families, and they were compelled to return to their homes to protect their women and children." The wily Spaniard was responsible for the work of the Tetons. "Lisa was a very smart man," Renville concludes, "and he managed things so that all the money and work of Dickson (the British agent) to get the Santees to fight the Americans was lost. He got one of our men (Tamaha, the one-eyed Sioux) to spy on his own people and let him (Lisa) know all that was being done."

But Lisa did more than to pit the Tetons against the Santees, nor was his influence among the Indians bound by the limits of the Dakota Confederacy. His name was respected among the numerous tribes throughout the great northwest, and his presence among them continued to be a potent factor towards maintaining friendly relations between them and his adopted country, even after he resigned his position as Indian agent. During the summer of 1815, after the war between England and the United States was over, Lisa brought to St. Louis forty-three chiefs and head men from the various tribes residing between the Missouri and the Mississippi for the purpose of further "cementing the friendships which he had formed and intensifying the animosities which he had aroused." He kept them in St. Louis as his guests for about three weeks, during which time meetings were held in the council house at the corner of Maine and Vine streets, and apparently numerous expressions of good-will were exchanged. Lisa then conducted his party to Portage des Sioux, where he met William Clark, Edwards, and Auguste Chouteau, Commissioners from the United States —and treaties of friendship were concluded. About two years later another group of twenty-four chiefs and representatives from the Pawnees, Missouris and Sioux was conducted to St. Louis, where similar treaties were signed.

For an expert fur trader to become an efficient Indian agent seems perfectly natural, nor would the official duties of the latter position detract necessarily from the success of the former. Rather the one might be used in a legitimate way to supplement the other, and may have been so used by Lisa. His enemies, however, accused him of using his position as government agent to further his own private ends. In his letter of resignation, dated July 1, 1817, he answers the various charges in a straightforward, manly way which posterity will doubtless accept as true. He also gives an account of his stewardship, which in itself is a testimony of the ability of the man. "Whether I deserve well or ill of the government," he says, "depends upon the answer to these questions: 1st. Are the Indians of the Missouri (i. e., those along the Missouri River) more or less friendly to the United States than at the time of my appointment? 2d. Are they altered, better or worse, in their own condition during this time?" In answer to the first question, he pointed out that the various tribes along the upper Missouri and the Mississippi were about to join the British and make war on the United States at the time he was appointed Indian agent. This was prevented, and the reader is already informed of Lisa's influence in securing favorable treaty relations with

those Indians. In answer to the second, he says that before he went among them the Indians were in the habit of killing, robbing and plundering, but at the time of his resignation traders were safe among these tribes. "Not to mention others, my own establishments furnish the example of destruction then, of safety now. I have one among the Omahas, more than six hundred miles up the Missouri, another at the Sioux, more than six hundred miles further still.

I have from one to two hundred men in my employ, quantities of horses, of horned cattle, of hogs, of domestic fowls. Not one is touched by an Indian; for I count as nothing some solitary thefts at the instigation of white men, my enemies; . . . "

And, continuing, he asserts, modestly: "I have had some success as a trader; and this success gives rise to many reports. Manuel Lisa must cheat the Indians; otherwise he could not bring down every summer many boats loaded with rich furs. Good! My account with the government will show whether I receive anything out of which to cheat it. A poor five hundred dollars as sub-agent salary does not buy the tobacco which I annually give to those who call me father. 'Cheat the Indians!' The respect and friendship which they have for me, the security of my possessions in the heart of their country, respond to this charge, and declare, with voices louder than the tongues of men, that it cannot be true. But Manuel Lisa gets so much nice fur! Well, I will explain how I get it. I put into my operations great activity. I go a great distance while some are considering whether they will start to-day or to-morrow. I impose upon myself great privations. Ten months of the year I am buried in the depths of the forest, at a vast distance from my own house. I appear as the benefactor, not as the pillager, of the Indian. I carried among them the seed of the large pumpkin from which I have seen in their possession fruit weighing one hundred and sixty pounds; also the large bean, the potato, the turnip; and these vegetables will make a comfortable part of their subsistance; and this year I have promised to carry the plow. Besides, my blacksmiths work incessantly for them, charging nothing. I lend them traps, only demanding a preference in their trade. My establishments are the refuge of the weak, and of the old men no longer able to follow their lodges; and by these means I have acquired the confidence and friendship of the natives and the consequent choice of their trade."

When Manuel returned from the upper Missouri in 1812, he found St. Louis a center of military preparations. Upon offering his services he was appointed captain of a volunteer company of infantry, but apparently never saw active service in the field. During the following year the general assembly of the territory of Missouri passed an act incorporating the bank of St. Louis. Among the prominent citizens who purchased stock in the new corporation were Manuel Lisa and Moses Austin, and both were heavy losers when the bank failed. In 1817 or 1818 he became a partner in a "Steam Mill Company." A tract of land was purchased by the company on the Mississippi, north of the village, which was laid out as the Smith, Bates and Lisa's addition to St. Louis. It was situated between the river and the main street, and extended from Ashley northward to Florida street. In the subdivision was a street named after the hero of this narrative, which may still be seen on the old maps of the period.

A dim idea of the prodigious labors which were crowded into the life of this swarthy Spaniard may be gleaned from the fact that during the last thirteen years of his career he made at least twelve trips up and down the Missouri River. These journeys were never less than six hundred and seventy miles—the distance to Fort Lisa from St. Louis—while several were made to the Mandan tribes, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and two to the mouth of the Big Horn, which was

five hundred miles farther. In all, says Chittenden, he could not have journeyed less than twenty-six thousand miles by river, or a total distance greater than the circumference of the earth. He "must have spent not less than the equivalent of three solid years battling against the intractable Missouri, or gliding swiftly with its downward current." Seven and possibly eight of the twelve winters included in the above period were spent in the wilderness.

That so vigorous and aggressive a nature should have made enemies is but natural, but it is not easy to see why they should have been so numerous and so vindictive. Lisa was constantly in trouble. In this regard it has been doubted whether or not even La Salle surpassed him. He was always at odds with some one jealous of his success as a trader. In fact, the primary cause of his incessant disputes appears to have been jealousy on the part of his detractors. His code was the code of the wilderness, and he practiced it with unflinching severity. There is no record, to quote again from Chittenden, of his ever having come out second best in a contest with his competitors. It is not surprising, therefore, that "his life was not only one of physical activity but of mental unrest and turmoil as well—a life not at all exemplified in his death, if we may accept the simple record in the diary of his father-in-law, Stephen Hempstead, who was present at his death bed, that 'he died without distressing struggles.' "

Of Lisa's first wife, little or nothing is known. Tradition says that she had been taken prisoner by the Indians and was ransomed by General Harrison when Lisa, pitying her condition, married her. She died on the tenth of February, 1818. Six months later he married Mrs. Mary Hempstead Keeney. Lisa could speak neither English nor French distinctly, and his wife was equally deficient in French and Spanish, so the difficulty each had in making the other understand afforded much mirth to the family. Despite this, his second marriage was a very happy one indeed. In fact, Lisa himself declared that he had never before known what domestic happiness was. He enjoyed this happiness for only a short time, however. He died in 1820, and his wife not until nearly fifty years later—1869. Lisa also had an Indian wife among the Omaha people, but apparently discarded her upon his second marriage. Of his five children, three by his first wife and two by the Indian woman, only one, a girl, lived to transmit his blood to posterity. Rosalie Lisa Ely, who died in 1904, has many descendants living in this country to-day.

PATIENCE

Patience, chastened Queen
Of all the Virtues,
Thou wert born of suffering
Who wearest now the purple
Of self-sovereignty!
To earth's fierce storms that blow
Thou payest no heed,
For thou hast known the throes
Of greater conflicts:
Forgiveness against hate,
Spirit against flesh—
Renunciation's whole!

Jo Hartman.

Enemies

By Farnsworth Wright

ARMAND'S baggy red trousers, dirty though they were after weeks of fighting, shone resplendent in the rays of the rising Belgian sun. The French uniforms worn during the first months of the Great War, undoubtedly made a gorgeous show on parade, but they were excellent rifle targets—a fact which the French government had not yet learned.

Armand's rifle was slung carelessly over his shoulder. He walked slowly towards a well in a deserted farmyard. All the farms in that region were abandoned. The panic-stricken Belgian peasants, taking with them what household goods they could carry, were in wild flight westward towards Antwerp or northward into Holland.

Armand was tired and thirsty. He had a slight wound on the back of his hand, hardly more than a scratch, it is true, but very dirty, and needing to be washed and bound. He was alone, for he had become separated from his regiment a few hours before, during a night encounter with the Germans.

When the Great War broke out with the suddenness of an earthquake, Armand had nearly completed the military training which the French republic requires from each of its able-bodied citizens. But now he must continue to serve until peace should be declared, unless he should be killed or crippled before that time.

He had been hurried into Belgium with the first French troops sent to that unhappy country. Pressed northward by the onsweep of the German tidal wave, his company found itself attached to a Belgian regiment near the frontier of Holland, with the whole of Belgium lying between it and the armies of France. Now he was separated even from the Belgian troops.

Inexpressible hate for the invaders filled his breast. They were trying to murder his country. They had brought this unwelcome change into his life. Had it not been for this inexcusable war (Armand swelled with rage at the thought) he would now be back in his native village in southern France, there to take charge of his father's shop and live out the rest of his life in obscurity and peace.

One thing more. There was a not bad looking girl of his acquaintance in the village. She would make him an excellent wife. It was high time he was getting married, for would he not be master of his father's shop and thus be in business for himself? He was well able to support a wife, indeed, and this girl would not be bad! But now it could not be. The Germans—they were to blame for it all!

As Armand drew near the well a bullet hummed by him. He unslung his rifle at once, and looked around to locate his assailant. His first thought was that the farmhouse concealed a sniper, but the crack of the rifle did not come from that direction. Another bullet made him hastily seek what shelter he could find behind a large bush.

Cursing the French government for making living targets of its soldiers, he attentively examined the landscape to find his enemy. At length he caught sight of a spiked helmet peering from behind the trunk of a lone poplar, not more than four hundred yards away. He fired at once, but the helmet dis-

appeared behind the tree trunk. Every time it appeared again, Armand fired, and each time the helmet was quickly withdrawn.

The German soldier who had made Armand the target for his fire at length hit on an expedient to outwit him. He carefully notched the tree with his knife. Then he placed his spiked helmet on his bayonet, and wedged the bayonet into the gash in the tree trunk. The helmet projected to one side, as if some one were trying to peer around the trunk.

Armand fired twice, and missed. Then the German leaped to the opposite side of the tree and fired three times before he retired behind the trunk again.

All morning the duel continued. Every few minutes the German sprang out to one side or the other from behind the tree and fired at Armand.

Armand returned the fire. But the tension irritated him almost beyond measure, and at times he could hardly see the sights on his rifle, so full of rage was he.

Who was this German? Why did he keep up this senseless fray? Why did he not decently come out and surrender, or at least go away? He must see that his shooting was accomplishing nothing! He had no business in this country anyway! He was a Boche, an invader, a tool of that accursed military despotism which so long had threatened France, and now had little Belgium back against the wall, fighting for life!

A bitter smile curled Armand's lips at the thought that the Boché was having equally as bad a time of it as he himself.

"The coward!" he thought. "He brought it on himself! To shoot at an unwarned man! No brave man would do such a thing. And he gave me no chance to defend myself!"

Then the thought intruded: "I would have done the same thing! If I had seen him first I would have shot, for this is war! But then he is a Boche! It is these red trousers that gave him his chance!"

Spitefully he blazed away at the German's helmet until he knocked it down. Then he felt quite satisfied with himself, as if he had shot the German instead of only his helmet. But when his enemy sprang out and fired again, Armand was beside himself with rage.

He was hungry and thirsty, and very angry. The wound in his hand was beginning to pain him. Already the sun was past its zenith.

He decided to stop this foolish fray, in which neither side was winning. He took from his pocket a large handkerchief, but at once put it back again. He wanted something white, but one would never suspect that his handkerchief had once been of that color. He opened his uniform and tore a large piece from his shirt. This he tied to his bayonet, to be a flag of parley. Fixing the bayonet to his rifle, he slowly waved the gun from side to side, and waited for the German to show himself.

When the enemy again leaped from behind the poplar he caught sight of Armand's improvised flag of truce and did not fire. Armand slowly advanced, waving the white flag.

As he approached the German, he groped in his memory for suitable German words in which to ask for an armistice. He had studied his enemy's language and even had written to correspondents in Germany before the war broke out.

The German held his rifle ready for use in case Armand should make any threatening move. But Armand, although burning with suppressed anger and indignation, had not come to kill. He wanted to eat and drink and wash his wounded hand.

"Qu'est ce que c'est?" the German called out as Armand drew near.

"Sie sprechen Fransoesisch!" Armand exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, I speak French a little bit," the German answered slowly, in guttural French. "And you speak also my language, is it not so?"

"I have studied German a little," Armand replied in German. "But I

never have talked it."

"This German may not be such a bad fellow, after all," he thought. "He speaks French, too! Still, he tried to kill me when my back was turned! I had best be on my guard."

Anger filled his heart.

He explained, in broken German, that he was tired of this shooting, and thought it might be well to declare an armistice until they had eaten and drunk and rested. The German willingly fell in with the scheme.

"Je ne veux pas vous—vous—toeten," he said.

So the two enemies suspended their strife and went together to the well. They shared each other's food and drank to each other's health, yet each hated the other in his heart.

"Prosit!" said Armand, lifting his cup of water.

"A votre sante!" replied the German.

Armand washed his wounded hand, and was about to bind it with his dirty handkerchief, but the German prevented him. He took from his knapsack a bandage. He sterilized Armand's wound, and bound the bandage tightly around the injured hand of his enemy.

Armand thanked him and asked him his name.

"Friedrich Krogoll," replied his enemy; "but my acquaintances all call me Fritz."

"Then I, too, will call you Fritz, Boche," said Armand. "I am called Armand Roullier."

"Freue mich," said Fritz, relapsing into his own tongue. He extended his hand, and Armand grasped it.

"I was afraid you might try to kiss me," laughed Fritz.

"Oh, I know where you get your idea of our customs," said Armand. "You have been visiting the cinema! A Frenchman doesn't exchange kisses with a stranger, especially if the stranger is a German."

And he thought: "This Boche is a good sport, even though he does murder our beautiful language. But he will bear watching."

"You come from Paris?" asked Fritz.

Each spoke in the language of the other, filling in the gaps in his vocabulary from his mother-tongue.

"No, I come from the south," said Armand. "And you?"

"From Munich. I am a Bavarian. But for two years now I am an instructor in the University at Goettingen. I teach entomology."

"So?" said Armand. "I never could go to the university. I had to work in my father's shop. My father is old, and I will manage the shop when I get back, if I escape being killed."

"Ah, this terrible slaughter!" said Fritz. "War is so terrible! The young men, they are the victims. No nation can spare its young men."

"That is fine talk for a German!" thought Armand. "Why did they begin this war if that is the way they feel?" But he did not say this aloud.

"Why are you not with your regiment?" asked Fritz, seating himself on the ground.

Armand explained how he had become separated from his comrades in arms.

"I got lost from my regiment because I was too deeply interested in my profession," said Fritz. "In short, I was chasing a large night beetle. It flew several times, and each time I ran after it. It was not yet light, and I was behind our lines.

"Suddenly I heard the Belgians coming. They charged, yelling like all the devils of hell. They came between me and my command. I was afraid to fire, for fear I might hit my comrades. So I drew away, and thought only of how I could get back to my company. I went far back of the lines, out of the fighting, but it was darker than an Ethiopean Hades, and I did not go the right way. The firing stopped, and I walked a long distance trying to get back to my comrades. But when it was light, I found myself here. And the German soldiers—where are they? I don't know."

"I was one of the attacking party," said Armand. "How the fight turned

out I don't know any more than you do. But—did you find that beetle?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Fritz. "I entirely forgot about the beetle when the Belgians charged. 'You and the Belgians,' I suppose I ought to say."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"The beetle? Oh, I was only curious. I could not be certain, in the dark, whether I had seen one like it before. I have a big collection of beetles at Goettingen, beetles from all over the world. Do insects interest you? Your fellow countryman, Fabre, has made a marvelous study of insect life."

"They don't interest me very much," said Armand. "I never collected them, not even butterflies. But I collect postage stamps and coins. It was to help my collecting that I studied German. I write to several collectors in your country, and I correspond regularly with a philatelist in Munich. That is, we corresponded before the war. His name is Franz Link. Did you know him?"

"No. Munich is a large city, and, besides, I have not lived there for several years. My father sent me to Goettingen, where his brother is a professor of languages. There I did so well that I am now helping to teach in the entomology courses. It is a great study, entomology. But you should learn English, if you are a philatelist. In that language you can correspond all over the world—in Canada, India, the United States, Egypt, Africa and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. It must be very interesting, if one has the time to give to it. Tell me about your village. What is it like in that place?"

Armand told him all the interesting things he could think of about the village. "Professor" Fritz, as he dubbed the youthful looking assistant, then told long tales of the student life in his beloved Goettingen.

Each laughed at the other's ridiculous errors of speech, for each was speaking a foreign tongue. In the absorbing interest of their conversation they took no note of the lapse of time.

"Hey, Professor Fritz," Armand at last exclaimed, "I do believe the sun is about to set. It is time to eat again. Please give me some more of that delicious marmalade. And here is a big slice of that cheese you like so much. My father sent it to me out of his shop."

"The marmalade was made by my mother in Munich," said Fritz. "How she will laugh when I write her how I shared it with a Frenchman! Won't she, though!"

He threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"How my father would rage if he knew his cheese was being eaten by a Boche! He had to send it by way of England to get it to me."

Both laughed long and loudly. The German suddenly became very serious.

"Look!" he cried out. "The sun is setting! We must part."

"Yes," cried Armand. "We must part. Your way lies yonder. I must go west, but I don't know whether there are Germans between me and the Belgian troops. If there are, then I must go north."

"North!" cried Pritz. "That way lies Holland, and you can't get back until the war is over, if you cross the Dutch frontier."

"I must go west then," Armand replied. "The Dutch frontier is only four or five miles distant, for we have both come north since we left our regiments. And now, my friend"—his face became very grave—"I pray God we may never meet again while the war lasts. You are a good fellow, but we are enemies."

"Enemies?" exclaimed Fritz. "We *were* enemies. But now? Tell me, my friend, do you really want to shoot me?"

"I have already said," Armand answered with emotion, "that I pray God we may never meet again in this war. It would be murder. It would be like killing one's brother. It is a terrible thought."

Fritz stood in silence and listened to the distant roar of cannon. He thought of the lives that were being blotted out at the minute.

"Holland?" he said at last. "You say it is not far?"

"Not far," said Armand. "Six miles —perhaps—but maybe only three."

He saw his own thought reflected in the German's face.

"Allons, mon ami," said Fritz, after a minute of silence.

"Come!" said Armand.

* * * *

They had been walking perhaps an hour, in silence, when they heard the pounding of hoofs. Through the deepening darkness they made out a troop of Belgian lancers, galloping west.

"Ha," said Armand to himself. "I am the master now. I will capture this fine fellow who was going to shoot me down without warning!"

But one look into his companion's smiling face shamed him from the unworthy attempt. He did not hail the cavalrymen, and they passed by in the dusk without seeing him.

The two continued north until they were stopped by a Dutch sentry. He could not converse with them, for he knew neither French nor German. An officer was called.

Armand explained that they had crossed the border into Holland to avoid having to shoot each other. The officer listened contemptuously, and sent them away under guard.

They were deserters, and their friends would call them traitors. Yet their minds were at peace, for a ray of light from that nobler age of which poets dream had fallen into their souls. So they smiled as they were led away.

The Dutch officer stood looking after them. Perhaps he was touched, perhaps he was only puzzled. At any rate, a mist came over his eyes, but it suddenly vanished, and he turned abruptly on his heel.

"Fools!" he muttered. "What would happen if all the soldiers should do that?"

JACK LONDON

Jack London dead! The world stood still and thought!
Aye, thought of all the creatures of his pen,
His power to know and paint the hearts of men,
And with what pain his knowledge had been bought;
Stood still to ponder on his life so fraught
With risk yet unafraid. In city den,
At sea, or deep within the mountain glen,
Men take courage—his message has been caught!
Mortals can place no price on things he wrought,
Lives he shaped, dreams he made to live again,
Or souls he raised from deep despair who then
Went forth to teach the things that he had taught.
His words speak truth to laborer and sage,
With red life blood he marked each printed page!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.



The Threshold of Fate

By Edith Hecht

IT HAPPENED, Senor, years ago, before the Gringos owned California. Often have I heard my father's mother tell of it when I was a little boy. Her father kept a vinateria, a wine shop, in the old days. And it happened outside her window, for she was young and beautiful.

"My family lived in that peaceful old adobe with the pepper tree on the side, and my grandmother's window was directly in the front, facing the street, and right over the vinateria.

"Those were lively days in Monterey, they tell us, Senor, with the great senors and their families coming from their haciendas, and the gay officers at the Presidio. Now we are old and poor, and the grand caballeros are dust and the padres are vanished. It is progress, they say.

"My grandmother was very beautiful, with big, dark eyes, and the wonderful dark hair our Spanish women have. And she sang, and danced, and played the guitar, and embroidered, as the sisters had taught her. My grandmother's father grumbled much and said that the sisters had educated her above her station. He was well-to-do, but we were not fina gente, but of the people, and my grandmother's father was afraid, with her high-stepping walk and her dainty ways that she would end badly.

"Now I am poor and am your guide and boatman for the salmon fishing; and I tell you tales, Senor, of the departed glories of Monterey.

"There were two Englishmen in the town at that time. One was a lord's son, they said, who would some day drink himself to death. St. Vincent, Gregory St. Vincent, was his name. He was good looking, too, for the drink had not yet bloated or coarsened his features. He had big blue eyes and blonde hair, and a tall, slender, supple figure, like those English have. And afraid—he was afraid of nothing! At the rodeos he could outride the proudest Spaniard of them all; and with a boat—what could not that Englishman do with a boat! And courage—courage he had of the devil. And he loved my grandmother. And she might have loved him, but she was afraid of him. He begged her to marry him; and then he would say in the next breath that he was not good enough—he was nothing but a remittance man. And then, when he had too much taken, he would ask how would she like to be Lady Vincent of St. Vincent Hall, for he would some day be Sir Gregory if his brother Eustace would die first, confound him! And he knew his father would forgive him if psalm-singing Eustace would only let the old man. But only when he was drunk would he talk thus; never did he boast when sober, and never did he then talk of going back to England. My grandmother well knew that she, a daughter of the people, would never be received by those fine gentry; she did not let that turn her head.

"The other Englishman was shorter and dark, with a stubby, dark moustache and a red nose. Marshall his name was, Henry Marshall. I do not think St. Vincent liked him, for all they were together, nor do I think he was a gentleman born. At times St. Vincent would treat him like the dirt under his feet; then it would be 'dear Henry' and 'Henry, old chap, it's just my way.' I think St. Vincent was afraid of him.

"Marshall drank very heavily, and

he would beat and abuse little Concha, the peon girl of his, most terribly. She had been a pretty little thing, like many peon girls, but they grow old so quickly.

"The Englishmen were great fishermen. Day after day they would go out 'salmon fishing,' so they said. But very little fish they brought home. Often late at night they were around Point Lobos and Carmel, in the rocky bays and breakers where no other boats would venture. There were whispers of smugglers and laughs of 'big fish indeed;' and the government sent out boats from the Custom House to patrol. These Englishmen would snap their fingers at them, but one could prove nothing, nothing.

"One day St. Vincent came into the vinateria, and he had been drinking. He called for more, and then he kissed my grandmother and asked her how she would like diamonds for her ears and throat when she went to the church to marry him. 'Lady St. Vincent should have gems befitting her rank,' he said with a hiccough.

"She shrank away, my grandmother, for she was a good girl, and she did not think she loved St. Vincent because she was afraid of him when he was drunk. That was why she had not married him long ago—for she was afraid; his mood would change so quick, Senor. Then he laughed, and said he and Marshall were going after big fish; and she would be a fine lady yet at the court of the young English Queen.

"That day the patrol boats had started on the bay. It was so blue in the sunshine and the shore so silver, one could think of nothing but peace. And yet the next morning a company from the Presidio were put in the forest around Carmel. That night nor the next morning St. Vincent did not appear, and my grandmother was nearly mad with the worry.

"Next night, Concha, Marshall's girl, ran in to my grandmother, all frightened. She had tried to keep Henry back from the fishing—she had feared there was more than fishing—and he had struck her—so. She showed the blackened eye and the bruised shoulder. He had not come back last night and she was frightened, dreadfully frightened.

My grandmother stole down and let her in and comforted her. Of course we were not gentry, but a half-heathen peon girl was no companion for my grandmother, nor her equal. However, misery makes women sisters; and my grandmother stole again upstairs with her and had her share her bed. They cried together quietly that night; for then my grandmother knew, with the fear of death for him, that in spite of all, she loved Gregory St. Vincent. She knew she was no great lady whom his people would welcome—no matter how he spoke when he was mad with wine. But she knew he never could go home, and she would make a man of him here, if the Mother of God would spare him. They told their beads together, and cried, these two women. Then they would lie quiet, clasped in each others' arms, and they could hear the thumping of each others' hearts.

"About three that morning, when it was coldest and darkest before the dawn, they heard a sound. Two horsemen were moving quietly, but the horses looked exhausted. And then they halted under the very window, and soft, soft, commenced to dig. The doorstep was low like in all Spanish houses, but this had a step or two; it was not quite level with the street as most of them.

" 'Here, here, under my pretty lady's window, Marshall,' whispered Gregory. Senor, thirty thousand pesos in gold and jewels, and pearls from Baja California, they hid under those steps, quiet, stealthy picking; and the two girls listening above.

"They laughed as they dug, low-voiced, Senor, those two men in their boat had eluded the cutters. They had hidden some of their treasure, they had been doing it for months, under the Ostrich Tree at Cypress Point. Five paces to the south, twelve to the east: my grandmother remem-

bered to the day of her death. Some may be there yet.

"It was dark, and those weird, bent cypress, black and curved, seemed like so many demons; but they knew the soldiers were scattered about, so they had buried only a part there; and then in a little boat, they had gotten into that small, smooth cove just north of Cypress Point, up beyond the jagged points, in and out of the breakers, the shallows, the rocks; and under the very noses of the Governor's patrol, without being seen. They were talking in whispers and the women listening above, breathless. It was the courage of devils, but what will you? They stopped to put the horses in the barn next door—and then went on, the women at the window bars unseen in the dark.

"At Monterey, just north of Monterey beyond the town, they had landed; they knew where to find the horses, and with a company of soldiers looking for them, here they were with the rest of the treasure. They had wanted two places for their cache anyway, and no one would think to look under the oftwalked steps of my great-grandfather's vinateria.

"They had just finished and put back their picks, looking always over their shoulders, when the Lieutenant and his men came up. 'Hold up your hands,' he said. The women flew downstairs, how they did it my grandmother said she never knew, and Concha sat on the step on the threshold. 'Damn you!' said Marshall to her. He could not hit her because his hands were up. But St. Vincent would not put up his hands. He made a reach for his gun. But he had no time. My grandmother flung herself on his bleeding body, weeping. 'Gregory, I love you, I love you,' she sobbed. 'I—always—knew—you did,' he smiled his old daredevil smile. 'It's alright, my sweetheart. Lieutenant, I sur—' and he died.

"And Concha still sat on the step.

"'My girl,' said the Lieutenant, 'there are thirty thousand pesos of government property under that step. Please get up.' But she would not obey him.

"Senor, she fought like a wild cat. She was cut and bleeding before she gave up, and the Lieutenant's face was all scratched, too. He was no pretty sight for a Presidio dance.

"And the end? Oh, my great-grandfather married off my grandmother to his partner. He was squat and middle aged, and drank, too; but my great-grandfather said no girl in her walk of life could expect to have a nice young man court her after that night. She herself cared naught now whom she married; her life was lived, she said. She made no fuss. Only I was a thoughtful little boy, and when she was old she would tell me this story, over and over again, often.

"Marshall disappeared. Nothing came, somehow, of his arrest. 'Escaped,' they said. He turned up suddenly in San Diego with loads of money. He deserted Concha and married the daughter of a rich Don down there who knew naught of this story. They say it was all arranged with him and the officers to find St. Vincent and himself thus; and to divide the spoils; also the government saw naught of the treasure; and that he betrayed St. Vincent. Who knows? It is many years ago—and now the Gringos are here—and all is different."



A Confirmed Bachelor

By Josephine Schaffer Schupp

MY PLEASANT week-end sojourn with friends in Burlingame had come to an end. I stood on a corner of the main street some moments in silent argument with myself as to what mode of conveyance should best take me back to San Francisco, when my answer loomed temptingly into sight in the shape of a motorbus. In view of the fact that I was to lunch with a friend in Berkeley, I felt a trifle dubious as to sparing much time to the homeward trip, but the call of the warm, sunny day, and above all the thought of skimming smoothly along the Royal Highway, passing lovely green fields and enchanting rose-gardens, proved too much for me, and as the bus drew nearer, I swung aboard.

My intention was to take a seat near the driver and lose myself in thought and a quiet smoke—but no such luck—the coveted places were all taken, so I stepped inside.

I might as well state here and now that I am a bachelor and to all intents and purposes would have remained so—that is, if things had not been as they were.

When on duty, I am tutor to small, restless, lovable ignoramuses, and it is my pleasure to usher them with proper feeling into the sacred presence of Homer, Euclid or such intimates as these. My playtime I wander pleasantly, if aimlessly,—from house to house of many agreeable friends, where I partake of tea sometimes, and sometimes dinner, and occasionally spend a day or two. My host is charming always, my hostess perhaps more so. The fire burns high in the hearth, conversation runs along interesting lines, and I retire late to bed in a spacious, cheery room. In the morning, eager voices of small children, who rap-tap early on my door, beseech me to come down stairs and tell them stories. They think I have an endless supply.

At times I have heartily envied these good old friends of mine, when I think of my city home by contrast. A narrow bedroom in the tower of a boarding house of the old fashioned gingerbread type, with generous bay windows giving out on Pacific avenue. There I am under the provident care of Mrs. Riggs, an eminently respectable lady of past prosperity, who seeks to mend her dwindling fortune through the small coterie of steady boarders who, year after year, pay out from their tiny horde, grateful for the roof over their heads, the air of refinement about the place—and little else. And yet, I have known myself to hang my hat on the elkhorn in the hall, thoroughly content to be at home once more.

I might state, too, in regard to myself, that I am an Englishman, though acclimated. Which means I left England in my youth and have wandered since all over the globe, drifting finally to California, where, enthralled by climate and landscape, I am held a willing captive.

Having traveled so much and so constantly, I am a keen observer, and take the greatest interest in all that goes on about me, and am totally unable to go anywhere or do anything without finding a story to suit.

So, after this lengthy preamble, you will find this worthy person, myself, sitting within the 'bus, taking toll of

my fellow passengers. There are not many—a German workman with horny hands, large frame and blonde mustache, lolling sleepily on the back seat. A little girl in grey fur cap with a robin's-hood feather, fur coat and glorious curls, with her back to us all, looking out of the windows. Quite certain she is very pretty, all my attention is concentrated upon her, until she turns about, and I am bitterly disappointed. She is not at all pretty, nor attractive. She is the spoiled, pampered darling of the family.

The family consists of her father, a gentle, aesthetic type of man, sitting next to her. A man with the sort of face you imagine for a peculiarly pious monk of the middle ages, and who is singularly unadjusted to the position of husband and father. Her mother is a stout body, weeping heavily under a thick black veil, and dressed in the deepest of mourning. She weeps incessantly, and dries each tear separately, returning her handkerchief each time to her huge portmanteau and snapping the latter with that clicking sound you hope is final. She engenders my sympathy, but also she makes me nervous.

Beside the monklike man sits his brother; a sharp, pinched-featured man, with straw-colored hair and eyebrows, a red, bristling mustache and very small blue eyes. From all appearances he does not think at all—but just sits so forlorn, so lost, so befuddled I conclude that the death in the family is perhaps that of his wife.

The other occupants were, in my judgment, two stable boys and a neat-looking servant girl with powdered face and high-heeled new white shoes.

Lastly, my gaze fell upon the most delightful, although the most diminutive person in the 'bus. There sat, squeezed in beside her father, the sharp-featured man, the quaintest child I had ever seen. A tiny scrap of a child, her black kilted skirt reached barely to her knees. Thin, almost shrunken legs, neatly clad in white stockings and black tasseled shoes; her coat of some heavy white cloth, heavily braided. Overtopping all else was a coalscuttle bonnet of white satin, homemade, but redeemed by the subtle touch of heaven knows whose gentle hand—for over the hat was draped a coarse face veil, which made a knot on the crown and fell far down the back. It was a note of grandeur which made the old, sad little costume seem almost queenly. And beneath the bonnet my eyes sought hers.

They peeped shyly at me from their retreat, grey-green eyes, so earnestly and straightly into mine. Perhaps she liked what she saw, although it was only a middle-aged man, with hair greying, grey eyes under glasses and shaggy black eyebrows, weather-beaten, cynic and philosopher combined. At all lengths she decided favorably, for the rosebud mouth in the pale, freckled face curled slowly into the most adorable, most winning and most radiant smile I have ever seen—but one.

Have you ever had a strange feeling, a presentiment, as they say, that something most important will come of something entirely unimportant? Well, that was the feeling that came over me when I met the sweet eyes of that dear little girl. I might say, I have never been in love—but once—and that was years and years ago. I am not given much to sentimentalities, but the face of that child set my heart beating. I looked far down the years and saw in a pretty English rose garden a beautiful, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked English girl, with a handsome fellow by her side, and I, merely an eavesdropper, went away in bitterness, and from that day forward I have kept my distance from garden party hats and trailing gowns of fair, unmarried women. But, as I looked down the years to that one face, I felt it to be a fading picture, replaced by the vivid face of this tiny six year old. I was astonished.

Occasionally new persons entered the 'bus. The little girl, tactfully and without ostentation, tucked in her little, thin legs and politely waited until

the passenger seated himself, then thrust them straight before her once more, while again shy eyes watched intently the little world around her—not wistful, not idly curious eyes—but glowing, enthusiastic eyes, earnestly, intensely gathering all the immediate good to their owner. I watched her, fascinated, hoping the world would never change for her present guileless outlook upon it, and I took to myself as cleverly as I could all the smiles that strayed from that rose-bud mouth.

The racing of automobiles, unceasing traffic, clanging cars, and we were on Market street. A few moments later, and I was delighted to find the family and myself once more assembled, all of us bound for the Ferry Building, and welcomed the opportunity of a further study of this charming child, her eyes grown wide with the city's splendor. On arriving, I lost them in the crowds around the ticket office, and being a person of leisurely habits, it was some time before I had purchased my ticket and passed on through to the waiting room. As I did so, I observed that the gates had just shut on a departing ferry, so I strolled over to the news-stand, selected a magazine and prepared to read, when my glance was involuntarily drawn towards the same quaint little child who had interested me so in the 'bus, standing alone in an attitude of great despair before the fast closed gates.

I went to her assistance at once, tipping my hat gallantly, and asking her if I might be of any service.

"Pardon me, little maid," I said, "but have your friends left on this boat?"

A startled look of fear, surprise and pleased recognition kaleidoscopically played on her face.

"Oh, sir! Yes, sir—yes, sir—and I should be there, too—what will I do? You see, we was listening to that music over there (indicating the musical horror, which with the latest ragtime cheers the waiting crowd) and then them gates opened and there were so many people and I got pushed about and couldn't find my folks, and I guess they have gone without me. Oh, dear! I don't know what to do!"

For a moment I was filled with hot indignation towards the stupid "folks" who had gone without her, when I realized how easily that could happen to the country bred in the bewilderment of the hurrying, pushing city throng. At the same time I was rather pleased to be in the role of a hero towards this particular child.

"What is your name?" I said, quite irrelevantly for one in the face of so overwhelming a predicament.

"May-Belle. May-Bell Johannssen."

"And where were you going, May-Belle?"

"To Alameda. My gran-ma died and they was going to bury her, and I was going to the funeral. My mother is dead, too. She died when I was born. I live with my Aunt Lura, and my father lives there, too. That was her in the 'bus, and the little girl was my cousin Lillian."

"Do you know what time the funeral was to be, May-Belle?"

"Yes, sir, 11:45 a. m. I know, 'cause we was late, and father was worried and kept looking at his watch all the time. I guess that's how they came to leave me behind; they was in such a hurry. I wish't I was like Lillian; she never gits in trouble—she always goes along with the crowd. But me, I'm just always in a peck o' trouble."

"How old are you, May-Belle?"

"Me, I'm eight. I guess you are goin' to say it—everybody does—I'm small for my age. Lillian's big for hers. My hair's straight and she has such pretty curls. I just love 'em. But I'm pretty fair in school anyways; I'm ahead of Lillian, only she don't like learnin', and I do. The teacher says I must keep it up; she is a fine teacher and she is real interested in me. I'm glad, because I just think a heap o' her, and no one else bothers about me much. My aunt can only see Lillian, and says all the time I'd ought to be glad to be here on this earth at all. They never did think they'd raise me up, she says; seems like I was such a

delicate baby. My father is always quiet and thinkin'. I guess he thinks about my mother; I do too. I wish't she hadn't died; my aunt's alright—but you know it ain't like a mother."

I listened gravely, inwardly moved by the commonplace little history, yet drinking in the quaint, trustful little face upturned to mine, rather more than the actual words. I was also making mental calculations as to what best to do in a case like this. I could, of course, call up the police and relinquish the child to their care. In any case I knew very well it was the proper thing to do; but since Fate had driven the child into my hands, I felt no inclination to give her up so swiftly. I wanted first to see the light of truly childlike enjoyment dawn in that little face from a full measure of delight of my own planning, as I felt quite certain the child was on my hands for some hours to come.

"Where did you hail from to-day? Where is your home?"

"We live at the lodge at the Crocketts down to Homestead, the other side of San Mateo. They're awful rich folks. My father and my uncle works for them, and my aunt does some washing and helps up at the great house when they have extra company. The young lady, she's grand, though. She dresses lovely; I like to look at her. Sometimes I wish I was like that, but when I get thinkin' 'bout that there story of Cinderella in my readin' book, it seems to me I might be like that some day."

"And so you might," I said heartily. "And anyways we will have an adventure now; I never go any place, May-Belle, without an adventure, so we will have to share this. You see, my child, you can't reach your people now, nor they you—not for several hours at least. At all events," I added to myself, "at all events a funeral is not a very cheerful place to take a child like you. Come along with me, if you are not afraid, and we will have a fine lunch together, and afterwards go out to the park. Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes, sir—I will, sir. I ain't never been to them places, but I'd like to go. I liked you back there in the 'bus; you had a nice gentlemanly look like some of them visitors at the great house. But, oh dear! What will my folks say—what will they do when they find I ain't along! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My father will be more worried than ever and my Aunt Lura will say: 'What can you expect of May-Belle,' and it just makes me sick to think I didn't stick by them. If I get awful punished it will serve me right. What if I hadn't found you! I never thought of that. I wasn't so scared and all before, but when I think o' that, if I hadn't found you I'd be here all alone"—and the awfulness of that situation overcame her. She put her hands up to her eyes and the coalscuttle bonnet shook with the stress of her sobs.

"Come, come now, child. You are in good hands; I'll see after you alright. We'll fix it up with your folks. Come, dry your eyes and we'll have a nice holiday. I am a school-teacher, but I am not busy to-day, so I'll take you all around with me."

By slow progress we had reached a telephone booth, and by slow progress, mentally, I had arrived at two conclusions. One, that the dreary police station was out of the question in my mind for this child of tender years. Two, that I would tell my friend in Berkeley that I couldn't make it for lunch. As I finished telephoning this message a bright idea occurred to me. I seized my morning paper, turned eagerly to the death notices and scanned its columns. There it was: Johanna Elspeth Johannssen, nee Christenssen—etc. from the family home, etc.—Alameda, California. Very well. I turned to the telephone booth and searched Alameda. Oh, blessed day of efficiency, they had a 'phone! The family had just arrived, but, thrice blessed credulity of country folk, they took me in good faith, seemed agreed May-Belle was in trustworthy hands and made an appointment with me to meet them at half-past five at Fifth and Market

street, where they would take the 'bus. I hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief, and for the rest abandoned myself to Fate and the enjoyment of a happy day.

May-Belle and I wandered forth and went to Townsend's for lunch. I scarcely ate, myself, but sat back and enjoyed her enjoyment, and wondered at myself—wanderer, bachelor, half-cynic, half-philosopher—having a regular parental time with my one little chick, and quite fancying myself in the role of father, although blushing to my ears at the thought. For a second time the strange feeling came over me, that something important would grow out of all this, and I wondered what Fate had in store for me.

I chose Townsend's deliberately, partly because I felt I would scarcely find any one I knew there, at that hour, but chiefly because I felt it would live up to May-Belle's idea of the grand, with its many graceful lights, the brocaded walls and mahogany woodwork with its piano polish, the glass topped tables and delectable dainties—its bevy of boarding school misses in pretty frocks, its throng of well-dressed shoppers, and I guess I hit it right, judging from one small person's capacity and the dance in her eyes.

Then I bundled my small chick out to Golden Gate Park—and what a day! I was indefatigable, and each new turn of the day met with the same delightful enthusiasm on the part of May-Belle. I felt like a boy—bought peanuts and popcorn, cornucopias and molasses candy—held a sticky, tiny hand, blissfully disregarding the fact that mine would become sticky, too; I took off my hat and carried it in my hand, even asked people how old their children were—went to such lengths as to ride on the merry-go-round; rowed her on Stow Lake, fed the animals, took her donkey back. In fact, for one brief day at least I out rivaled the wonders of Cinderella for May-Belle.

But all good things come to an end, alas! and we headed finally for downtown. Every now and again the eager little face turned to mine, smiling gratefully, and I returned the look with one of perfect understanding. By and by the eager eyes grew dreamy, and saw the city, that had earlier been so enthralling, through a mist. When the stalwart conductor bawled out "Fifth and Market" it was a sleeping child that I gathered tenderly into my arms, and many thoughts came and went as I strode that short quarter of a block through the home going throngs. The family was easily found gathered at the corner, peering anxiously up and down the street, and they soon caught sight of me. There was an onslaught and a babel of voices—but the tired child slept on.

"Come now," I said, "let me explain. Don't scold her, the poor child has had a lovely day. She is a dear little thing, and she is very tired. It was merely a question of getting lost; she is sorry, so don't reproach her. We were children once ourselves, you know. We've had a wonderful day together and it has done me no end of good. I envy you, sir; should like to have a daughter myself—but come, now—your 'bus is starting, and remember, you are not to scold her. No, no, don't wake her, she has thanked me sufficiently as it is, more than enough. Good-bye—and tell May-Belle I shall be down to see her soon. Good-bye, sir. Oh, no, that is alright, sir—oh, no, sir, I thank you for your trust in me—no that is alright, sir—good-bye!"

I hied me forlornly back to my boarding house. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly sorry I was a bachelor; sorry no sweet-faced, sweet-voiced wife met me at the door, that no child of mine ran to greet me, to throw its little arms about my neck. I slung my hat up on the elks-horn in the hall and went disconsolately into the dining room. Same old China boy waiting on the table, same old white-haired ladies sitting at the table gabbling over some stupidity—same little music teacher directly across the way with her crown of chestnut braids, her erect figure and merry face. The

same? But no—over my plate of soup I gazed into the eyes of the music teacher, and good heavens! they were grey-green and like May-Belle's, only larger and sweeter and graver and more worldly and more beautiful. I felt very oddly. I had known the little music teacher a long time, a very long time; we were sort of pals; I had never looked for her, never missed her—just kind of taken her for granted. But, good Lord! I knew now—I loved her!

Once more I looked back across the years, to the face that had been mirrored in my heart so long, and in comparison to the face before me, it was little better than a soap advertisement or an expensive valentine, nor held it the vivid face of the little May-Belle. It was outrivaled entirely, completely by the little music teacher across the table!

When she left the dining room with great dignity after the constrained silence that must have followed my revelation of feeling, I went in hot pursuit and found her at the piano playing softly in the dusk in the big best parlor.

"Violet—Violet Richards—I love you," catching both of her hands in mine.

"And you—George Cedric—I love you, too."

"Since when," I gasped.

"Oh, forever and ever," she said, whimsically, and you——"

"I think I have loved you always, but to-day I found a little child; there was something about her, it just got me! And when I looked at you this evening, you held me with her eyes—only lovelier, Violet—far lovelier," and I sighed in utter content.

"Fancy you—a confirmed old bachelor—making love!" and Violet broke down and laughed. Then she reached up her arms, pulled me down to her, kissed me and whispered something in my ear.

"I saw you—at Townsend's—and I trailed you—to Golden Gate Park. I was almost jealous, but I'm not—any more."

"At Townsend's—you! At Golden Gate Park—you! Well, I'll be——! Never mind! I'll never go on an adventure again without you—my Violet!"

REVERBERATION

At nightfall when a-down the west the sun is gone,
And gold-tipped clouds alone diffuse the mellow light,
My thoughts like night moths wafted on the evening winds
Flit through the shadows deep, and love, to you take flight.

Then in the enchantment of the silent night and hour,
When through the leaves above, the glistening moonbeams fall,
I seem for one brief moment to behold your face
And in the mystery of the silence hear you call.

Your voice renews again the full song of the thrush,
The vanished glories of the day, the sunset skies,
And all the sweetness of the long-sped hours that were,
I sense again deep in the heaven of your eyes.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



(Marble statue by Evelyn Beatrice Longman in the colonnade in front of the Fine Arts Building at the P. P. I. E. Won silver medal.)

L'Amour

By Stanton Elliott

The love in my heart is the spirit of truth,
The voice of the song you inspire,
Eternity's sigh for eternity's youth,
The symbol of life in desire.

The love in my heart is the breath of the morn,
The joy of the springtide of love,
The kiss of the dew and the spell in the dawn
With the depth in the heavens above.

Pathfinders of '49

By Mrs. Alfred Irby

IN 1849, at the beginning of the gold fever, a party of three hundred persons organized at San Antonio, Texas, for the purpose of making the first overland trip from Texas to California.

When about one hundred miles on their way, cholera broke out in camp, general dissatisfaction and dissension arose, and the company disbanded.

Out of this number twelve young men determined to make the trip alone —and Benjamin F. Irby, who, when only twenty years of age, had served as captain in a regiment of volunteers in the Mexican War of 1846-8, was chosen leader of the expedition. Captain Irby, his two brothers, William and Charles, and nine other companions, with three four-mule teams, began this long journey of thirteen months' duration.

It was a most venturesome and perilous undertaking. How hazardous they themselves did not realize until after it was finished. Few in numbers, the country over which they traveled was practically unknown and uninhabited, except by Indians, most of whom were unfriendly. Their equipment was limited, and provisions for themselves and feed for their teams, difficult to obtain; great scarcity of water, owing to many desert places, and they not knowing, like the natives, to dig only a few inches below the surface would procure them all that was needed. Many mountainous regions, too, swerved them from a direct course —and having no guide, save a compass, they often lost their way or were forced to rest their teams for days. They were able to travel only a few miles each day, and the hardships and privations were so many and complex that they must have turned back, except for their own undaunted courage and intrepid spirit.

The route taken by Captain Irby led them via the old San Saba mission, the head of Devil's river, across the Pecos at Horsehead crossing (so named by them because of a horse's head found there), through Fort Stockton to El Paso. Passing over one corner of New Mexico, they entered Arizona. Then traveling northwest, they crossed the Gila river, through Arizona over the Colorado river, into California. There they headed for Stockton, their destination.

The route they took through California is almost identically the one followed by the Santa Fe railroad to-day, except that they crossed the Stanislaus river at the old Dent-Valentine ferry.

A little dog made the entire trip with them. Disappearing through the day, she always came into camp sometime in the night, for she was there every morning when they arose. She must have traveled after sunset, and rested during the heat of the day.

The first incident of particular interest occurred when the party reached the Pecos river. Finding high water, they were delayed by corking their wagon beds for carrying their equipment and running gear. While thus busily engaged, Yuma Indians in great numbers came down the river, floating with blocks of wood under their chins. After floating the wagons over and swimming their teams, the white men found themselves surrounded by some thousand or fifteen hundred of these Indians, who seemed disposed to refuse them further advance in their territory.

Captain Irby, knowing from experi-

ence the disposition of the Indians and the latter's inherent love for liquor and its pernicious effect upon the aborigine, had ordered at the beginning of the expedition that there should be absolutely no traffic in liquor while en route.

It happened that a Scotchman, by the name of Burns, admiring a little black pony belonging to one of the Indians, offered him a pint of whiskey for the animal. The trade was made quickly. The Indian strapped the whiskey on himself and handed over the pony to Burns. But the Scotchman happening to turn his head, the Indian quick as a flash mounted the pony and off he went—pony, whiskey and all—amid the shoutings and laughter of the Indians.

The indignation of Captain Irby, at such disobedience of orders, and his alarm, because of troubles that might ensue, were so extreme, that Burns barely escaped being shot.

After holding the party as tentative prisoners for three or four days, and annoying them in various ways, the Indians finally constructed a wall of chaparral brush around the camp. This wall remained intact for twenty-four hours. Then William Irby ordered camp broken, and the teams harnessed. The white men deliberately shoved aside sufficient brush for the wagons to pass. Whether this action aroused the fear of the Indians, or their admiration for the white man's courage, Irby never knew, but surprising as it was, the party was allowed to depart.

A pleasant break in the hot, tiresome journey was their stay at Fort Stockton, Tex., where they rested and refreshed themselves and their teams for several days. Many times before reaching Fort Stockton, and after leaving, they almost perished from thirst. When the heat was excessive and the water supply low, Captain Irby, with two or three volunteers, would travel in advance of the wagons to locate water and also suitable places for camping. One day they discovered a small seepe spring, and having hollowed out a cavity in the sand large enough to form quite a pool, Captain Irby sent the others back as guides. While sitting there alone, a famished wolf came to the spring and drank feverishly. If the animal ever noticed his presence it gave no sign, but after resting a few moments, loped away.

On one occasion, when no water could be found and the tongues of some of the party were swollen out of their mouths, this same search party, though almost hopeless, set out again.

After searching for hours they at last came to a small but most beautiful stream, with willow trees, grass and rushes growing on the banks. Gratefully drinking all they dared, some of them hastened back to carry the good news. Before they had gone half way, they met the teams running toward them. The horses and mules had become unmanageable from scenting the water, and the drivers were obliged to unharness and let run to the water. Upon reaching the stream, the mules seemed beside themselves with excitement; plunging into the water they drank and rolled over and over. Soon they were driven back to the wagons and those who had been so prostrated, but were now revived from the full canteens of the rescue party. The party camped in this oasis in the desert until their strength and spirits were fully recovered.

That evening, when their first meal was almost ready, an old Indian and two young bucks suddenly appeared in the camp. This caused some little excitement, and the discussion was lively as to whether they were friendly or advance spies of some marauding band. Captain Irby advised that a friendly reception be given them. Accordingly the Indians were invited to supper. At bed time they were given two pairs of the best Mexican blankets for beds. No guard was placed for the night, but all retired and slept until daylight. On arising, the white men found their guests still soundly sleeping.

After an hour or more, when breakfast was ready, the Indians were

aroused and invited to eat. Breakfast over, they sat around smoking their pipes, the Indians seemingly partaking of it all with quiet enjoyment. Soon they arose, grunted and disappeared. They did not "fold their tents, like the Arabs," but they as silently stole away. Evidently they were lost, tired and hungry and came to receive aid.

Just before reaching the Gila river in Arizona, the party was unquestionably spied upon by Indian scouts. Later they were met by three or four hundred mounted Indians. The chief dismounting, gave each man a handshake of welcome, placed an escort on either side of the wagons, formed in double file, himself and sub-chief riding at the head. In this manner they conducted the white men in great state to their village in the valley of the Gila river, where they were given good camping grounds and every courtesy paid them.

These Indians were semi-civilized, having a pleasant village, large flocks of sheep and goats, and irrigated farms on which they raised fine barley and other products. Thanks to the teaching of the Jesuits, speaking Spanish fairly well.

The young Indians were continually at the camp, talking, laughing and begging the men to play "Monte"—a favorite gambling game among the Indians, learned from the Mexicans.

The party remained in the village two weeks, recuperating and laying in a supply of mutton and kid for themselves and barley for their teams.

In this locality they first saw the Gila monster, which seems to be indigenous to this valley. Never having heard of it, they called it the dry-land alligator.

In this desert portion of Arizona they were again threatened with water scarcity, and again sent advance scouts to locate water ahead. Captain Irby was one of three. After wandering in a westerly direction, they came to an old mission, where water was plentiful. Hastily constructing a makeshift ladder, the scouts climbed to the belfry and rang the old bell to attract the attention of the others.

After supper the party began an examination of the old mission. They found the door still intact, as though it had not been disturbed for centuries. At last the fastenings gave way and the rays of the Western sun flooded through the open door, and they beheld, seated at table, Christ and His twelve apostles, partaking of The Last Supper. It was a most awe-inspiring sight. Reverently raising their hats they bowed their heads. These figures were only statuary, left by the Jesuit missionaries, but the impression they made upon these young men was never eradicated.

One day, when the party was spent and discouraged from having been forced out of their way by the trend of the country for miles, a number of Indians galloped up and made themselves very obnoxious. The man, driving the lead team, became so infuriated at one of the Indians bent on frightening the mules in order to overturn the wagon, that he shot him. The party expected to be massacred instantly, but the Indians apparently feared a fight, and disappeared.

Several days later the members reached that wonder land, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. No one in the company had ever heard of this marvel of nature, and they traveled down its long stretch for miles and miles without knowing what it was or where they were. Going around a bend in the Canyon, late one afternoon, an Indian suddenly sprang from behind a rock, shooting and mortally wounding the man, who more than a week before had killed the Indian. No one else was harmed.

At last the leaders discovered a crossing on the Colorado river, and passed over into California. A tedious journey was yet before them, but one not fraught with quite so many unforseen dangers.

The first white women they saw after leaving El Paso, Texas, were at a hacienda some fifty or sixty miles south of Stockton, California. Captain Irby had gone to this hacienda to con-

sult the old Don regarding the route to take, and while discussing the matter he heard hearty laughter. Turning suddenly, he saw two Spanish girls looking at him through the barred windows, seemingly very much amused. He must have presented a somewhat ludicrous appearance, being hot, tired and dusty, with hair unkempt and beard reaching almost to his waist. Not one of the young men had shaved since leaving San Antonio.

When the party reached Stockton, they were practically worn out. Being young and enthusiastic, however, they quickly recuperated, and plunged with zest into their new surroundings in endeavors to make their fortunes in the new Eldorado.

The Irby brothers remained in California four years; then the longing for home overcame them, and they returned. Taking boat at San Francisco they landed at the city of Panama on the Pacific Coast of the Isthmus.

The morning after reaching Panama, hundreds of mules were drawn up before the hotel, to furnish the miners the only means of transportation across the Isthmus.

The price which they demanded was so exorbitant that many made the journey on foot over the trail through the tropical forest to Colon on the Atlantic Ocean, some fifty miles.

Captain Irby and his brothers deciding that they had endured enough hardships, accepted the prices charged for the mules, and set off. On the way they overtook, at intervals, the weary and footsore travelers sitting by the wayside, regretting they had not paid the price for the services of the extra mules the muleteers had been clever enough to bring along.

After reaching Aspinwall, now called Colon, on the Atlantic Coast, they took boat via Havana to New Orleans, where all the gold they brought back with them was coined. Then on to Texas!

Captain Ben and Charles Irby married soon after, both raising families; but William, on his return, finding that during his absence his sweetheart had married, remained a bachelor.

The old rifle, pistol and compass that Captain Irby carried on this expedition are still carefully preserved as precious relics by the family.

The three Irby brothers were partners as long as they lived, and it was the delight of many to listen to their tales of Western adventures and other interesting experiences recounted by these early pioneers of the West.

THE SUPREME TRAGEDY

No maiming, no dark crime, no misery
Is final, irrecoverable Loss;
Not even Death, crowned by black plumes a-toss,
May claim the fatal name of Tragedy.
What frightens flesh, and bends th' defiant knee,
May be a Savior's shadow—not the Cross—
His arms outstretched, that when the failing dross
Fails utterly, the Spirit, caught, is free.
But one thing, absolute and isolate,
Impersonal as law, more merciless
Than barbarous hordes, mad and insatiate—
This thing's the Vacuum of the storm-and-stress,
When, matter-ridden, blind, beyond all plea,
The Soul denies its own reality.

ARTHUR POWELL.

Via the Straits of Magellan

By James W. Milne

(Being an Account of a Voyage Taken by the Writer on a Tramp Steamer)

NOW that the Panama Canal is an accomplished fact, and trade routes are rapidly changing to readjust themselves to the new lanes which will be established when the Great Waterway has been fully put into operation, many picturesque and romantic byways of travel will be abandoned, to the regret of only a few perhaps of the hosts of people who go down to the sea in ships. One of these byways to sink into oblivion will be the route from the West Coast of the American Continent through the Straits of Magellan—across the Atlantic to Europe.

And although I am heartily glad that the Canal is finished, having had the extreme honor to have participated in its fulfillment, even though in a small way, I am also saddened at the thought that this spot on the world's surface will be practically devoid of shipping in a short time.

The substance and object of this article is to recall as near as possible the adventures which befell me on a trip through these bleak, desolate, but wholly alluring and fascinating regions.

En avant—I was only a young fellow at the time, but I had circumnavigated the globe once already, and had in a great measure satisfied the wanderlust which had started me out on a long, long voyage—to ports unknown a year before.

I had left an English windjammer in Portland, Ore., and after several months of work ashore, none of which had been to my fancy, I again began to feel the gnawings of desire to see again the haunts of my childhood—to wit, the fisherfolk and schooners of Long Wharf, in Boston.

So when the chance came to ship before the mast in an American tramp steamer bound round to New York, you, my gentle reader, can readily judge that I was not long in getting my dunnage, which in sailor's parlance means clothing, on board.

This ship was one of the few flying the Stars and Stripes engaged in foreign trade on the Pacific Coast. She had been under charter to a Seattle firm, and upon the expiration of the said charter, her owners had fixed a cargo of wheat and barley for New York for her, hence the voyage I shall endeavor to narrate.

I am not much of a story writer, but will crave the reader's indulgence, and will endeavor to tell my tale in as clear language as is at my command. We left Portland late in November, when the weather had begun to get nasty and wet, and loaded to the hatches and deep in the water we started down the Columbia and to sea.

Arriving at Astoria, we found that a gale had been blowing for the best part of a week from the southwest, so we had perforce to wait until the bar had somewhat abated before starting to sea. As it was, we bumped her rather heavily in the passage over, and had trouble later—but I am getting ahead of my tale.

Astoria lies some five or six miles from the bar on the northern bank of the river: built on piling for the first two or three blocks, the town runs along the bottom of a steep hill, and as development can be made in one direction only, lengthwise, Astoria is conse-

quently rather stretched, if I may be permitted to use such a term.

A strong tide runs in and out of the mouth of the river, making the bar at low water no nice piece to negotiate.

On the south side the government has erected at enormous cost a jetty extending seven miles out to sea, and as strongly as it is built, it is constantly being washed away by the fury of the winter gales. Ships have to wait three and four days at a time, and notwithstanding the precautions taken many a brave ship is bleaching her bones on the lonely coast to the southward of Cape Disappointment.

Right here while we are waiting for weather conditions to change so that we can get to sea, perhaps it would not be out of place to make some mention of my shipmates, these men who would have to stand for another's whims and fancies in the close confinement of shipboard for close on three months. November is always a hard time to get real sailors in Portland and Puget Sound ports. The weather is too severe to permit the beachcomber to linger long; the fishermen had all outfitted and left for the north, so we had a very nondescript gathering on board, made up principally of recruits from the farms and hop fields, with a sprinkling of the city tough and wharf rat. Truthfully, besides myself and the bosun there were only two men on our side who knew how to steer, while on the engineroom side, or the black squad, as it is sometimes picturesquely called, there was a still greater deficiency of capable men. A stunted Irishman who had grown up in a tramp steamer engineroom, and a big Swede with socialistic tendencies, which he was not a bit careful to conceal, formed the piece de resistance of the material supplied by the shipping master of Portland to take this valuable piece of property to New York.

Dirty and ragged for the most part, their bodies undermined by long spells of wrong living, poor food and bad whisky, we had a great time getting these dregs of humanity's cup into presentable shape. But a few weeks at sea, with good food and regular hours and lots of hard work will do wonders —so we had quite a creditable looking lot of fellows on board when we tied her up in New York.

We got to sea after a period of waiting, and started on the long grind down through the two Pacifics, seeing no ships and sighting no land, we seemed truly to be the only living things upon that wide waste of waters.

Things settle themselves down quickly to routine duty on a ship of this kind; the men do their alloted tasks and seek the poor comfort of their bunks as soon as they can get away from the vigilant eye of the bosun; and so not having anything in common with any of them, I spent most of my spare time up on deck. I reveled in the ever changing scene; I loved the low, dark clouds, the sharp, cold wind and the dumb, grey seas of the northern latitudes, leaving them with a regret which quickly turned into joy as she moved along into the high, blue heavens, fleecy white clouds, and strong, warm trade winds of the tropics.

There was always something of interest to me, a lonely sea-gull, perhaps, would keep company with us for a little while, seeming to make no effort to keep up with the ship, and keeping always a watchful eye on the galley door for such scraps as might happen along his way.

Or at night, perhaps, when I would relieve the wheel at two o'clock for two hours, a sense of my own smallness would come to me as I turned the wheel and watched that the ship kept on the alloted course on the shaded compass.

One is practically alone with the world, the officer of the watch is away up in the corner of the bridge, coming occasionally to peer into the compass to see whether she is being kept on her course, and then relapsing into semi-obscurity again. After a while, when one gets used to the way the ship is steering and constant watching is not necessary, one looks out ahead over the top of the binnacle and the horizon

seems many, many miles away; all around is the same sense of untold distances, the ship is only a wierd, jumbled mass, and perhaps you can make out the dim figure of your partner in this graveyard watch pacing back and forward on the forecastle head, keeping a look out; the roar of the water at the forefoot comes to you strangely quieted through the night, and the noises from the engine room skylight behind you only accentuate the other, greater stillness around you. Oh, yes, I have experienced the wonders of a tropical night, and such magic exists nowhere else in the world.

The long run down was not without its exciting moments, the mate and second mate got into an argument when the ship had gotten well into the tropics. Sleeping in the rooms alloted to the second and third officers was not very comfortable on account of their size and location so near the engine room, so the second mate had procured enough canvas and small stuff from the bosun to make a hammock. The mate did not know anything about this until the second had completed his task and was reposing peacefully in his hammock one morning when the mate happened along on his inspection. Then the fireworks went off in good shape. The mate woke the sleeping officer up, and started to read the second a long lesson upon the subject of willful waste making woful want, to which the second listened with due attention until the mate got a little too acid in his remarks, or said something about Mac's forefathers or something; anyhow, he threw six feet of outraged Scot at the mate's head, and in a little less than a minute the mate had a beautiful black eye and had called all bets off and retired to the seclusion of his own room to ruminate upon the uncertainties of a seaman's life.

Such little differences, and a growing discontent started forward by the big Swede fireman about the food we were getting, helped to pass the time for us until one morning at eight bells (eight o'clock), the man coming from the wheel reported that the course had been changed several degrees to the eastward. That could mean only one thing, of course, that we were getting close to our first coaling station at Coronel in Southern Chile.

And sure enough, during the middle watch the lookout saw a light ahead. The captain was called and he ordered slow speed until daylight. When day came it found us off the open roadstead of the most southerly town on the west coast of South America.

We were very soon anchored, and after breakfast we moved to another part of the bay and made fast to a buoy.

Coronel is like every other Latin-American city, long, low, red roofed houses, with cracked white plaster walls, form the main plan of the city, relieved here and there by a more pretentious brick or concrete building. Narrow streets with foolish little sidewalks where two people can scarcely pass each other, and the inevitable plaza and cathedral.

There are many consulates here, —practically every nation in the world that has any foreign trade at all maintains a consulate, and the effect of the different flags flying always tends to make the general appearance of this obscure town one of perpetual festivity.

The inhabitants for the most part work at the wharf or in the mines, getting the coal out for the ships, while a few work in the nitre pits a few miles to the south of the town.

The men are small in stature and wear cheap cotton garments, and the women the inevitable mantilla of black material.

There were a number of ships in the anchorage, all busily engaged in taking on coal to pursue their way on the last leg of their long journeys from Europe to Australia, Japan and some to California and the nitre ports of Chile.

One little adventure befell me while ashore at Coronel which may be of interest to the reader, and that was my stay over-night in the city quartel, or

jail. I had gone ashore right after dinner, and after rambling about for a few hours I had exhausted my interest in the place, and was just contemplating a return to the ship, when on turning a corner of a side street I ran into a few of my shipmates just coming out of a cantina, or saloon.

They naturally insisted that I go with them, and any one who understands the freemasonry of the sea knows that it is the biggest insult that one could offer a sailor—to refuse to drink with him. So I went along to the next cantina, where there were a few more of our fellows engaged in a lively altercation with some men from a British tramp called the "Fitzpatrick."

They were arguing over the question that is so near to the hearts of all people who have red blood in their veins, and that was the disappearance of our flag from the seas of commerce. The argument grew stronger as the wine took possession of their minds, and soon all hands were mixed up in as bad a rough and tumble as it has ever been my lot to witness. We didn't fight very long, however. The cantinero ran out into the street blowing a whistle, and very soon it seemed that the whole police force of Coronel was advancing upon that cantina on a dead run. They stopped the racket and marched us off to the quartel. We were booked on a sweeping charge of disturbing the peace and then thrown into a small cell in the rear of the building.

There were seven of us and about ten on the other side, and we were all herded into the one cell, which was about ten or twelve feet square. One does not have to have a very vivid imagination to realize what the state of that cell was the next morning when we saw the kindly face of our skipper at the grating in the door. He gave us a lecture upon the evident result of over-indulgence in the wine (and especially the brand Coronel) when it was running too redly, ending up with the consoling news that we would have to sign over ten of our hard earned dollars to the Chief of Police if we did not want to spend the rest of our days far away from our native heath.

We slipped the buoy that same evening just as a blood red sun was dipping into the western sea, and started out to make a short passage to the Straits, but we soon found that Dame Nature was going to take a hand in the game, and early, too, for that same night we suddenly found ourselves in a smother of foam with the wind undecided as to what quarter to come from, and settling down into a real blow from the Southwest.

To one who has never experienced a real gale of wind at sea, the experience is terrible; the great seas that seem to come up from nowhere threaten to engulf the ship entirely, and as the new recruit watches her bury her whole head and forepart into a green sea, he is absolutely sure that she will never emerge from it again, but continue headlong to the bottom of the sea. For three days she bucked this wind and sea, taking great combers over the bows and hurling them against the deckhouse with incredible force.

The evening of the fourth day, when the wind had abated somewhat and the sea was not breaking so heavily, we carried the steering gear away, and as the ship fell into the trough of the sea, she shipped one of those long green quiet seas over the whole length of her.

After she emerged from under the tons of water which fell on deck, we saw that she did not look the same; two boats had gone from the lee side, and a lot of the railing and every movable thing on deck had been swept overboard. We had the steering gear rigged in a hurry, and proceeded under half speed for the rest of that day and night. Just as day was breaking, we saw the coastline ahead making in places where the murk was not too thick, and soon right ahead we sighted the lonely pile of black rock which is called Cape Pillow on the charts, and which marks the western entrance to the straits themselves.

We changed course a little to pass

close, for there is plenty of water, to get a good slant at the entrance, some two miles distant. As soon as we passed the rock, we began to look for the opening, but even my practiced eye could not discern anything which looked like a break in the high, rugged coastline ahead, big enough to admit us, and many questioning glances were cast toward the bridge, where the captain was standing close to the man at the wheel, but as he had been through the straits before, we had confidence. Our patience was at last rewarded, for when it seemed that the ship was doomed to almost certain destruction, and we were beginning to draw away from the bows in anticipation of the shock, we heard the order passed to the helmsman, loud and clear, "Hard-a-port." We turned to look forward again, and saw that we were swinging to the right and into a gorge which we couldn't see before. As we passed into the opening, still rolling heavily, the roar of water at our bows was echoed back from the high walls till it became almost deafening.

Soon the order came to steady helm, and the ship stopped her wild swing and with one final roll deep down one side, and then the other, which seemed to be almost like a sigh of relief, she settled down to the business of getting through the straits.

We found ourselves in a narrow channel perhaps one hundred yards wide, with high black rocks on either side rising almost perpendicularly to a height considerably higher than the mastheads, blue-black water underneath, no vegetation whatever, and the silence of centuries of death hanging over all like a pall; only a great white albatross, sailing close to the water on his slender pinions and seeming to fit in with the general scheme of utter aloofness and solitude.

The channel does not stay straight for long, and soon we were steering round all sorts of little points, opening up new gorges, going right up to the solid rock wall until only a few feet seemed to separate us, when the same old command to the helmsman, the same old answer and the same old swing would take us out into another little stretch of clear water.

There is a part of the straits called the Narrows, which, if not passed before dark, is not attempted that day; ships anchor a few miles to the westward of it and wait. The channel is too crooked, the current is too strong and tricky for any one to try to negotiate without plenty of light. There was quite a lot of conjecture onboard as to whether we would have to wait or not, but we had the longest day in the whole year, and the current with us, so we got the best of old Father Time by a small margin and did not have to stop.

After leaving the Narrows, the topography of the country gradually assumes a less severe appearance. The high, cold looking, rock-bound cliffs give place to low-lying sandspits and small islands.

I did not stay on deck during the whole thirty hours of the run through the Straits, but sought the cold comfort of my bunk, after the two main objects of interest were past, namely, the Narrows and Smith's Glacier.

This magnificent green wall of ice, which we saw stretching for miles away into the interior on our port hand started from the water's edge in a sort of ravine, which it completely filled, was about two miles long where it started, getting thinner as it extended back into the hills like a gigantic snake, is the most impressive bit of scenery along the waterway, and one which lasts longest in the memory.

Another thing that attracted my attention was the great echoing qualities of the more narrow passes. The roar of the water at the forefoot was at times almost deafening, and when we saluted a passing German steamer bound to the Pacific, our whistle sounded like a thousand cannons turned loose in a church.

When I got my call at a quarter to six I lost no time turning out. I had to relieve the wheel promptly at six, and I wanted to have a look around first. To my surprise, I found an en-

tirely different world to the one I had left on going below at one o'clock. High, dark, forbidding rocks had disappeared, and we were proceeding along in smooth blue waters with an occasional island and knoll ahead.

About seven bells (seven-thirty) we saw the red roofs and white walls of Punta Arenas, the most southerly town on the face of the globe. We did not linger long, only to take on a pilot and to display our name and number so that a cable advice could be sent to our owners of our safe arrival. In those days the wireless had not become the living thing it now is, and ship captains took advantage of every chance to acquaint their owners with their whereabouts.

The pilot's name was MacIntosh, and he talked with a burr; he also had a splendidly developed taste for whiskey, so he informed the skipper. He took us the rest of the way to the blue Atlantic and open water, leaving us a little way past the Virgin Islands.

I said farewell to that land of solitude and death with mixed feelings of regret and gladness; perhaps I would have been more sorry had I known that in all probability I would never see it again, for at the time of this writing the completion of the Canal was a matter of very hazy calculation, and known to only a few.

The rest of the voyage was without incident worth recording. We passed the fleet on its long way around the world, and dipped our ensign to the flagship, the last American ship that they encountered perhaps in all the miles they traveled till they got into home waters again.

We called at Monte Video on the River Plate, as it is called in this country, for coal, but we did not linger long enough to permit of a repetition of the Coronel affair, however, And also at St. Lucia, an island in the windward groupe of the West Indies. Only a few hours sufficed to give us enough coal to get to New York; the husky native women, carrying baskets weighing a hundred pounds, can fill a ship's bunkers in short order.

Only eleven days more and the long voyage would be over. We began to get out our shore clothes, which had lain in the bottom of our sea bags, for Jack forgets, when he gets to sea, that he will some day have to wear them again. And sadly in need of an airing were the majority of the outfits. Gradually the weather got colder; those who had been on the East Coast before began to look for the change of water when the ship should be in the Gulf Stream, and then bets as to the probable day of arrival, the hour even, were made. Then came the night when we saw the loom of the lights of Brooklyn, and early we were awakened by the roar of the anchor down the hawsepipe, and we found ourselves safely anchored inside Sandy Hook lightship, but with a thick fog completely shutting out all the shore.

Along toward noon the fog lifted a little, a pilot came aboard, and we started to heave up the anchor; we were busy doing this when of a sudden we heard the boom of a heavy whistle directly ahead, and immediately afterwards we saw the ship itself, the Lusitania, bearing down on us. Quickly the third officer jumped to the whistle; at the sound of our whistle the big ship seemed to hesitate and then slowly change her course and disappear into the fog in the direction of the Ambrose Channel.

We followed her up a little later, stopping at the Statue to get orders from a noisy little towboat to proceed to Erie Basin and tie up at Long Wharf. With much maneuvering we at last got her alongside and tied up, and the voyage was over at last.

I have wandered on some more and have been in some other queer places in the out of the way parts of the world, but will never forget the fascination of those leagues of death and desolation; and I will always be very grateful to a kind Providence which has once in my allotted space allowed me to experience and see the grim solitude and, too, the greatness of the forces of nature as they are set forth in the Straits of Magellan.











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BY EUGENE AMMON

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And curtains the pictures of day,
And the birds, the musicians, are silent,
And the crowds melt away;

Then when I'm alone in the quiet
Comes an artist in soft robes of mist
And carves me a new world of beauty
In beryl and amethyst.

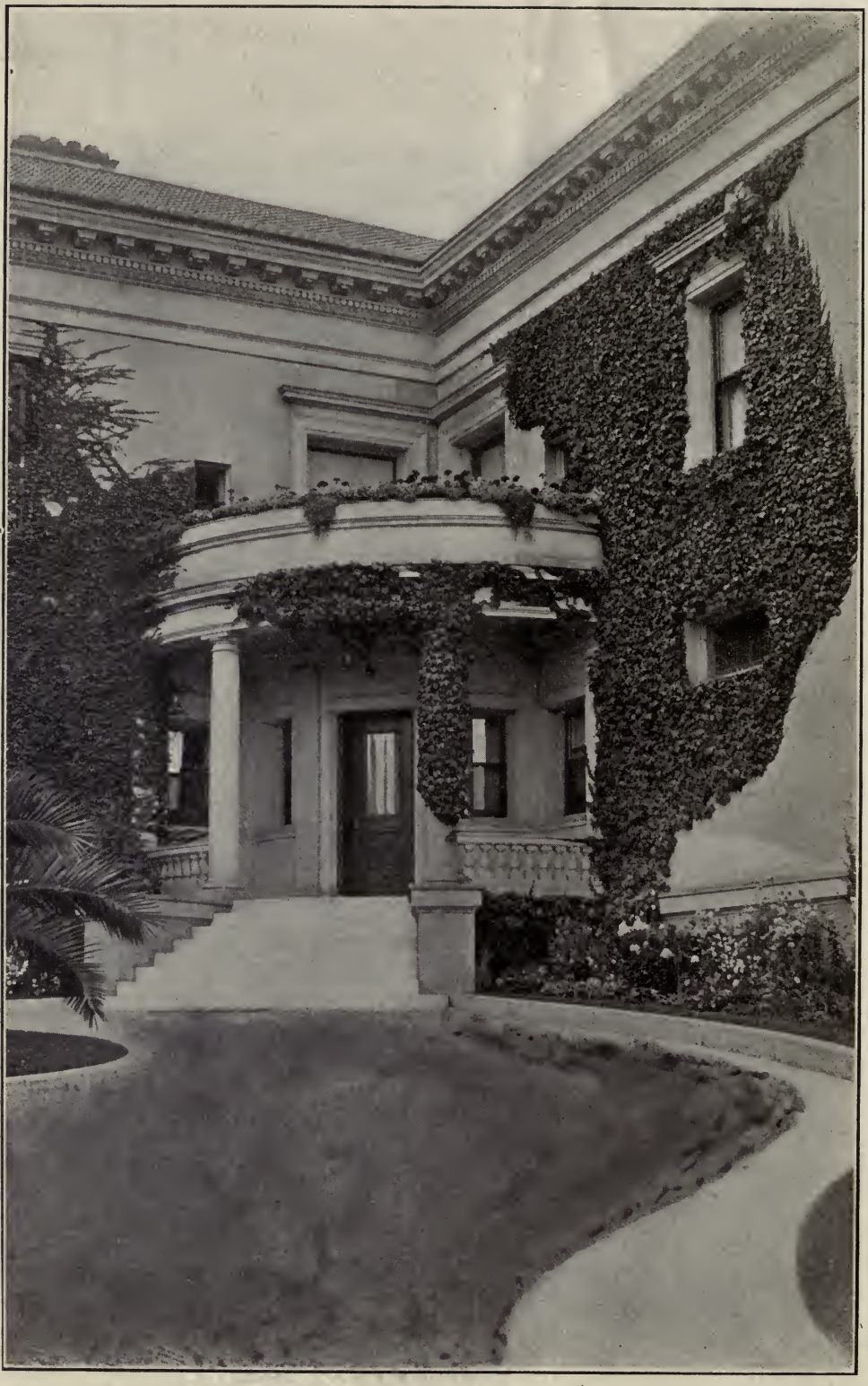


Looking down on Tiburon Point from Sausalito, a cove in north San Francisco Bay.

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A lonely cabin in the Muir redwoods, some twenty miles north of San Francisco.



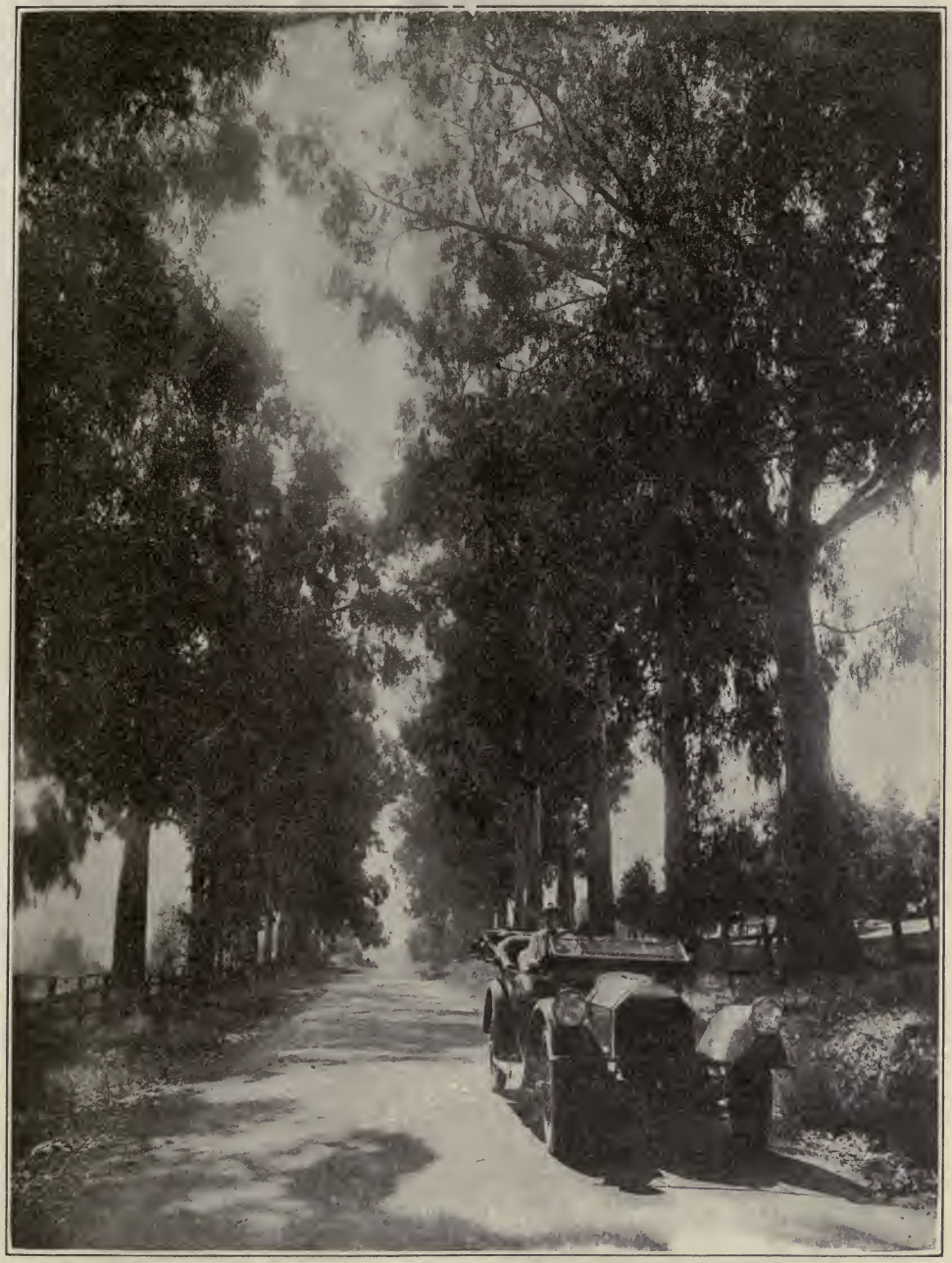
Auto entrance to the President's house, University of California.



End of a trail through a stately eucalyptus grove.



Entrance to the Chemistry Building, University of California.



Along an Alameda County road bordering the hills.



Reindeer used in hauling the game killed in a winter hunt.

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BRET HARTE

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A group of raw material at the Nome school. The teacher, Miss Edna Cameron is standing in the center.

Educating the Alaska Natives

By David Gove

THE RAPID spread of industrial education throughout the United States during the past decade has been of immense benefit to the rising generation. Perhaps not many people are aware that the national government is giving the native tribes in Alaska a system of industrial schooling that is equal if not ahead of many educational institutions in the States.

The first attempt to educate the Alaska natives was by a few isolated mission schools subsidized by the federal government. The missionary plan of teaching the northern natives was not altogether successful, and in 1890 the federal government formed a plan whereby the native schools in Alaska came under the Bureau of Education at Washington, D. C.

There are eighty native schools in Alaska managed by the Bureau of Education. These schools cover a far



Young Eskimos at work in the Kivalina school, Northern Alaska. These boys have had a good, ordinary education, and each owns from 30 to 70 reindeer. They live in comfortable circumstances, a fair comparison being the scale of the average farmer's son in the United States. (Photo by N. C. Shields.)

flung territory. Were a map of Alaska superimposed upon a map of the United States, the native schools in Alaska would be found upon twenty-one different States. The school farthest south is located upon the island of Atka in the Alution Islands, 52 degrees and 10 minutes N. lat., and lies closer to Japan than the United States. The school furthest north is at Point Barrow, 71 degrees 25 minutes N. lat. This is the northernmost school in the world, being over 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

The Bureau of Education has some very practical ideas as to what constitutes real education for the natives in the North. To give them an ordinary school education and turn them loose would be to hasten their downfall. So a system was inaugurated whereby the native schools in Alaska became more closely correlated with the needs of the communities in which they are situated.

When the government schools were started, the most that was expected from the natives was that they might be able to read and write a little and do some simple arithmetic. This was considered essential to help them in their intercourse with the traders who came to buy their furs. To-day the above summary is almost treated as a by-product. Industrial teaching, whereby the rules of hygiene are taught; the principles of co-operation; the economic handling of community problems; cooking schools for girls; district fairs; and the fundamental principles of civic government are now taught, and are regarded as indispensable to the education and welfare of the Alaska natives.

After running wild since the earliest of times and living in the most unsanitary habitations it is possible to conceive of, it is not to be wondered at that the northern natives never practiced any rules of hygiene. Therefore, one of the first things the teachers impress upon them when they come to school is personal cleanliness. Nor are the grown up men and women



An Eskimo school teacher with her pupils on a picnic.

overlooked. They are taught to eat the right food, to be moral and truthful in all dealings, and to keep their homes and surroundings in a clean and sanitary condition. In most of the native schools the government installed a bathroom to be used in connection with the regular school work.

Next in importance to the three R's, the natives are taught the methods of civic government. The Bureau of Education believes it is important that the children should become familiar with the system of election and the duties of officials. Once a week the school is declared a community and an election is held by the regular ballot system. A mayor is elected and a board of councilmen is chosen. The mayor's staff usually includes a peace officer and a health inspector.

Instruction in the conduct of municipal affairs begins when the pupils have passed the second reader. The mayor, who may be only twelve years of age, presides over the council meetings. Bills are introduced, discussed and voted upon. Woman suffrage is allowed and girls as well as boys vote and run for office. A bill to become a law must have the mayor's signature to it. It is then posted in a conspicuous place in the school-room. The aim of these council meetings is to teach the pupils to perform a duty. The duty of fireman, for instance, is to keep the schoolroom comfortable and to bank the fire in the stove for the night. The lamp-lighter sees that the lamps are filled and trimmed. Two girls are detained to sweep the floor of the school, to wipe the blackboard and to get water in the kitchen for cooking and washing purposes. Another citizen keeps a record of the weather and raises or takes down the flag. The idea of the school republic, as this system is called, is to bring home to the plastic mind of the youthful hyperboreans the fundamental principles of civic government.

So much has the method of civic government been taught to the natives in the schools of late years that the last territorial legislature at Juneau passed a bill authorizing the native tribes in Alaska to organize their villages into civic municipalities for the purpose of governing their local affairs. The bill gives them power to elect a mayor, a village council, a treasurer and a magistrate. For violations of the village ordinances, the magistrate is empowered to impose



The Mayor and Town Council at Kivalina. The native sitting at the left is the Mayor. The man in the center is the owner of 800 reindeer, valued at $20,000. Before these schools were instituted the natives were regarded as savages, with no wealth or industries.

(Photo by N. C. Shields.)

fines to the extent of twenty dollars, or imprisonment in the village jail not to exceed five days.

In the native schools in Alaska a furnished kitchen is provided where girls are instructed in the culinary arts. For many years the Alaska natives lived upon poorly cooked food, and much sickness was the result. When the gold rush came and scattered thousands of argonauts over the territory, the natives naturally took to eating the white man's food. Having only crude facilities for cooking, and lack of knowledge in preparing the white man's product, they broke the habit of centuries and were soon flying signals of distress.

Realizing that it was as essential to care for the vitality of the natives as educating them, the Bureau of Education established kitchens in the schools where lessons in domestic economy are given. This in a most desirable manner offsets what once threatened to seriously undermine the robust vitality the natives had before civilization took possession of their country.

Once a week the girls over eight years old are white capped and aproned, and taught how to bake good, wholesome bread, cookies, rolls, cereal foods, meats, etc. All recipes are made from as simple and economical ingredients as possible; for instance, in the far north, where lard is not to be had, fresh seal oil is used and sourdough is used for leavening the bread.

These cooking lessons are regular school routine. The girls are not only taught how to cook and keep the kitchen tidy, but each one is given her turn in actual management under the tutelage of the school teacher. They are made to realize such details as the value of certain food products, and weighing and keeping check of the different commondities that are used.

The teachers encourage dressmaking. The natives bring their own cloth to school to be cut and fitted, and with the use of a sewing machine, supplied



Hydaburg, Alaska, 1913. On this site a few hundred Indians, backed by the Bureau of Education, instituted a model co-operative colony in a wilderness. This picture covers only about one-third of the settlement.

by the government, the girls learn to make their own garments. Not only the making of the dress is made a study of, but the cost and quality of the fabric as well, whether it be muslin, gingham or calico.

Outside the school as well as inside, the aim of the Bureau of Education is to bring some form of responsibility upon the natives. In this manner the obligations of citizenship, both political and industrial, can be more readily understood.

The reindeer industry is an integral part of the school work. The United States Bureau of Education estimates that there is pasture land in Alaska to feed ten million reindeer, and they have chosen this as the principal and most suitable industry to put the natives of northern and western Alaska upon a self-supporting basis.

In 1915 there were 70,000 reindeer in Alaska, valued at $1,750,000. Many of the natives have taken advantage of this industry; according to the latest data, eleven hundred natives own 45,000 reindeer, or 65 per cent of the total, the rest being owned by the United States government, the Lapps and the Missions.

Figuring the 45,000 reindeer owned by the natives at the average price of $25 for each animal, would make a total value of $1,125,000. The same year the natives had an income from the reindeer business of about $100,000, from the local market for beef, skins, etc. This would give the eleven hundred natives who own reindeer a per capita wealth from that industry of about $1,200—not such a bad showing when it is considered that before the schools were established the highest ambition of these people was to sit in their unsanitary domiciles and nibble at a piece of frozen fish or meat.

Under the direction of the Bureau of Education, annual reindeer fairs are held. This brings the natives from the different communities together in friendly rivalry where they compete for prizes with the commodities they produce. These fairs are under the direction of the school superintendent in the district the fair is held. Prizes



Native starting on a trip in a umiak

are given for the most scientific method of butchering reindeer. The idea is to turn out a perfectly dressed carcass, and thus create a demand for reindeer beef for both local and export trade.

Specimens of needlework, fur garments and mats are also exhibited. Prizes are awarded for the best and fastest sled lashing contest. This is something they must all be proficient at, and some very fast work is done. For instance, one Eskimo at the Mary's Igloo Fair in 1915 loaded his sled with a general traveling outfit and lashed it to be absolutely intact in the worst storms and the roughest trails, in 2 min. 31 sec., with the thermometer at 30 deg. below zero.

There are vast areas in central, southwestern and southeastern Alaska that are suitable for agriculture, and the Bureau of Education regards it as essential to give the natives in those districts some instructions about the wealth that lies in the soil.

Agricultural education is not extensively taught in the Alaska schools, but it is broad enough in scope to give the natives a general idea of what its possibilities are. Farming from books would be of little benefit to the Alaska natives; therefore, the Bureau of Education aims to have a piece of land as near the school as possible, so that the methods of agriculture can be practically taught. The idea of the school farm is not merely to show what remarkable crops can be grown, but rather to interest the natives in a practical manner, that a permanent asset is in the soil for them.

Berries grow luxuriantly in many parts of Alaska, and a teacher gives lessons in the school kitchen on how to preserve native fruit. Of late years this branch of teaching has been greatly appreciated by the natives; it gives them their native fruit throughout the winter months at very little cost. In the spring of 1915 they sent many ex-



A break-down in hauling freight in winter.



Mushing with a dog team.

hibits of preserved fruit from several native schools in Alaska to the San Francisco fair.

The fur business is a great natural resource of Alaska. The natives annually secure many thousands of dollars' worth of the finest furs in the world. The Bureau of Education has arranged, through its schools in Alaska, with many natives to handle and sell their furs for them. Taking advantage of the parcel post, the Alaska natives forward packages of fox, lynx, martin and mink skins to the office of the Bureau of Education at Seattle.

The furs are sold at the fur sales agencies at public auction under the supervision of Mr. W. T. Lopp, who is Chief of the Alaska Division of the Bureau of Education, and is under a bond to the Department of the Interior for this branch of the work. Every effort is made to give the producer the full product of his labor less the freight or mail charges, and five per cent to the fur agency to cover the selling cost.

The Bureau of Education fosters the establishment of co-operative enterprises owned and operated by the natives themselves. There are now four of these co-operative colonies working successfully in Alaska. There is perhaps no country in the world that can offer such opportunities for co-operative enterprises as there are in southwestern and southeastern Alaska. The rivers and waters teem with fish, the mountains abound with game, and through its vast area are great stretches of fine timber lands.

According to ancient customs, the natives of Alaska used to preserve fish and meat either by drying it in the sun, crudely smoking it, or burying it in the earth until it went into a state of fermentation. In order to replace these primitive methods, the Bureau of Education has succeeded in establishing ice cellars, where fresh meat and other foods can be kept both winter and summer. The school system is now experimenting with steam pressure home canning outfits for the use of the natives of southeastern Alaska. At Latitlek, the natives, under the supervision of the school teacher, started a fish-saltery and are now getting a source of revenue by shipping

salmon bellies to the States.

The most striking demonstration of co-operation in Alaska is at Hydaburg, situated on the west coast of Prince of Wales Island in southeastern Alaska. In 1912 the Department of the Interior reserved a tract of twelve square miles for the use of the Indians in that region. A school house and library were built by the Bureau of Education. Under the supervision of the school teacher, the Hydaburg Trading Company was organized to transact the mecantile business of the settlement. The Hydaburg Lumber Company was formed, and a sawmill was built to furnish lumber. Both companies had native directors, the government school teacher being one of them. The Bureau of Education arranged the mercantile company's credit with wholesale houses in Seattle and attended to the buying and shipping of the supplies. As soon as the company started to do business, the natives rushed to the secretary and bought up every remaining share of the capital stock.

At the end of the first year, when the directors looked over the figures of the year's business, they voted to declare a dividend of 50 per cent on the investment. When the people of Hydaburg gathered in the schoolhouse to listen to the statement of the year's business and to see for themselves what their money had earned, will long be remembered in the community. It was the first time the Indians in southeastern Alaska had engaged in co-operative business, and the only regret expressed was that they had been so long in getting the people to pull together.

The second year the two companies amalgamated. The stock was increased and a dividend of 20 per cent was declared, plus 20 per cent rebate to purchasers. In 1913-14, the stock was again increased and a dividend of 15 per cent was declared, plus 15 per cent to purchasers. The last two years the company set aside a fund to start other enterprises for the benefit of the community. It has been gratifying to the Bureau of Education, for the result has been that every native in Hydaburg, from the pupils in the primary grades to the oldest inhabitant, is an enthusiast on municipal co-operation.

The entire scheme of educating the Alaska natives, aside from the pedagogic principle is to make them into self-supporting citizens, that when they leave school they may build up their social status and do their part in developing the territory of Alaska.



A Convert to Conscription

By Albert Larson

" . . . *have maintained and consolidated our position in the captured trench.*"—Extract from Official Despatch.

NUMBER nine two ought three six, Sapper Duffy, J. A., Section, Southland Company, Royal Engineers, had been before the war plain Jim Duffy, laborer, and as such had been an ardent anti-militarist, anti-conscriptionist, and everything else his labor leaders and agitators told him. His anti-militarist beliefs were sunk soon after the beginning of the war, and there is almost a complete story itself in the tale of their sinking, weighted first by a girl who looked ahead no further than the pleasure of walking out with a khaki uniform, and finally plunged into the deeps of the army by the gibe of a staunched anti-militarist during a heated argument that "if he believed now in fighting, why didn't he go and fight himself?" But even after his enlistment he remained true to his beliefs in voluntary service, and the account of his conversation to the principles of Conscription—no half-and-half measures of "military training" or rifle clubs or hybrid arrangements of that sort, but out and out Conscription—may be more interesting, as it certainly is more typical of the conversion of more thousands of members of the Serving Forces than will ever be known—until those same thousands return to their civilian lives and the holding of their civilian votes.

* * * *

By nightfall the captured trench—well, it was only a courtesy title to call it a trench. Previous to the assault the British guns had knocked it about a good deal, bombs and grenades had helped further to disrupt it in the attacks and counter attacks during the day, and finally, after it was captured and held, the enemy had shelled and high explosived it out of any likeness to a real trench. But the infantry had clung throughout the day to the ruins, had beaten off several strong counter-attacks, and in the intervals had done what they could to dig themselves more securely in and re-pile some heaps of sandbags from the shattered parapet on the trench's new front. The casualties had been heavy, and since there was was no passage from the front British trench to the captured portion of the German except across the open of the "neutral" ground, most of the wounded and all the killed had had to remain under such cover as could be found in the wrecked trench. The position of the unwounded was bad enough and unpleasant enough, but it was a great deal worse for the wounded. A bad wound damages mentally as well as physically. The casualty is out of the fight, has had a first field dressing placed on his wound, has been set on one side to be removed at the first opportunity to the dressing station and the rear. He can do nothing more to protect himself or take such cover as offers. He is in the hands of the stretcher bearers and must submit to be moved when and where they think fit. And in this case the casualties did not even have the satisfaction of knowing that every minute that passed meant a minute further from the danger zone, a minute nearer to safety and to the doctors, and the hospitals' hope of healing. Here they had to lie throughout the long day, hearing

the shriek of each approaching shell, waiting for the crash of its fall, wondering each time if this one, the rush of its approach rising louder and louder to an appalling screech, was going to be the finish—a "direct hit." Many of the wounded were wounded again or killed as they lay, and from others the strength and the life had drained slowly out before nightfall. But now that darkness had come the casualties moved out and the supports moved in. From what had been the German second trench, and on this portion of front was now their forward one, lights were continually going up and bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire were coming; and an occasional shell still whopped up and burst over or behind the captured trench. This meant that the men—supports, and food and water carriers, and stretcher bearers—were under a dangerous fire even at night in crossing the old "neutral ground," and it meant that one of the first jobs absolutely necessary to the holding of the captured trench was the making of a connecting path more or less safe for moving men, ammunition and food by night or day.

This, then, was the position of affairs when a section of the Southland Company of Engineers came up to take a hand, and this communication trench was the task that Sapper Duffy, J., found himself set to work on. Personally, Sapper Duffy knew nothing of and cared less for the tactical situation. All he knew or cared about was that he had done a longish march up from the rear the night before, that he had put in a hard day's work carrying up bags of sandbags and rolls of barbed wire from the carts to the trenches, and that here before him was another night's hard labor, to say nothing of the prospect of being drilled by a rifle bullet or mangled by a shell. All the information given him and his Section by their Section officer was that they were to dig a communication trench, that it must be completed before morning, that as long as they were above ground they would probably be under a nasty fire, and that therefore the sooner they dug themselves down under cover the better it would be for the job and for all concerned. "A" Section removed its equipment and tunics and moved out on to the neutral ground in its shirt sleeves, shivering at first in the raw cold and at the touch of the drizzling rain, but knowing that the work would very soon warm them beyond the need of hampering clothes. In the ordinary course digging a trench under fire is done more or less under cover by sapping—digging the first part in a covered spot, standing in the deep hole, cutting down the "face" and gradually burrowing a way across the danger zone. The advantage of this method is that the workers keep digging their way forward while all the time they are below ground and in the safety of the sap they dig. The disadvantage is that the narrow trench only allows one or two men to get at its end or "face" to dig, and the work consequently takes time. Here it was urgent that the work be completed that night, because it was very certain that as soon as its whereabouts was disclosed by daylight it would be subjected to a fire too severe to allow any party to work, even if the necessary passage of men to and fro would leave any room for a working party. The digging, therefore, had to be done down from the surface, and the diggers, until they had sunk themselves into safety had to stand and work fully exposed to the bullets that whined and hissed across from the enemy trenches.

A zigzagg line had been laid down to mark the track of the trench, and Sapper Duffy was placed by his Sergeant on this line and told briefly to "get on with it." Sapper Duffy spat on his hands, placed his spade on the exact indicated spot, drove it down, and began to dig at a rate that was apparently leisurely but actually was methodical and nicely calculated to a speed that could be long and unbrokenly sustained. During the first minute many bullets whistled and sang

past, and Sapper Duffy took no notice. A couple went "whutt" past his ear, and he swore and slightly increased his working speed. When a bullet whistles or sings past it is a comfortable distance clear; when it goes "hiss" or "swish" it is too close for safety, and when it says "whutt" very sharply and viciously it is merely a matter of being a few inches out either way. Sapper Duffy had learned all this by full experience, and now the number of "whutts" he heard gave him a very clear understanding of the dangers of this particular job. He was the furthest out man of the line. On his left he could just distinguish the dim figure of another digger, stooping and straightening, stooping and straightening with the rhythm and regularity of a machine. On his right hand was empty darkness, lit up every now and then by the glow of a flare-light showing indistinctly through the drizzling rain. Out of the darkness, or looming big against the misty light, figures came and went stumbling and slipping in the mud—stretcher-bearers carrying or supporting the wounded, a ration party staggering under boxes balanced on shoulders, a strung-out line of supports stooped and trying to move quietly, men in double files linked together by swinging ammunition boxes. All these things Private Duffy saw out of the tail of his eye, and without stopping or slacking the pace of his digging. He fell unconsciously to timing his movements to those of the other man, and for a time the machine became a twin-engine working beat for beat—thrust, stoop, straighten, heave. Then a bullet said the indescribable word that means "hit," and Duffy found that the other half of the machine had stopped suddenly and collapsed in a little heap. Somewhere along the line a voice called softly "Stretcher-bearers," and almost on the word two men and a stretcher materialized out of the darkness, and a third was stooping over the broken machine. "He's gone," said the third man after a pause. "Lift him clear." The two men dropped the stretcher, stooped and fumbled, lifted the limp figure, laid it down a few yards away from the line, and vanished in the direction of another call. Sapper Duffy was alone with his spade and a foot deep square hole—and the hissing bullets. The thoughts of the dead man so close beside him disturbed him vaguely, although he had never given a thought to the scores of dead he had seen behind the trench and that he knew were scattered thick over the "neutral ground" where they had fallen in the first charge. But this man had been one of his own Company and his own Section—it was different about him somehow. But of course Sapper Duffy knew that the dead must at times lie where they fall, because the living always come before the dear, especially while there are many more wounded than there are stretchers or stretcher-bearers. But all the same he didn't like poor old "Jigger" Adams being left there—didn't see how he could go home and face old "Jigger's missus" and tell her he'd come away and left "Jigger" lying in the mud of a mangel-wurzel field. Blest if he wouldn't have a try when they were going to give Jigger a lift back. A line of men, shirt-sleeved like himself and carrying spades in their hands, moved out past him. An officer led them, and another with Sapper Duffy's Section officer brought up the rear and passed along the word to halt when he reached Duffy. "Here's the outside man of my lot," he said, "so you'll join on beyond him. You've just come in, I hear, so I suppose your men are fresh."

"Fresh!" said the other disgustedly. "Not much. They've been digging trenches all day about four miles back. It's too sickening. Pity we don't do like the Bosches—conscript all the able bodied civilians and make 'em do all this trench digging in rear. Then we might be fresh for the firing line."

"Tut, tut—mustn't talk about conscripting 'em," said Duffy's officer reprovingly. "One volunteer, y'know—worth three pressed men."

"Yes," said the other, "but when

there isn't enough of the 'one volunteer' it's about time to collar the three pressed."

Two or three flares went up almost simultaneously from the enemy's line, the cracklet of fire rose to a brisk fusillade, and through it ran the sharp "rat-at-at-at" of a machine gun. The rising sound of the reports told plainly of the swinging muzzle, and officers and men dropped flat in the mud and waited till the sweeping bullets had passed over their heads. Men may work on and "chance it" against rifle fire alone, but the sweep of a machine gun is beyond chance, and very near to the certainty of sudden death to all in the circle of its swing.

The officers passed on and the new men began to dig. Sapper Duffy also resumed work, and as he did so he noticed that there was something familiar about the bulky shape of the new digger next to him. "What lot are you?" asked the new man, heaving out the first spadeful rapidly and dexterously.

"We're A Section, Southland Company," said Duffy, "an' I say—ain't you Beefy Wilson?"

"That's me,' said the other without checking his spade. "And blow me! you must be Duffy—Jem Duffy."

"That's right," said Duff. "But I didn't know you'd joined, Beefy."

"Just a week or two after you," said Beefy.

"Didjer know boss's two sons had got commissions? Joined the Sappers an' tried to raise a company out o' the works to join. Couldn't though. I was the only one."

"Look out—here's that blanky maxim again," said Duffy, and they dropped flat very hurriedly.

There was no more conversation at the moment. There were too many bullets about to encourage any lingering there, and both men wanted all their breath for their work. It was hard work, too. Duffy's back and shoulder and arm muscles began to ache dully, but he stuck doggedly to it. He even made an attempt to speed up to Beefy's rate of shoveling, although he knew by old experience alongside Beefy that he could never keep up with him, the unchallenged champion of the old gang.

Whether it was that the lifting rain had made them more visible or that the sound of their digging had been heard they never knew, but the rifle fire for some reason became faster and closer, and again and again the call passed for stretcher-bearers, and a constant stream of wounded began to trickle back from the trench-diggers. Duffy's section was not so badly off now because they had sunk themselves hip deep, and the earth they threw out in a parapet gave extra protection. But it was harder work for them now because they stood in soft mud and water well above the ankles. The new company, being the more exposed, suffered more from the fire, but each man of them had a smaller portion of trench to dig, so they were catching up on the first workers. But all spaded furiously and in haste to be done with the job, while the officers and sergeants moved up and down the line and watched the progress made.

More cold-bloodedly unpleasant work would be hard to imagine. They had none of the thrill and heat of combat to help them; they had not the hope that a man has in a charge across the open—that a minute or two gets the worst of it over; they had not even the chance the fighting man has where at least his hand may save his head. Their business was to stand in one spot, open and unprotected, and without hope of cover or protection for a good hour or more on end. They must pay no heed to the singing bullets, to the crash of a bursting shell, to the rising and falling glow of the flares. Simply they must give body and mind to the job in hand, and dig and dig and keep on digging. There had been many brave deeds done by the fighting men on that day; there had been bold leading and bold following at the first rush across the open against a tornado of fire; there had been forlorn hope dashes for ammunition or to pick up wounded; there

had been dogged and desperate courage in clinging all day to the battered trench under the earth shaking tempest of high explosive shells, bombs and bullets. But it is doubtful if the day or the night had seen more nerve trying, courage testing work, more deliberate and long drawn bravery than was shown, as a matter of course and as a part of the job, in the digging of that communication trench.

It was done at last, and although it might not be a Class One Exhibition bit of work, it was, as Beefy Wilson remarked, "a deal better'n none." And although the trench was already a foot deep in water, Beefy stated no more than bald truth in saying, "Come tomorrow there's plenty will put up glad wi' their knees being below high water mark for the sake of having their heads below bullet mark."

But if the trench was finished the night's work for the Engineers was not. They were moved up into the captured trench, and told that they had to repair it and wire out in front of it before they were done.

They had half an hour's rest before recommencing work, and Beefy Wilson and Jem Duffy hugged the shelter of some tumbled sandbags, lit their pipes and turned the bowls down and exchanged reminiscences.

"Let's see," said Beefy. "Isn't Jigger Adams in your lot?"

"Was," corrected Jem, "til an hour ago. 'E's out yon with a bullet in him —stiff by now."

Beefy breathed blasphemous regrets. "Rough on the missus and the kids. Six of 'em, weren't it?"

"Aw," assented Jem. "But she'll get suthin' from the Society funds."

"Not a ha'porth," said Beefy. "You will remem—no, it was just arter you left. The trades unions decided no benefits would be paid out for them as 'listed. It was Ben Shrillett engineered that. He was Secretary and Treasurer an' things o' other societies as well as ours. He fought the war right along, and he's still fighting it. He's a anti-militant, he ses."

"Anti-militarist," Jem corrected. He had taken some pains himself in the old days to get the word itself and some of its meaning right.

"Anti-military-ist, then," said Beefy. "Anyhow he stuck out agin all sorts of soldiering. This stoppin' the Society benefits was a trump card, too. It blocked a whole crowd from listin' that I know myself would have joined. Queered the boss's sons raising that Company, too. They had Frickers an' the B. S. L. Co. and the works to draw from. Could have raised a couple hundred easy if Ben Shrillett hadn't got at 'em. You know how he talks the fellers round."

"I know," agreed Jem, sucking hard at his pipe.

The Sergeant broke in on their talk. "Now, then," he said briskly. "Sooner we start, sooner we're done and off home to our downy couch. Here, Duffy——" and he pointed out the work Duffy was to start.

For a good two hours the engineers labored like slaves again. The trench was so badly wrecked that it practically had to be reconstructed. It was dangerous work because it meant moving freely up and down, both where cover was and was not. It was physically heavy work because spade work in wet ground must always be that; and when the spade constantly encounters a debris of broken beams, sandbags, rifles and other impediments and the work has to be performed in eye-confusing alternations of black darkness and dazzling flares, it makes the whole thing doubly hard. When you add in the constant whisk of passing bullets and the smack of their striking, the shriek and shattering burst of high-explosive shells, and the drone and whir of flying splinters, you get labor conditions removed to the utmost limit from ideal, and to any but the men of the Sappers, well over the edge of the impossible. The work at any other time would have been gruesome and unnerving, because the gasping and groaning of the wounded hardly ceased from end to end of the captured trench, and in digging out the collapsed sections many dead Ger-

mans and some British were found blocking the vigorous thrust of the spades.

Duffy was getting "fair fed up," although he still worked on mechanically. He wondered vaguely what Ben Shrillett would have said to any member of the trade union that had worked a night, a day, and a night on end. He wondered, too, how Ben Shrillett would have shaped in the Royal Engineers, and, for all his cracking muscles and the back breaking weight and unwieldiness of the wet sandbags, he had to grin at the thought of Ben, with his podgy fat fingers and his visible rotundity of waistcoat, sweating and straining there in the wetness and darkness with Death whistling past his ear and crashing in shrapnel bursts about him. The joke was too good to keep to himself, and he passed it to Beefy next time he came near. Beefy saw the jest clearly and guffawed aloud, to the amazement of a clay-daubed infantryman who had had nothing in his mind but thoughts of death and loading and firing his rifle for hours past.

"Don't wonder Ben's agin conscription," said Beefy; "they might conscription him," and passed on grinning.

Duffy had never looked at it in that light. He'd been anti-conscription himself, though now—mebbe—he did not know—he wasn't so sure.

And after the trench was more or less repaired came the last and the most desperate business of all—the "wiring" out there in the open under the eye of the soaring lights. In ones and twos during the intervals of darkness the men tumbled over the parapet, dragging stakes and coils of wire behind them. They managed to drive short stakes and run trip-wires between them without the enemy suspecting them. When a light flamed, every man dropped flat in the mud and lay still as the dead beside them till the light died. In the brief intervals of darkness they drove the stakes with muffled hammers, and ran the lengths of barbed wire between them. Heart in mouth they worked, one eye on the dimly seen hammer and stake-head, the other on the German trench, watching for the first upward trailing sparks of the flare. Plenty of men were hit, of course, because, light or dark, the bullets were kept flying, but there was no pause in the work, not even to help the wounded in. If they were able to crawl they crawled, dropping flat and still while the lights burned, hitching themselves painfully toward the parapet under cover of the darkness. If they could not crawl they lay still, dragging themselves perhaps behind the cover of a dead body or lying quiet in the open till the time would come when helpers would seek them. Their turn came when the low wires were complete. The wounded were brought cautiously in to the trench then, and hoisted over the parapet; the working party was carefully detailed and each man's duty marked out before they crawled again into the open with long stakes and strands of barbed wire. The party lay there minute after minute, through periods of light and darkness, until the officer in charge thought a favorable chance had come and gave the arranged signal. Every man leaped to his feet, the stakes were planted, and quick blow after blow drove them home. Another light soared up and flared out, and every man dropped and held his breath, waiting for the crash of fire that would tell they were discovered. But the flare died out without a sign, and the working party hurriedly renewed their task. This time the darkness held for an unusual length of time, and the stakes were planted, the wires fastened and cross pieces of wood with interlacings of barbed wire all ready were rolled out and pegged down without another light showing. The word passed down and the men scrambled back into safety.

"Better shoot a light up quick," said the Engineer officer to the Infantry commander. "They have a working party out now. I heard them hammering. That's why they went so long without a light."

A pistol light was fired and the two stared out into the open ground it lit. "Thought so," said the Engineer, pointing. "New stakes—see? And those fellows lying beside 'em."

"Get your tools together, Sergeant," he said as several more lights flamed and a burst of rapid fire rose from the British rifles, "and collect your party. Our job's done, and I'm not sorry for it."

It was just breaking daylight when the remains of the Engineers' party emerged from the communication trench, and already the guns on both sides were beginning to talk. Beefy Wilson and Jem Duffy between them found Jigger's body and brought it as far as the Dressing Station. Behind the trenches Beefy's company and Jem's section took different roads, and the two old friends parted with a casual "S'long" and "See you again, sometime."

Duffy had two hours' sleep in a sopping wet roofless house, about three miles behind the firing line. Then the section was roused and marched back to their billets in a shell-wrecked village, a good ten miles further back. They found what was left of the other three sections of the Southland Company there, heard the tale of how the company had been cut up in advancing with the charging infantry, ate a meal, scraped some of the mud off themselves, and sought their blankets and wet straw beds.

Jim Duff could not get the thought of Ben Shrillett, labor leader and agitator, out of his mind, and mixed with his thoughts as he went to sleep were that officer's remarks about pressed men. That perhaps accounts for his waking thoughts running in the same groove when his Sergeant roused him at black midnight and informed him that the section was being turned out —to dig trenches.

"Trenches?" spluttered Sapper Duffy; " . . . us? How is it our turn again?"

"Becos, my son," said the Sergeant, "there's nobody else about here to take a turn. Come on! Roll out! Show a leg!"

It was then that Sapper Duffy was finally converted and renounced for ever and ever his anti-conscription principles.

"Nobody else," he said slowly, "an' England fair stiff with men. . . The sconer we get Conscription the better I'll like it. Conscription solid for every bloomin' able-bodied man and boy. And I 'ope Ben Shrillett and his likes is the first to be took. Conscription," he said with the emphasis of finality as he fumbled in wet straw for a wetter boot, "out and out, lock, stock and barrel Conscription."

* * * *

That same night Ben Shrillett was presiding at a meeting of the Strike Committee. He had read on the way to the meeting the communique that told briefly of Sapper Duffy and his fellow Engineers' work on the night before, and the descriptive phrase struck him as sounding neat and effective. He worked it now into his speech to the Committee, explaining how and where they and he benefited by this strike, unpopular as it had proved.

"We've vindicated the rights of the workers," he said. "We've shown that, war or no war, Labor means to be more than mere wage slaves. War can't last forever, and we here, this Committee, proved ourselves by this strike the true leaders and the Champions of Labor, the Guardians of the Rights of Trades Unionism. We, gentlemen, have always been that, and by the strike—" and he concluded with the phrase from the despatch—"we have maintained and consolidated our position."

The Committee said, "Hear, hear." It is a pity they could not have heard what Sapper Duffy was saying as he sat up in his dirty wet straw, listening to the rustle and patter of rain on the barn's leaky roof and tugging on an icy cold board stiff boot.

A Soldier of France

By Elsie McCormick

IT WAS always a martyrdom for Madame to enter the dingy little stage-entrance, for it meant that she would have to look at the poster that was pasted near the door:

Mme. Rosalie Chaubert, World Famous Prima Donna, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House.
Prof. Boudino's Trained Monkeys.
Slug and Pug, the Slap-Stick Comedians.
And Other Great Attractions.

Madame shuddered as she read it. Vaudeville, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows, and Madame had never become accustomed to sharing the bill with trained monkeys or other popular "attractions."

"I am bringing music to the masses," Madame sometimes told those reporters who still thought it worth while to interview her. But in her heart she knew it was not so. Madame realized more and more how little the masses cared. The reporters, whom Madame always received in a darkened room so that they would not see how much she had faded, merely smiled politely. They, too, understood, and they wrote kind things about Madame, calling her "the former prima donna," and almost breaking her heart.

It was several years ago that she had retired, just at the pinnacle of a great triumph. The papers had praised her wisdom; the people had showered her with gifts. Now, unhonored and almost forgotten, she had come back for a sordid, heart-breaking anti-climax. What was hardest of all for her was to have people hint that she was greedy for money. Though Madame's former salary had been enormous, her generosity had been greater, so that when the war broke out she was unable to serve France as she wished. It was then that she thought of making another farewell tour. "I am a soldier of France," Madame would say when she was weary and the audience did not appreciate her. The little envelop that crossed the seas each month was the reason that Madame wore the same faded evening gown every afternoon and evening of her tour.

The vaudeville people treated her with clumsy respect, swearing less loudly when she was present and always calling her "Madame," that is, all except those who thought "Mme." was an abbreviation of "Mame."

Madame entered a dingy little hallway that led back of the scenes. An "aerial king" in a dirty white spangled suit, was swearing at the stage-hands for their clumsy arrangement of his apparatus. Louise, of the "Girl and Dude" act, was telling her tipsy partner just what she thought of him.

Madame shrugged her shoulders in distaste; then turned to the tiny dressing-room which was distinguished from the others by a crooked star on the door. Perched on a trunk farther down the hall was a girl who belonged to the European Aerial Troupe. She was hunched over miserably, and a rhythmic sniffing indicated that something had gone seriously wrong.

"What is the matter?" asked Madame, in her precise accent.

"It's Joe," answered the girl, lifting a face on which grease-paint and tears were ludicrously mixed.

"Joe?" queried Madame. "The young gentleman in your troupe? You must mean, then, that you have had a quarrel."

The girl gulped and fumbled for a handkerchief. "It ain't that," she answered. "I like Joe well enough, goodness knows. It's pa. He took Joe in the troupe last month, just to fill out. Now he says if I marry a guy like that with nothing but keys in his pockets, he'll chuck us both. We can't make an act by ourselves, and we won't have a thing to live on," she finished, dabbing at her painted eye-lashes with a rag of a handkerchief.

"Ah, then you are afraid," accused Madame. "And you will give up love for money! Why, if a woman loves a man, she should be glad to go with him, even if they have no roof but the sky and no lamp but the stars. Nothing in the world is worth as much as the clasp of a loved one's hand. I was afraid once, afraid for my position —for my chance of success. And now——" Madame turned away; then looked back with a queer little smile on her face.

"It is the only thing worth while. Do you not feel flattered that the greatest of the gods should bring his gifts to you?"

"Yes," answered the girl, not understanding.

"And yet you think only of things to eat."

The girl dumbly twisted her handkerchief.

"Overture, overture," bawled the call-boy from the wings. "It is the greatest thing in the world," repeated Madame solemnly, as she entered her dressing-room. The girl glanced at the cheap topaz ring on her left hand without answering.

The first glimpse of her dressing-room always brought Madame the same unhappiness as the posters. It was small, untidy and ill-lighted. Mediocrity, cheap art and failure were in its very atmosphere. A half-faded geranium in a glass set Madame to thinking of the days when her dressing room at the Metropolitan was heaped high with tributes from the socially elect. Suddenly her soul revolted. She hated it all, hated the Sunday night crowds, with their noise and giggling and peanuts. It was so hard to raise her voice above their voices, to make Carmen and Marguerite heard above the rattle of programs and the scraping of noisy feet on the dusty floor.

Then she thought of the lovers. "They must not spoil their happiness," she thought. "I shall not let them, if I can help it."

When Madame stepped out into the wings she saw Joe leaning against part of the apparatus, his spangled suit bagging dejectedly at the knees. He did not raise his eyes, and Madame passed on, preparatory to her entrance. "If I had my old voice just for tonight, I could make them understand," she thought.

A ripple of applause greeted Madame's entrance. Then followed the usual wave of comment, which happily she could not make out. "Gosh, ain't she fat!" "So, that's the great Chaubert, eh? Why, I remember hearing about her when I was a little bit of a tyke." "These high-brow acts give me a pain." "Some women never know when to retire. This must be her thirtieth farewell tour."

Then Madame began to sing. The smoky old theatre faded away; the peanut-munching audience vanished into space. The years had rolled back, and Madame was in a moonlit garden with her lover. Then her vision broadened, and she sang for all the lovers in the world; for the little girl in the wings, for all who had known and felt and suffered.

The audience quieted down; the programs stopped rustling. The man who hated high-brow shows suddenly brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. A woman with a wedding ring on her finger pressed the arm of the man beside her. The hands of a couple in the first row met under the shelter of the girls' hat.

When the last notes died away, the audience paid Madame that greatest of compliments—a marked pause before the hand-clapping. When the applause began, Madame came out and bowed. She would give no encores.

All at once she felt tired and old and sad.

As she came out of her dressing-room, she heard the comedian who followed her on the bill. He was imitating her, and the shrieks of laughter from the crowd showed that they had already forgotten. Madame sighed; then smiled when she saw the two sweethearts standing together in the dusty wings.

"Gee, that was great," breathed the girl, her eyes still bright with tears. "Joe and I have fixed everything up. I know now what you meant when you called it the greatest thing in the world. It's something bigger than Joe or me—something lots bigger than a job."

"You sure sang swell," contributed Joe, awkwardly shifting from one foot to the other.

"So my children have learned the great lesson," said the prima donna gaily, with a slight catch in her voice. "See that you never forget it. And now, Monsieur Joe, you may kiss my hand."

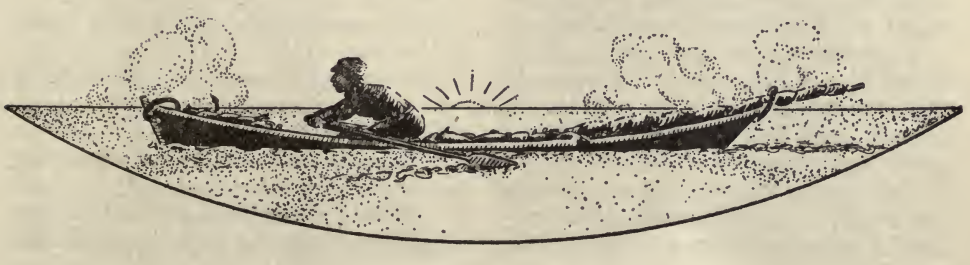
Joe bent over the plump hand clumsily, but Madame tilted her head to one side and smiled—just as she had smiled in those days when noblemen and kings had paid her homage.

"Bless you, mes enfants," she said. Then, at the door, she turned back for a last word. But the lovers, looking into each other's eyes, had already forgotten her. Inside, the crowd was laughing over the antics of the slap-stick comedian. Madame was blinded by a rush of tears. "I am a soldier of France," she murmured, as she opened the door. Then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she went out into the street alone.

IN THE SUN

Oh, dreaming days of quiet happiness
With you to fill the hours: I strive no more
To reach a distant goal, a farther shore.
And shall I count these golden moments less
Because they bring no vital need to press
Onward and up? All effort given o'er
I rest awhile nor seek to look before,
Freed from the pain of inward rack and stress.
For like a plant in darkness to the light
Scarce knowing what it needs or is denied,
I reached and climbed and strained with all my might
Until you came and flung the window wide.
Then did I know my groping toil was done
And I had found my place beneath the sun.

FRANCES HATHAWAY.



The Wit of Don Jose

By Randal Charlton

DON JOSE read the missive, which had come to him in the badly-baked loaf, three times with the utmost deliberation. He sighed heavily, picked up his pruning knife, and walked out into the gardens of the old Chateau. This evening he tended the flowers with even more diligence than usual. As he would be dead before the twilight of another evening gathered in the gardens, he rendered these services with the good will of one who, departing on a long journey, seeks kindly remembrance.

When Don Jose had concluded these labors, he retired once more to the Chateau, where, seated by an open window, he sipped his wine with great gravity and re-read the letter.

The letter ran as follows:

"They have discovered everything. The Chateau has been surrounded since daybreak, and there is no possibility of escape. Do not look for help. They will probably not strike until tonight or the late evening. (Signed) ADRIAN."

Don Jose folded the letter, sighed again heavily, and sipped his wine.

"The fellow Adrian has been more faithful than I expected," he mused, as he tore the letter leisurely into little fragments. "It is strange, because he cannot expect money from a dead man —but perhaps he has a conscience!"

Don Jose closed his eyes and disposed himself for sleep. He accepted the inevitable in a manner that was almost magnificent. The thought of death did not greatly disturb him, although he had found life an exciting and profitable pastime. The announcement that he had received through the medium of the baker was not altogether unexpected. He had been in Dantzic now nearly nine months, during which time he had been instrumental in the deaths of so many politicians that it was not strange the dead men's friends and relatives should try reprisals. For nine months he had carried his life in his hands with true Spanish dignity, and he was sufficient of an artist not to spoil the pose at the last moment.

Expecting a visitor, he slept but lightly, and awoke to hear the sound of footsteps stirring amongst the long grass below the window. The sound sent the blood thrilling through his veins. He sprang from his couch and retreated into the shadows of the darkened room, with a large horse-pistol grasped in either hand. He felt that it would be a useless fight against overwhelming odds, but family tradition, as well as personal bravery, demanded that he should die with his face to the foe. So he crouched in the shadows and waited. Suddenly some one sprang into the open window and for an instant a man's profile was silhouetted against the summer sky. A good angel restrained Don Jose with his horse-pistols. In another moment the dark figure framed in the window scrambled into the room and fell sobbing for breath on Don Jose's favorite couch.

"One movement, and I blow your brains out," said the Don, quietly.

The intruder gave a cry of anguish and burrowed deeper into the cushions on the couch.

"Mercy, senor; mercy, for love of heaven, mercy," he implored.

"What! a countryman," exclaimed Don Jose, "and why have you traveled

all the way to Dantzic to take my life, friend?"

"Take your life, senor! Mother of Heaven, I am innocent of any such intention. I cannot see your Excellency, but, by my soul, I am your most faithful slave."

"You speak pleasantly, friend, nevertheless I feel it would be safer to lodge this bullet in your skull before we are further acquainted."

The intruder relapsed into inarticulate verbosity. He likened the unknown senor to all the saints he could remember, and opined that if the most glorious of men would deign to grant the dog beneath his feet a further lease of his miserable life, the gratitude of heaven to the most glorious of men would pass all earthly comprehension.

"I am to understand, my friend, that you did not come here to murder me?" said Don Jose.

"O heaven! Is your Excellency mad? Merciful Providence!"

"Then what, then, do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Don Jose had lighted a candle and surveyed his visitor narrowly. He found him of middle age and height, and from his dress evidently of the peasant class. His large earnest eyes had a curious frightened expression. His limbs trembled, and even now he drew breath with difficulty.

"A fool, who is in fear of his life," thought Don Jose, and aloud repeated his former question.

"To what happy circumstance do I owe the honor of this visit?"

The visitor buried his face in his great brown hands and sobbed.

"I will be frank with you, senor," he groaned.

"You are wise, my friend; proceed."

"I will resign my destiny into your Excellency's keeping; I place my soul in your hands."

"They are in safe keeping, but you have not answered my question."

"I fled here because I am pursued by enemies. I have been pursued all day."

Don Jose was surprised that so insignificant a person should possess enemies, but he held his tongue and smiled encouragement.

"What is your offence, friend?" he asked dryly.

"I am accused of theft, your Excellency, but before high heaven——"

"You are innocent, of course. I understand that."

"You do not believe me guilty, senor?"

"I know you to be innocent."

"You know, senor?"

"Yes, my heart tells me."

The stranger dissolved into torrents of gratitude. He praised the senor's perspicacity and called down the blessings of heaven upon the head of his discerning host.

"What is your name, friend?" said Don Jose, interrupting because he was afraid he would be dead before the conversation had concluded. There was no telling at what moment the hidden Dantzicers would put their scheme into operation.

"What is your name, friend?" he repeated.

"Giorgio, with your Excellency's permission."

"Are you accused of theft?"

"Yes."

"And pursued?"

"I have been pursued all day. I was nearly dead, senor, when Providence guided me to the gardens below. I saw the open window and determined to enter at all costs. Something told me that I should meet kindness here. The saints befriended me, and——"

"But stop a moment, you are not safe yet. What of your pursuers, my friend?"

"You will not deliver me into their hands, senor. You know me to be innocent."

Giorgio stretched out his hands with an imploring gesture. His eyes scanned every line of Don Jose's face with desperate eagerness. His every glance pleaded dumbly for succor and deliverance from his pursuers.

Don Jose offered him some wine. From the moment that his gaze had lighted on the stranger's countenance an idea had been formulating in his

brain. He had been startled from the first by the fact that the man, save for his clothing and coarseness, was not at all unlike himself. In height and stature there was little to chose between the two. Don Jose coupled this with the fact that his visitor was a fool, and his heart became rejuvenated with hope. His brain was, in a manner, subtle and quick to conceive a ruse and stratagem, and in Giorgio he saw a heaven-sent chance of escape from the Danticers.

He reviewed the situation briefly, and determined to take the strange visitor into his confidence.

"My friend," he said, charging his wine-glass, "I not only undertake to shield you from your enemies, but if you will be guided by my advice I promise you deliverance. I am even in a more hazardous position than yourself."

Giorgio began to open his eyes in surprise.

"You are in danger, senor! It is possible?"

"Peace; I will explain. I am in such danger that my life is not worth an hour's purchase."

"Oh, horrible!"

"Nevertheless, I speak the truth. I may be murdered at any moment."

"Mother of mercy! Your Excellency is then rich?"

"Fool, I am so poor that I am a servant of the Emperor."

"But, senor, you are a Spaniard!"

"And not the only one in the Emperor's service. Now listen; I was sent here nearly a year ago because Dantzic is seething with sedition and plots against the Emperor's person. The place was honeycombed with socret societies. A great many of these, I flatter myself, no longer exist, but there are several still alive. Somehow they have discovered me to be the Emperor's servant. For the last month I have had the utmost difficulty to keep my feet out of the grave, and today I learn from a man in my pay that my hiding place has been discovered. Further, I am in full knowledge that certain seditious gentleman are determined upon my death before the morning."

Giorgio's arms were working like a windmill.

"But, senor, why do you remain here?" he exclaimed, furiously excited —"why do you not escape?"

A smile of pity illumined Don Jose's passive countenance.

"I see, friend, that you are ignorant of the ways of Dantzic," he said, quietly. "Every mode of egress from this Chateau is guarded."

"I do not understand."

"Very likely. The Chateau is surrounded by unseen foes. You have seen nobody, and if I were to walk abroad this moment it is unlikely that I should meet a single soul upon the highways. But I should be found dead to-morrow morning with a bullet in the brain."

Giorgio gave a gesture of despair.

"Then all is lost, senor," he cried; "we are both dead men."

"Nonsense, we shall yet both escape."

"Senor, you bewilder me! First you tell me that the Chateau is surrounded, and then . . . Ah, heaven, what is that?"

The sound of horsemen approaching at the gallop broke the silence of the night.

"They are either your pursuers or my murderers," said Don Jose very calmly. "Quick, go to the window and tell me what you see."

"They are soldiers, senor; I can see their uniforms in the moonlight."

"They are your pursuers. Quick, and undress yourself."

Giorgio stared at Don Jose as though he were in the presence of a lunatic. The Don had already thrown aside his coat and vest, and Giorgio, still bewildered and dazed by the sudden turn of events had enough wit left to follow his example. Don Jose snuffed out the candle.

"Quick, give me those clothes," he whispered, almost tearing Giorgio's rags from his back.

"But, senor, what does this mean?"

"It is simple enough, my friend.

When the soldiers come I shall take your place."

"They will arrest you, senor!"

"Exactly. As their prisoner I shall be carried safely through the area of death. You will remain here; when I have gone make your peace with the Dantzicers when they come for me. Do not say you have seen me. Tell them you have been pursued by the Emperor's soldiers. They will help you to safety when they hear that."

Before the last words had escaped Don Jose's lips the soldiers had reached the Chateau. One of the horses could be heard whinnying below the window, and the next moment thunderous knocks shook the outer doors.

"Farewell," said Don Jose, as he slipped from the darkened room.

He crept silently down the stairs and flung open the door with such suddenness that a couple of troopers nearly fell into his arms. He was seized in a moment by a dozen hands and dragged before the officer in charge of the cavalcade. He cursed his captors roundly, but offered no other resistance.

"Who are you, fellow?" cried the officer; "from your clothes I should know you well."

"It is possible, captain," said Don Jose, in a hoarse voice; "my name is Giorgio, and I see no reason to disguise it."

"So we meet at last, my brave fellow," said the officer, with a mock bow. "Well, on my side the meeting is a very happy one."

Without another word two of the troopers at a nod from their leader swung Don Jose on to the nearest horse. His arms were tightly bound and he rode from the Chateau in the center of the party.

At about five miles from the Chateau they were met by a further relay of troopers with a large rumbling coach of the most antique pattern. Don Jose now wished to enter into explanations with the officer, but before he had the opportunity, he was dragged from his horse and bundled on to the floor of the coach, with a brigadier and two troopers.

Don Jose was astounded at so much attention being paid to a common thief. It was certainly most unusual, and for the moment his heart misgave him.

"Where do we halt, friend?" he asked the brigadier.

"Paris."

Don Jose almost leapt out of his bonds.

"Paris! Do you know where we are now?"

"Perfectly."

"We are in Dantzic."

"Exactly."

"And you say we are going to Paris?"

"With all possible speed."

Don Jose bowed his head and groaned. Of all experiences this was the most extraordinary that he had ever suffered. Had the world turned mad that a common thief was escorted in a coach and four to Paris? He asked many questions, but the brigadier, who was disposed for sleep, bade him hold his tongue, and relapsed into silence.

* * * *

Don Jose did not reach Paris. The cavalcade was held up by Marshal De Main and some staff officers nearly ten miles from Napoleon's capital. The Marshal held some conversation with the officer in charge of the party, and then, alighting from his horse, peered eagerly into the carriage at the prisoner.

"Marshal De Main, you know me, you know me; explain to these fellows who I am," cried Don Jose frantically; "they will not listen to me."

The Marshal seemed to be in the throes of convulsions. He staggered back from the coach window and clutched at the air with outstretched hands. When he had sufficiently recovered he laughed, and when he ceased laughing he became very angry.

"What foolery have we here?" he cried hoarsely to the bewildered officers in charge of Don Jose. "The Emperor will not thank you for taking

his man from Dantzic. Release Don Jose at once."

"General, this man has confessed himself to be Giorgio."

The Marshal for reply turned his back upon the captain.

Don Jose stepped out of the coach and related the full history of the adventure.

"Since when has it been the custom tc convey common thieves from Dantzic to Paris?" he asked in conclusion, with an ironical smile.

Marshal De Main smiled also.

"Your friend Giorgio is so common a thief that the Emperor has few more dangerous enemies in Europe. Have you ever heard of Don Pepe Avolannas?"

Don Jose was silent and bit his lip.

"Giorgio and Avolannas are the same man, my friend," continued the Marshal. "About a month ago it was known that he was in Dantzic in the former name."

"I was not notified."

"You had sufficient in your hands."

Don Jose and the Marshal looked at each other, shrugged shoulders and sighed.

"I thought only of escape," said Don Jose, apologetically.

"You succeeded, but at a heavy cost. We could have spared two of you for one Giorgio."

They parted on this, but it was fully six months later that Don Jose learnt the entire truth of his adventure. A letter was brought to him from England and left silently at his door by an unseen messenger.

It ran as follows:

"Most Wise and Excellent of Men—Permit the dog beneath your feet to thank you for a great service rendered in the past. I am eternally your debtor—for had it not been for the passports and papers in your coat which you so kindly lent me on a memorable occasion, I should never have escaped from Dantzic alive. On one point I wish to enlighten you. There was no conspiracy against your life. Your hiding place at the Chateau, of which I shall always have such pleasant memories, was known only to myself and one Adrian, who was in your illustrious service. I had been hiding in your neighborhood three days when the idea of obtaining your papers and passports occurred to me as the best means of quitting Dantzic. I felt assured that under the circumstances your wisdom would dictate the course of action you so timely adopted. Had you not done so, I should have suggested it myself, if necessary with force. But your wisdom forestalled me in this."

Here Don Jose broke off abruptly in his reading.

"My wisdom!" he repeated to himself, and then without proceeding further, cast the letter into the fire.

THE GOAD

Ah, let me have no "milk-and-water" friend
To prate: "Perhaps you did the best you could!"
And let me have no friend with honeyed tongue
To over-praise the little good I do—
As fatal to the soul are these as he
Who scorns and scorches with his "You will fail!"
But let me know some iron-tempered soul
Implacable in friendship's stern demand
That I now live the thing he seeks to be—
By such great goads men grow to very gods!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

Devil's Point

By Alfred Ernest Keet

LINDER ate in moody silence, occasionally glancing at his wife, as she busied herself with the cooking. Her well-rounded arm, large, languorous black eyes, voluptuous figure, with its opulent charms, and habitual placidity palled upon him. Her blind faith in him, implicit obedience, uncomplaining acquiescence in the hard lot her life with him had doomed her to—all these things, usually reckoned by the world good qualities—eminent virtues, even—seemed only to irritate him, inspire his pity and perhaps contempt. She, in the Western lingo he was familiar with, "Made him tired!"

If only she'd show a little spirit, a little spunk, would oppose or deny him occasionally, or even respond in kind to his attempts at banter—but no! Slavishly submissive, she always did exactly as she was told with cheerful alacrity and absolute indifference to her own comfort and convenience. Her descent was Aztec-Spanish, and perhaps that accounted for it. Anyway, she was the last of her family—a willing slave, a docile, harmless animal.

His meal ended, he pushed back his chair and lighted a cigar, still deep in disturbing thoughts. Then he strode to the door of his humble casa and gazed up the gorge in the direction of the mine, a mere black blur on the far-distant mountain side.

The white sunshine struck fiercely down. A cactus a few yards off gleamed wax-like, and here and there, like ghastly leprous patches upon a human skin, were alkali blotches. Whiter than chalk, whiter even than the leprous patches, almost like streaks of luminous paint on the ashen-gray face of the desert, shone the bleached skeleton of an animal.

But for the burning, dazzling, all-pervading sunlight, the scene would have been one of deepest gloom—of desolation profound and terrifying.

As he gazed somewhat intently, there was a puff of steam, and the mine's whistle blew—three times and then twice three times again. An S. O. S. call!

Linder's face paled, as he flicked the ash from his cigar and turned inward. Had she heard, he wondered? He picked up his hat——

"Juanita," he said lightly, with a pretence of unconcern, "I'm going up to the mine. I may not be back for a day or two."

"All right! Adios!" was her equally unconcerned reply, and, placing her arms about his neck, she drew his head down and kissed him.

"Adios!" he muttered somewhat huskily, as he stepped across the threshold and went after his horse.

As he rode through the camp, he noticed the men standing in groups earnestly talking. Some of them shot angry glances at him. It was evident that something was imminent—something was in the air. Trouble was brewing.

Pretty soon he left the camp behind him and hit the steep trail. Here his horse soon subsided into a walk, and only as he reached level spots—plateaus—could he do any speeding.

When at length he reached the mine, his horse in a lather, he found his apprehensions correct, for an armed man was doing sentry-go at the office door, and there were others here and there around the group of buildings.

Leaving his horse to find the way to the stable as was his custom, he entered the office.

His three associates, the only Americans with himself on the property, were awaiting him, and heavily armed.

"Say, Linder," began Rodik, the

general manager, "it looks as if we were in for trouble—I think we're going to have a strike—and you know what that means! What do you think?"

"I think you're right—the men *are* murmuring; but there are only a few of them—this isn't a big property—I don't think they'll do anything rash."

"I don't know about that," went on Rodik, apprehensively. "Hello!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he saw Linder's hat, "where did you get that bullet-hole?"

Linder removed his sombrero and looked amazedly at the clean-cut hole bored by a bullet through its crown.

"Well, I'm d——d!" he muttered.

"You got that at the Devil's Point, I'll bet," said Fletcher, the engineer. "I got one there once, myself."

"Never heard any shot!" exclaimed Linder, blankly.

"Neither did I—I guess there's a mine tunnel or cave somewhere near—it's d——d mysterious, anyhow!"

"Well, I'll tell you, Linder, what I especially wanted to see you about," continued Rodik. "To-morrow's Saturday, and our new boss, our late president's widow, is due in the camp at noon——"

"Mrs. Millery?" interrupted Linder in surprise.

"The same," rejoined Rodik, "and she's handsomer than all out-doors, I hear, and pretty shrewd, too. Now you're our chemist and assayer, and, as a professional man, you've had, I take it, some experience in the social swim and, anyway, you're a darn good talker. Now, I want you to meet Mrs. Kate, do the agreeable, and impress upon her the necessity of meeting the men's demands for a 25 cent raise We can't afford to have the riot and bloodshed here they had down at Cananea."

"About how old is this paragon of widows?" queried Linder.

"Blest if I know," replied Rodik. "Millery was 66 when he died a year ago. She's never been out here. Millery used to come here at rare intervals, eat and sleep in his private car and skiddoo within 48 hours. She was his secretary, I believe."

"Ah!" exclaimed Linder, "I see."

"It'll be dark in another hour," went on Rodik, "and we've got a lot of bullion on hand—we'd better do some 'watchful waiting' to-night, and you can slide down to camp at daylight."

II.

When Linder reached town Saturday morning it did not take him long to make himself presentable for polite society. A good bath in agua caliente, a visit to the barber and general store—and he emerged a handsome, well-knit figure, his lean, bronzed face, close cut hair and tawny mustache lending him almost an air of distinction.

Mrs. Millery, whom he met in the hotel parlor, was in black, and dressed for the street. After they had talked a few moments, she raised her veil and Linder was astonished at her youthfulness. She was, as Rodik had said, a beauty, and about 30 years old. Her skin was of that extraordinarily clear kind, usually possessed by women with bronze hair, and she had a fine figure.

Linder's heart bounded—he loved her at sight; and, as they talked together, he took in every detail of her dress and person. The quiet elegance of her attire her city-bred manners and obvious refinement, the almost impalpable perfume exhaled from her clothes—everything about her bespoke the luxurious life. To Linder she seemed almost like a ghost from the gay world he once lived in; and as he gazed and listened a mad longing swept over him—the call of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and he experienced an almost overwhelming nostalgia.

Then he sighed heavily as he remembered where he was, his condition, dull daily round of humdrum duties and the seeming irrevocability of it all.

Mrs. Millery in turn was impressed. Linder's strong face, general air of good breeding and savoir faire, all stamped him as a gentleman—though one, perhaps, temporarily "out of suits with fortune."

"I have full confidence in you, Mr. Linder," she remarked finally, rising

and looking him in the eye, "and, after what you have told me, I have no objection to the men's wages being raised as suggested. I could not bear to have you—I mean any bloodshed in our mine."

Mrs. Millery colored slightly as she realized how personal she had almost made her solicitude; and Linder was correspondingly elated. She extended her small gloved hand. Linder retained it a moment, and, noticing his face, suddenly become gloomy again, rather archly added:

"Oh, I'm only saying 'good-morning' not 'good-bye.' I intend to stay here a few days."

The soft pressure of her warm hand thrilled Linder through and through; and he felt an almost irresistible impulse to print a kiss upon it.

"You'll want to see the mine, of course, Mrs. Millery?" queried Linder as he took up his hat.

"Oh, yes!" she replied animatedly. "I shall reply upon you for my guide—and I want to see something of the country round about. This is my first visit to Mexico. I love the mountains."

* * * *

The next forty-eight hours were halcyon days for Linden; and he was not seen at his casa. In fact, his whole time was taken up by the lovely young widow.

If Juanita were cognizant of his infatuation, she betrayed no sign of it, going about her household tasks with her usual serenity. Once and a while one or two of her own race had whispered colloquys with her; but her stoicism seemed unmoved. There was no hint of jealousy in her accustomed placidity, but——.

III.

They were returning from the mine. It was the last day of Mrs. Millery's visit, and late in the afternoon when the trail was in cool shadow. She and Linder were slowly walking their horses. At Devil's Point, Mrs. Millery suggested a halt, for there was a good view of the still far-distant camp to be had from this point. So, tethering their horses, they sat upon a rock.

It was a lonely, sequestered spot, with little or no sign of animal or vegetable life near. The mountain rose behind them, frowning, precipitous, jagged, studded with innumerable boulders, and cleft by a dark and narrow chasm.

"What a sombre landscape!" smiled Mrs. Millery, giving a mock shudder. "It makes me think of 'Manfred,' you know. It seems, too, reflected in your face, Mr. Linder—you look so solemn!"

"I shall miss our fair president," responded Linder with a faint attempt at gayety.

"Really!" laughing. "Well"—and Mrs. Millery gave him a shy glance—"I'm sorry, too—sorry I'm going back home to-morrow—I almost feel as if I'd like to camp here permanently. I am——"

He suddenly caught her hand.

"Then why not—I love you—*you*, the only woman I've ever loved—I've loved you from the first moment—the day I first saw you——" he broke out with a voice that was compulsive in its earnestness and intensity.

Mrs. Millery, almost overcome, tottered to her feet, a surge of color dyeing her cheeks. She swayed—as if faint. Linden caught her to him in a strong, passionate embrace, and, as she feebly struggled, placed his lips to hers and kissed her hot mouth. He kissed her again and again, murmuring his love. All his long pent-up passion found vent in that delirious moment. She clung to him and drank his kisses greedily—she had never loved until now.

* * * *

At the Coroner's inquest, it was found that Mrs. Millery and Linden—whose bodies had been found at Devil Point—had been killed by one bullet, which, fired downward, had penetrated the man's neck and found its vital resting place in the woman, from which it appeared certain that at the time the double murder was committed they must have been close together, face to face.

Grace Versus Laird

By Ephraim A. Anderson

DAN SHANKS was running swiftly towards the mill yard. His leathern apron dangled from his hand, and his open, flying jacket refused to be buttoned. He was five minutes late, and the Seiglemeyer Lumber Company tolerated no tardy employees. At seven o'clock the sawmill whistle had sent forth its nerve-racking shriek just as it had for ten years or more, but Dan had stopped to read some gaudy-colored posters which had magically appeared on the company's stable that morning.

The last logging wagon had just started for the woods. The rattle of wheels and chains and the shouting voices of men told that the day's work was already begun. The noise of the sawmill, with its sharp, uneven exhaust could be heard on the still morning air. But the pictures of leaping lions and crouching tigers, dancing elephants and chattering monkeys, diving girls and tight-rope walkers had fascinated Dan. Huge letters spelled out the attractions of the greatest show on earth. So Dan had, for a moment, forgotten the work of the day.

Dan was young and broad-shouldered. Some said he was homely. But it makes a difference whether the speaker is a man or a woman. Besides having an eye for the almighty dollar, Dan had a warm place in his heart for pretty Grace Whipple, the engineer's daughter. Grace was not yet twenty, and therefore liked the men and the noise and bustle of a sawmill camp. Although her smile and graceful figure won the admiration of all the young men, she "turned them down," and stuck to Dan.

No "attractions" ever came to Timber Lake, and those which visited Jackson, fifteen miles away, were so few and far between that all people within fifty miles regarded a circus as an event.

As Dan was running he was planning on how to get to Jackson. Alone, he might walk; but Grace would, of course, go with him. If he could get a car from Jackson he knew Grace would be pleased. He was saving his money against the day when he should have sufficient to ask the girl to marry him. Yet he felt he had to treat her to a good time now and then. It would cost at least ten dollars to get a car. But Dan promised himself a few extra sacrifices.

When Dan arrived at the yards, he found Jake Grew waiting. Jake was his "partner," and a strong and willing worker. The two men hardly began to work when High Wentmore, the yard foreman, came along.

"You're seven minutes late, Dan; it's the first time, or I'd report you," he said in a severe voice.

Dan was struggling with a heavy board and did not reply. But Jake spat on the ground and swore: "Seems to me as long as we heap up this 'ere lumber ye ain't got no kick comin', High."

The foreman shrugged and walked on.

So the two pilers worked steadily till noon. When the whistle blew both quit work at once and hastened to the boarding house.

During the noon hour the men read and re-read the posters on the barn. By one o'clock, when the whistle sounded again, they had nearly to a man decided to go to the circus.

"Did you see Laird readin' the bills?" said Dan, as he hurried with

his partner to the yard.

"Yes, and judgin' from his face, he ain't stuck on shows," observed Jake.

No man thought of working on circus day. There were those who welcomed the day off with their families, as it supplied time to furnish their stoves with winter wood. The younger men, however, having no such burdens, either planned on a big spree, or delighted in the thought of being with their sweethearts. There were less than a score of girls in Timber Lake, but these would undoubtedly have a chance to go to the circus.

The mill had been sawing steadily for four months, ever since the ice broke in the little lake, and the men, although appreciating the steady work, were not disposed to ask for a holiday. They meant to take it anyway.

The day of the Rand and Swelling Circus drew near. Dan had planned for a car and was happy with the day's prospects. Grace bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"Gee, that must be a great show! Will they make those tigers and lions fight? And will there be a lot of them? Hope it's a fine day. We'll have to start early, won't we?" Grace was fairly unintelligible.

"Gosh, you kin ask a lot of questions all in a bunch," said Dan, laughing. "You're havin' a good time just thinking about it. It ought to be a good show, seeing the last one was drove out because they had none o' their advertised elephants."

"I'll bet I won't sleep a wink the night before. Let's see, when is it—day after to-morrow? Yes."

Fifteen miles was no short distance for the many who intended walking. Others had arranged for livery teams from Jackson. A few besides Dan felt that the occasion required an automobile. So an early start meant a longer and a greater day for all.

When Dan came from work the evening before the circus he hurried to the company store. He had time, as the supper gong had not yet sounded. He wanted some cigars, and candy for Grace.

Laird was tacking a large card on the door. So Dan waited until the manager stepped back to survey his work. Then in open-mouthed astonishment he read:

"Any employee who goes to Jackson to-morrow forfeits his job. (Signed), J. Laird, Manager."

Laird disappeared into the store before Dan could say a word.

Angry and chagrined, Dan stood staring at the card. He had long known the manager's ideas on holidays. But this was unusual. A circus came so seldom that Dan thought Laird might have granted them this one day.

The fact that Dan and others had worked at the mill several years made no difference to Laird. His working motto for men was: "Ten hours a day six days in the week the year round." He knew, too, their wages did not permit spending money on shows.

They might soon ask for a raise. And above all, Laird was opposed to a demand for higher wages. He considered such a request an insult, and always put off the offender with an oath, adding: "I couldn't think of it before I wrote to Headquarters." But he never wrote—at least in the way he said he would.

Dan's tragic attitude attracted the attention of a burly teamster, who came up, and, seeing the cause of Dan's crestfallen face, began to curse:

"Hell! So we're to lose our jobs if we go! Not if I know this bunch! The sawed-off, thin-legged Geek! For two cents I'd bat him with my peevy."

Jake Grew came running up when he heard the teamster's oaths. "What is this?" He stared at the card, then began dancing about, stopped a minute and looked at Dan. "Say, old pard, what you worryin' about? Look as if somebody had stolen yer clothes. Why, d—— it, we'll go, and don't yer forget it!"

Dan shook his head. "It's a dirty trick, but I can't afford to go if I lose my job."

By this time a score of men were gathered in front of the store.

Dan suggested that they ask Laird outside and all of them demand to go. "He can't turn us all down," he said.

"Nix on the baby act," some one protested.

"Nothing doing in that line." It was the burly teamster who spoke.

Although there was much talk, the majority did not dare defy their employer. A few, however, vowed their intentions of going in spite of threats. Dan and several less excited men knew they would obey orders.

Everybody hurried off to supper. Dan washed and went in; but his appetite had left him. He scarcely tasted his food. Directly he had finished, he hurried over to see Grace.

She was sitting on the door-step of her father's modest cabin, shelling peas. Dan, with a discouraged face, sat down beside her.

"What ails you, Dan?" she asked, a catch in her voice.

"Say, if I was down-right sure of another job I'd quit this place tonight," he cried with unusual spirit.

"Why, what do you mean?" She drew nearer, and her black eyes searched his face.

"We've got orders to stay at home to-morrow."

She looked at him in blank astonishment. "Orders!"

Dan gritted his teeth. "That's just it. It's up there at the store, and it's mighty unjust, too!"

"Of course it is. It's mean—cowardly! But—and that's just why we'll go. Does he think," her voice rose with scorn, "we are slaves? Why, even Dad is going, and you know he never cares for excitement——"

"You said we're going—how—you are trying to make fun of me," said Dan in an injured tone.

"No, I mean it. I said we're going because we are." She looked at him as if to read his very soul. "Are you afraid to go?" she demanded, finally.

"No—yes," said Dan truthfully, wondering what she had in mind.

"Oh, Dan! Where's your nerve? Afraid to lose your job! Well, you won't lose it, for they're all going—I'll ask them to. He can't fire the whole bunch."

Dan remained unconvinced. He feared for his position, and he dared not agree with the girl.

Then she recalled to his mind the two nights of the previous summer: "You worked two nights after the day's work because the watchman was sick. You was too good to refuse when they asked you. And you was so dog-tired —I remember. What did you get for those two nights?" she asked. "I know! A miserable three dollars—scarcely half pay."

"It was three-quarters pay," corrected Dan.

"And then you've told me yourself you aren't getting more than when you came; and you know they promised to raise your wages if you stayed. I heard Laird himself telling the bookkeeper you was the best man in the yard," she argued.

Dan could not listen to her plea, and not feel the force of it. "Why should I not go?" he asked himself. But ever he remembered the words: "Whoever goes forfeits his job." He knew that men were plentiful. He might look for a job a month or more, and even when he got it it might not be to his liking. and, too, to leave Timber Lake meant to leave Grace.

"Don't you see, Grace, I can't take the chance? They'll send me down the road as sure as—as sure as I go."

But the girl would not yield. Thinking she might cajole him into promising to go, Grace invited Dan to stay for supper. "You're hungry and unreasonable; after supper you'll look at it differently," said Grace with a sweet smile.

Dan stayed.

After supper they went outside. Presently they had strolled to the lake. On its northern banks, away from the houses, they sat down on the soft turf.

Dan wanted to tell Grace he loved her. But such a declaration meant a proposal of marriage, and he thought it unwise to declare himself before he felt able to support her. She would wait, he told himself, "for she cares."

"What're you thinkin' about?" Grace asked the question after a long glance at Dan.

He smiled a little ruefully: "It's hard to be a worker, 'specially when wages is low."

Grace laid a soft, white hand on Dan's calloused one. "There's strength there; you oughtn't be afraid to buck up against the world, Dan." Faith in the man showed in her eyes and transmitted itself to him through her fingers.

Dan gave the hand a little squeeze, but looked away down the shadowy mill.

Abruptly Grace asked: "If I ask it as a real personal favor, will you go?"

"Please, Grace, don't tempt me. It means my job, I'm sure," he answered gloomily.

"Well, I won't ask you then. But I've been thinkin'. We'll go; you'll see, for something will happen. The men will strike or something. They aren't fools enough to obey those orders!" Her voice took on a positiveness that Dan wondered at. Had he been able to see her shining eyes he might have read a greater determination there.

It was nearly midnight when they left the lake. To his surprise she begged to go home alone. "I'm not a bit afraid," she said.

"But why alone?" Dan wanted to know.

"Now please do as I say—goodnight," she added.

He left her sitting on the bank. Her hands were clenched and her chin was firm. When five minutes had passed —minutes during which Grace sat thinking intently—she rose to her feet and started slowly toward the house.

On his way to his sleeping quarters, a little one-roomed shack, Dan had to pass by the mill. He walked slowly because the ground was uneven, and in the dark he stumbled several times. Passing at one end of the mill he tripped with a harsh, metallic sound on some scrap iron. He arose quickly. But as he gained his feet he saw a figure that he knew to be the watchman coming toward him. Not wishing to be seen at that time of night, he dodged behind a pile of logs.

The watchman stood listening for several minutes. Then he passed down the other side of the mill.

Dan made his way out carefully, and walked more swiftly as he came to the road which led to the buildings. He went to bed as quietly as possible, for he did not want to arouse Jake.

But Dan could not sleep. He swore under his breath at Jake, snoring loudly by his side, at the mill, and at the circus. The circus was to blame for his present state of mind. He hoped that this might be the last show that ever came to Jackson. Shows wasn't made for lumber-jacks, anyway. It was all right for rich people to go to circuses, but a poor working man had no business going. They cost a lot of money and trouble.

At last, just before daylight, he fell asleep, a dreamy, restless sleep. He felt Grace's soft hand on his. He captured it in his own, only to awake and find he held the roughened hand of Jake. He turned over disgustedly and tried to forget it all. Then he awoke as Jake shouted in his ear:

"Hey, old man, time to roll out!"

"Go on," grunted Dan, "I ain't heard the first whistle yet."

"Don't I know it! You're too darn sleepy to hear a cannon." Jake looked at his watch: "Suffering Jehosephat, we've overslept!" He jumped quickly out of bed, and in his haste uncovered Dan, who aroused sufficiently to realize what Jake had said.

"Ten minutes to seven! Cut the jokes." Then Dan jerked his own watch off the shelf. "Thunderation! Why didn't you bat me on the head when the whistle blew?"

"Darn if I've heard any whistle," confessed Jake.

They pulled on their sweat-stiffened shirts and overalls. Their untied shoe laces dangled about their heels as they ran for the boarding house.

Men were washing at the bench outside. The bell gonged violently, as

if incensed at the lateness of the hour. Then they rushed in, only to stop just inside the door.

A card hung on the opposite wall. New black letters were upon it. There were but five words there; but they meant a lot to these sleepy, tired men, for these were the words:

"You may go to Circus. (Signed) J. Laird, Manager."

"Whoopeh!" shouted Dan.

"It's a bracer for me!" cried Jake.

Exclamations in all manner of woodmen's phrases broke from the lips of the men.

"It's a hallelujah day all around," said a stumpy swamper.

While they wondered why the old orders had been changed, they were too happy a lot of men to speculate long on this.

And so all Timber Lake went to the circus. Carts, wagons, buggies and automobiles could be seen going along the dusty road. The more unfortunate, those who walked, swung into the timber as a vehicle, followed by a cloud of dust, rumbled past.

Any ill-feeling toward Laird had all but vanished. Some believed the whole thing a joke. He had shown the right spirit after all. Dan, however, did not think so. He was so preoccupied with his thoughts he wholly neglected Grace.

The tall, stately pines, the occasional glimpse of some dark ravine; the rushing, swaying car was an enjoyment to Grace. But that enjoyment lost half its zest while Dan sat with a frown spread over his face.

"For goodness sake, forget your troubles, Dan. I told you all the time we'd go. Now be yourself and enjoy it!" Grace finally admonished.

Dan did have a good time. Grace and the circus cast a spell over him as it did over every pleasure seeker.

Jackson had a population of a thousand souls, and with the country round about contributing to the stream of people which entered the Rand and Swelling's Shows, the ticket men, practicing their lightning-like exchange, must have lined their pockets with silver.

The day passed all too quickly. The sober men of Timber Lake went home before dark. Those who had visited the Jackson bar-rooms went home, too, but it was late in the night. Their drunken voices, in loud singing, echoed and re-echoed through the woods until two o'clock in the morning. They had no thought of to-morrow's hard work. To-morrow would take care of itself.

At six the following morning Dan and Jake awoke with little ambition to work. Fifteen minutes later the partners went to breakfast. Only a handful of men were up and able to eat, for the circus and Jackson had found its victims in many of the Timber Lake workmen. Splitting headaches and empty purses found no inspiration in the thought of the day's work.

When Dan had finished breakfast he went to the store to get a much needed cigar. There were half a dozen men waiting for the store to open.

Presently the door opened and the small, thin figure of Laird stepped out. The men started for the door. Laird motioned them back.

"Just a minute, boys," he said crisply; then as the men filed out of the boarding house he called to them to come.

Soon twenty or more men stood waiting, as they supposed, for orders.

Laird stood silent, his mouth drawn in a straight line, a dark scowl on his face.

Dan had the unpleasant feeling that something was going to be said or done relating, somehow, to yesterday's spree. A peculiar fear gripped him. What it was he could not have told.

"Men," began Laird at last. "You were allowed to go to Jackson yesterday because the mill was out of repair."

He looked at the men with a grim smile. "I don't believe in men spending their money on shows. You're a fit bunch to work this morning, aren't you? The circus would be none of my business if you did your work well. Some man, night before last, fixed the

engine so we had a day's work to fix it up. I don't know whether you were all in this or not. But I know who that man is." He pointed a finger straight at Dan. "You were seen that night by the mill. You needn't take my word," he offered as he saw many doubting faces. "Here, Smith," he called to the watchman, "tell these men what you saw that night."

Dan's hot face looked to the ground. He could not meet that accusing finger nor the eyes of the crowd.

The watchman stepped up beside Laird. He hesitated, nervously locking and unlocking his hands, as if afraid to accuse one of these men.

"Go ahead!" ordered Laird.

"Well," began Smith, "I saw Dan stumbling over some iron right near the engine room. But I guess he seen me first, for when I looked all around I couldn't find him. When the engineer came he found somebody had monkeyed with the injectors and the eccentric. That's all I know," he finished.

No one ventured a word of protest or denial. It appeared to be a clear case.

"You're fired, discharged! Here's your check—take it and go!"

Laird's angry voice could have been heard to the mill. "Let this be a warning!" He swung his arm, indicating the men in front of him.

Dan had been too surprised to say a word in self-defense. A fearful thought raced through his excited brain. Now he stepped forward with clenched hands. When about to speak he hesitated, for Laird, who was on the point of entering the store had stopped. He looked in the direction Laird was gazing.

Grace Whipple was running toward them.

As she came up she appeared frightened and very much out of breath.

Dan looked at her, but he seemed frozen to the ground. He could not move.

Grace raised an arm as for attention, the while she struggled to regain her breath. "I saw you all out here, and I—I knew what was happening. I ran all the way. You fired Dan?" Her angry eyes stared at Laird.

He nodded, too surprised to answer.

"Well, he's not guilty! I—fixed the engine. Dan wouldn't promise to go—and I wanted him to go!" She raised her voice to a scream. "All these men wanted to go; but you wouldn't let them! They had a right to go, too! And I fixed the engine so they could go! Now, do your worst, Mr. Laird."

Dan's emotions could not be restrained longer. He sprang to her. "Why did you do it, Grace?" he asked with a quiver in his voice.

Tears came to her eyes as she looked shame-facedly up at him, realizing how she had hurt Dan's pride.

The men at that moment formed in a close group. The burly teamster seemed to be giving orders. Then at a quick command they formed a circle. Somebody grabbed Grace from before Dan's eyes. Two men raised her to their shoulders as the circle enclosed them.

"Three cheers for Grace!" cried the teamster. And three thundering "hurrahs" rent the still morning air.

Laird, taken completely aback at this sanction, this loyalty to the girl, started for the door the second time that morning.

Grace, however, had not finished her play. Leaping down, she pushed her way through the men, and, seeing the watchman, she pointed her finger at him:

"You lying coward!" she cried in a scathing voice. "It was me you saw that night, and you know it, for I saw you! I always knew you hated Dan."

"B—but—I—I——" Smith tried to explain.

His words were drowned in jeers and laughter. He slunk into the store, pale-faced and cowed.

Then the girl turned on Laird. "Dan isn't to blame—you've got to give him back his job!" she commanded.

The manager mumbled something like an acquiescence.

The men dispersed slowly, laughing,

singing and declaring Grace was some girl to give them such a good time, and then come out and tell the whole thing.

"Grace, how could you?" asked Dan when they were alone.

"I done it because I—I wanted to—no, I wanted you to go. I——"

"Good God, Grace, you've got nerve!" interrupted Dan. He looked down admiringly on her. "I felt like a convict standing there with the boss accusing me."

After a moment, during which he captured her hand, he said: "Say, Grace, I'll have something to say to you to-night. But I'll tell you now—I object to your Dad keeping you any longer. You're too big for him."

She smiled at him. "To-night," she said, then fled as her cheeks colored.

Then Dan hurried off with more zest for work that morning than any other workman in Timber Lake.

ARIZONA ANN

'Twuz in the city uv Bisbee
What leans agin a hill,
That I fust encountered Annie
An' her feller, Bisbee Bill.

Bill wuz happy-go-lucky,
A cow-boy wild an' free,
Born back in ole Kaintucky—
The home uv chivalree.

Six foot tall in his stockin's;
Fist like a batterin' ram;
An' spite uv all his failin's,
Ez harmless ez a lamb.

A care-free, flirtin' devil,
Espesh'ly on a spree;
But, he sure wuz on the level
In lovin' Ann McGée.

Ann wuz a jealous beauty
Plum' daft 'bout Bisbee Bill:
Mo' 'n once in hot dispute, he
Mocked ez she vow' to kill.

A lyin', malicious gossip
Spun the pizen yarn to Ann;
'Twus that low-down Yaller Possup
What hail' frum Texarkan.

Ann spurred in rage through the desert
To look up ole Squaw Luce;
An' by the great horn lizart,
Foun' Bill! Wa'n't that the deuce?

With nary a thought uv sinnin';
Jes' fixin' a leetly pup
What his hoss had kicked; a-grinnin',
Bill step' frum the wikiup.

'Ann close' her eyes an' drilled 'im
Six times with gun drawed quick:
A laugh on his lips, she killed 'im—
The thought nigh turns me sick.

The old squaw croon' the death-song.
A wild scream echo' faint,
Ez Ann pitch' forward headlong
Off Buck, her Indian paint.

The sun sunk down in glory
Purplin' the golden West—
Peculiar sort uv a story,
The way their souls foun' rest.

Ann allus said: "I reckon
If Bill is fust to die,
His soul'll surely beckon."
She seem' to prophesy.

The moon riz up a-droppin'
A blood-red halo down,
Ez the Indian squaw kep' hoppin'
An' trampin' roun' and roun'.

Ann prayed an' talk' to her lover,
But Bill wuz dead fur keeps:—
His body, she gently cover';
Then, sudden up she leaps.

With arms stretched out to meet 'im
Ez if Bill's face she see;
A-walkin' on to greet 'im
And babblin' foolishly.

Fur miles an' miles she wander',
Her eyes a-starin' wide;
A-seein' Bill out yonder,
Till jes' tired out, she died.

GUNTHER MILTON KENNEDY.

The Story of the Miracle

Told in California

By Otto von Geldern

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(Continued from last month)

(SYNOPSIS—A number of prominent characters in the old pioneer town of Sonoma, Northern California, drop into the hotel's cheerful gathering room, during the evening hours, and swap tales, experiences and all that goes to make entertaining conversation. The subject of miracles starts a discussion, joined in by the old Spanish padre, lovingly christened Father Sunday. The judge, or Jux, as he was nicknamed by his cronies, begins a story based on a recent dream, in which a supposed miracle was wrought. He dreamed that he had died, and that his soul wandered in space, visiting celestial palaces, hearing rhythmic harmonies and scenes of soul-stirring splendor, grandeur and beauty. He visited the Palace of God, where all spoke in whispers, but none there had seen Him. He failed to find his name in the record of the dead. Later he was conducted to the Realm of Satan. His satanic majesty entertains Jux in his library, where he shows himself to be an astute philosopher of negation. No trace of Jux' record on earth is found in hell. Thereupon the archangel Gabriel is sent from celestial headquarters to adjust the difficulty with Satan. A discussion arises between the two as to the just disposal of this soul.)

THEREUPON Gabriel replied with some warmth: 'My mission is to save a soul which hath nearly slipped from divine grace because of some trivial and technical neglect. And I shall save this soul without violating any law, I will promise thee that. If thou wouldst wish to propose a way of adjustment, do so; but I fear me that I may not approve of a method which will appeal to thee, foul prince, as just and equitable.'

" 'Is there the slightest reason for speaking disrespectfully to me?' asked Mephistopheles. 'Quarreling will not help us, and we shall never reach any conclusion if we continue.'

" 'Since thou wilt make no effort to solve the problem, let me suggest that *chance* decide for us.'

" 'Why that stare, Gabriel? Let not this suggestion jar thee harshly.'

" 'Doeth not Dame Chance stand at the cradle of every one of woman born on the little mother earth below? She whirls the horoscope and draws the lot, and destiny is shaped not by her decision but by her wantonness. The men of the earth are creatures of chance. The wind will blow the seed into any direction that may suit its

whim or caprice, either to let it blossom or by some blight, decay. And thus the human life is sown and scattered to the winds, and when the reaper comes at harvest time, when every life is as an open book, we call that fate which was haphazardly begun and from beginning to its end submissive to the vagaries of chance.'

" 'If then it be that chance accompany the children of the earth at their entrance into mortal life, is it illogical to utilize this means at their renascence? No; and therefore I say again, let chance decide.'

" 'The little word *chance* hath a most interesting origin, which I will explain, because thy knowledge of Hebrew is better than thy knowledge of Latin, Gabriel, even though thou art a great linguist. The derivative is the verb cado, cadere, to fall; that is, to fall as do the gaming little dice without design or previous intent. That's chance.'

" 'There is a dice box,' pointing to the sideboard, 'containing three ivory cubes marked in the usual way. Let both of us, let thee and me, cast these dice upon the table and let one single throw decide. The highest number of points shall claim this soul forever. Is not this proposal as fair to thee as it is to me?'

"After some hesitation Gabriel replied:

" 'Speak not to me of thy fairness and of thy justness and of decisions of chance. I need not contradict thee, Satan, but I wish to confront thee with this statement, the truth of which thou knowest full well:

" 'Whatever is—is, because it was so ordained by divine decree from the beginning of time. An infinite wisdom guides not only the falling seed, but also the vagrant wind that blows it to its place of development. If it fall upon a rock on earth to struggle with an existence of want and misery there, it may bloom forever in the bosom of the Infinite here.

" 'Reluctantly I acquiesce to thy proposal. I do this not to abet thee in thy greed to possess, but to curb thy cruel and malicious will. Accepting thy foul challenge of adjustment by dice, I do so because I would deprive thee of the possibility of having recourse later on to thy venal weapon of distorted law, which thou doest carry within thy mouth as the foul reptile doeth its venom.

" 'Necessity calls for an action, and one of thy own maxims, which thou doest use whenever the law as written doeth not serve thy purpose, hath it that: 'Necessitas non habet legem.'

" 'Nevertheless, and while I like not thy proposal, I accept it, for the reason that justice must prevail even between heaven and hell.

" 'Satan thou art a great jurist. Thy cunning justifies alarm and apprehension. But I have placed my trust in the powers of the good and the pure, and this faith gives me the assurance that these beneficent powers will gain a glorious victory over those of evil and darkness. Let us proceed.'

"Mephistopheles smiled and said ironically:

" 'Thou hast spoken well, Gabriel, and I bear thee no grudge. 'Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.'

"You may imagine how I felt. Crestfallen is no name for it. Chagrined, mortified, humiliated, dejected, outraged—I have used six adjectives already and all of them combined do not describe my feeling. Here I was reduced to an object to be raffled for, like a pin-cushion at a church fair, or a cigar in the Elkhorn Saloon. To what base uses had I come at last?

"After the two principals had discussed their preliminaries, Mephistopheles stepped over to the sideboard and said pleasantly:

" 'Gabriel, wilt have a little caudagalli before we begin?'

" 'O, fie! out upon thy mephitic concoctions which I like not!" exclaimed Gabriel indignantly.

" 'Well thou knowest, Satan, that thou canst not tempt me with them, and that I drink but of the pure waters of heaven that flow not in their course through thy polluted rivers of hell.'

" 'Saying: 'Sociability is not one of

thy strong virtues, Gabriel; but thou art the chooser and art ever welcome to thy insipid celestial fluid,' Mephistopheles took from the sideboard a small leathern receptacle so familiar to you all, my friends. In its make-up it did not differ from that in the Elkhorn saloon, which you have so frequently handled. Don't stare at me in that way, Father Sunday. I may be willing to make an exception in your case.

"The three dice it contained were carefully examined and accepted as satisfactory. Both thereupon walked to the library table, and upon mutual agreement it was decided that Mephistopheles should have the first throw. And that was his undoing, as you shall presently see.

"He took the box deliberately, smiling pleasantly, he rattled the dice within it, and with a graceful sweep of his hand he rolled them out upon the table. When they came to rest, Mephistopheles chuckled audibly and, imagine my consternation, when I became aware that he had shaken eighteen; that is, there were the three little ivory cubes lying before me, each with its six uppermost. Fair play or foul, I know not which.

"When I had fully realized this result, I felt as though I had received a stunning blow. I knew that I stood at the brink of the eternal abyss, and Dante's immortal words: 'All hope abandon ye who enter here,' were making their fiery impress upon my soul then. What hope is there left for me? Am I not irretrievably in the clutches of Satan, to be marked and labeled for perpetual pyrotechnical experiment?

"Let chance decide! Well said: let chance decide; but tell me, what is the proportionate chance of throwing three sixes with three dice? I shall let our Angel figure that out for me by the law of probability. To be sure, there is a possibility of tying the throw --but I realized, as you all will, that the probability of doing so could only be an extremely remote one, and I had woefully resigned myself to my future fate, when Gabriel took up the box and prepared it for his throw.

"There was nothing about him to indicate that he felt in the slightest degree his highly probable defeat; on the contrary, he had in his face the same look of assurance and determination that he displayed when he first entered the library. I reasoned that he had absolute faith in that he would tie Mephistopheles and then beat him at the second throw.

"Gabriel did not say a word; he neither smiled nor did he look particularly serious. Nothing daunted, he took the leathern cylinder, replaced the dice, shook them and rolled them out upon the table.

"Now, here happened the great miracle.

"The dice settled to rest and when we got the sum of the three, what do you think was the result? You will not credit my statement, my friends, but Gabriel had actually thrown NINETEEN with three dice!

"Thereupon the archangel proclaimed in a thundering voice, as though giving praise to the powers in whom he had pinned his unshakable faith:

" 'A miracle hath been wrought! A great miracle! A precious soul hath been saved from the clutches of Satan by a glorious miracle! The snares of the Prince of Evil were laid in vain. The great and everlasting Right hath vanquished the traducer without a violation of the written law by which we both abide. The challenge of Satan was accepted at his own terms and his defeat is unassailable.

" 'Happiness and peace abide with this soul from now on—forever and ever. So mought it be.'

"Satan had very little to say after that, but his face changed to white and green in turn with suppressed anger. He controlled his passion masterly, however, and all he said was this, and it was the only time that I heard his lips utter profanity, when he snarled:

" 'That beats hell!'

"At this moment I awoke with a great start and bathed in a cold perspiration, with my mind almost dazed

from the events that had been pictured before it. I can assure you, my friends, that it took me some time before I fully recovered my usual composure, and as long as I live, I shall not forget this uncanny nocturnal experience.

"But I shall now return to the point from which I started at the beginning of my story, and that is this: if you will admit the possibility of throwing nineteen with three dice, I will promise to believe in any miracle that may be proposed for my credence.

"But now I am dry with thirst, and if the landlord will refill this mug with his foaming beverage, I shall appreciate it greatly."

There was great hilarity as well as merry laughter among our friends when Jux had concluded. Nearly every one applauded him by the clapping of hands or by slapping him on the back.

"Did it take you only one night to dream all this?" asked Mr. Bull, wiping the perspiration from his vitreous optic. "Why, that was dream enough to last any ordinary sleeper a week."

"Yes, Jux, it took you a long time to get to the climax," said Dry-dock. "Heavens! I thought they never would get to the shaking point. I was beginning to feel an attack of ague awaiting it. It was altogether too long between drinks to suit my thirsty soul."

"Are these the thanks that I get for relating my experiences in detail?" exclaimed Jux. "You should appreciate details; but you are more ungrateful than Mephisto himself."

A small man among the auditors, a Jewish merchant, Naphtali by name, a dealer in petroleum, said with the accent of his nativity:

"The story vas good, Shudge, and I doo appreciate it vit you. All the time I vonted to tell you: leave dot to Gabriel, Shux, leave dot to Gabriel. He is von of our people. He'll doo it; it's 'eezee.'"

With this exception, however, all agreed and emphatically said so, particularly Mr. Tinker, the chronologist known as our angel, that here was an impossible condition that not even a miracle could cover: three times six are eighteen and never nineteen.

During all this time Father Sunday sat there without saying a word. A smile on his good face, however, indicated plainly enough, that while the story of Jux may not have met with his entire approbation, he had the good sense to see in it only the wholly harmless humor; and then suddenly—to a man—there arose an unanimous demand that he, Father Sunday, should augment the evening's entertainment by his version of a topic which had proved so interesting to them all.

Chapter III.

THE FATHER'S REPLY.

"My good friends, I have listened to Jux' story with very great interest, and I am willing to admit that it amused me. I don't believe that he ever dreamed all this nonsense; I am rather inclined to think that it is the result of an unduly inflamed imagination, and it is very probable that Jux dreamed that he dreamed all he told us, which makes the authority for his tale even less reliable than that of an honest dream, and when we reach such a conclusion we are somewhat justified in seeking the origin of this dream in the annals of the Ananias Club.

"However, do not think for one moment that I am unable to appreciate or to enjoy a good story irrespective of its origin, for I know as well as you do, and perhaps even better than you do, that frequently the laughing imagery of baroque and grotesque fables teaches the lesson far better than the stern and commonplace reality.

"In a world so full of woe and sorrow as this, good humor is an ever-welcome friend. A burden difficult to bear, a cross so weighty as to call for the very limit of our strength, becomes much lighter if instead of bathing it with tears and grieving over it, we laugh the grief away. But this, too, my friends, has its limits and the wise man will not overstep them.

"There are certain hallowed subjects in this world of ours that should be deemed too sacred to draw them into

jest, and the most sacred subject for human contemplation is death and that which is to follow. Every dying human being is about to take the first step into the holiest of the holy, and it behooves us to stand before this mystery with uncovered head, in devout reverence, and never to make it the subject of humorous drollery.

"Do not think, my dear Jux, that I hold you capable of doing so. I know your tender heart and your ever open hand to those who are in affliction or in distress. I only desire to point out how easy it is to lose that which every man should cherish as one of his best characteristics, and that is his dignity.

"God wills it that the future shall be a sealed book to us. Give it but one thought and you will find that we are creatures of the past only. The present, although constantly with us, does not remain long enough for us to know that it has been here, for it arrives and leaves at the same moment. To us the present second of time is the past of the coming second of time, of which nothing is known before it arrives. You will agree that the human mind is tied to space and time, and that it cannot escape from either.

"To Him, however, the past, the present and the future are as one, for time and space, these incomprehensible human conceptions, have ceased to be where the great Soul of the Universe controls everlastingly.

"O, we appear to be very wise, but with all our boasted wisdom we know in reality very little. Although surrounded by an ocean of knowledge, we are moving and groping about in the dark, and we are very much like a fish on the bottom of the sea that has never beheld its surface.

"We need more light. Open the shutters and raise the blinds and let it pour its blessings upon you, for darkness is ignorance.

"You have been impressed deeply with that one great truth, Jux, and that is, that *God is the Light.* He is, indeed, the beacon in which all the intelligence of the world is concentrated. All knowledge in our possession, accumulated through the centuries, emanates from that great source alone, of which the mental attributes of humanity, great though they may appear in gifted individuals and in our intellectual giants, are but very minute sparks. God's light shines eternally. Through the ages yet to come many things will be revealed to our intelligence, because we will learn to see more clearly, and many problems, unsolved as yet, will be unraveled and become a part of our intellectual stock and store.

"But we shall never be able to fathom the great unknowable Truth, even though we were forever exposed to the flood of its glorious light. You have frequently referred to a subdued light, Jux, and I am convinced that this light has been dimmed purposely, and it is well that this is so.

"It appears as though a curtain had been drawn to conceal from us a sacred stage. This curtain is embroidered with the most beautiful images of animals and plants and flowers, with landscapes of lofty mountains and picturesque valleys, and with a view of the endless sea, giving evidences of God, the Creator.

"The devout kneel before the folds of this marvelous tapestry, through which the rays of a subdued light fall to throw a divine halo upon these worshipers, who have prostrated themselves in recognition of their own insignificance and dependence.

"It behooves us to bow in deep humility and to kiss the hem of this holy canvas. The most audacious would not entertain the thought for a moment to attempt to lift this curtain in order to reveal that which was from the beginning intended to remain a sacred mystery forever.

"To continue: I am also convinced that *it* is not the light alone we mortals need, but that there is something of greater necessity to us, something for which the human heart will crave through all eternity, and that is Love. Without it the world may be ever so resplendent in its sparkling glory and brilliancy, but your scintillating light

alone, my dear Jux, would leave our hearts cold and dismal and barren, were it not for the warmth and the cheer of love and affection.

"You will understand this, my friends, for you are human and dependent upon it all through the span of your mortal lives, and, therefore, I say unto you: *God is Love!* Love is the spring of life and its origin must lie deep in the breast of the Creator.

"Again, I hold that God loves not only as a stern parent, as a father who would reprimand his son because he loves him and wishes to admonish him and to correct him, but that He has combined therewith, in His infinite mercy, that great and sacrificing love which a mother has for her offspring.

"A mother believes in her child, for is not this child a part of her very flesh and blood, which she is ready to shield and to defend at any moment at the risk of her own life? It has been written somewhere by a philosophic author whom I cannot recall at this moment, that a mother's son may stray into paths that lead from virtue, and that those to whom he is indifferent may lose confidence in him and conclude that for him there is no redemption. The mother, on the contrary, adheres to the faith in her son—she knows that he will turn out well in the end. She has no reason for this, no psychological proof for her faith, for she believes with her heart and not with her mind. Her life is attached to her faith in him, and in this she cannot be shaken.

"I want to add to these cold statements of fact and I want to make them more impressive by saying: You may tear out a mother's heart, you may carve it from her living bosom, and, bleeding in agony, it will forget its own pain and its own sorrows, and its last flickering throb will be given lovingly for the child who has rent that heart in twain.

"This great emotion, this unselfish love, is based upon Faith. I do not wish that you misunderstand me. I am speaking to you simply and from the heart, not as a theologian—for I fear you would not understand me as readily—but as a friend who knows you all so well and who loves you. What a cold and cheerless world this would be if it were not for the warming hearth-fire of love to cheer us, and to make the world worthy as an abode of life.

"I am now ready to take up the subject of miracles. It seems to me that since we are everywhere surrounded by enigmas, we should not be seeking for more mysteries. Modern miracles have their origin in weak and erratic minds.

"Take, as an instance, the table-tipping of those who claim to be in communication with the world behind the curtain. Is it not a far greater miracle that with the constant whirling and flying of our mother earth, the household table should stand still and not tip? This mystery appeals to me, the other does not.

"The earth we live on spins like a top, with a velocity, immediately under our feet, of fourteen miles in one minute; at the same time it is hurled through space, in its flight around the sun, at the rate of eighteen and one-half miles in one second—I beg that 'our Angel' will correct me if my figures are faulty—not to speak of other motions said to be inherent in our system of worlds; and if our minds will but dwell on this terrific speed, compared with which the cannon ball is like the cork in a pop gun, the modest little kitchen mensa begins to cut a sorry figure, indeed.

"Remember also, that the table of a family is a holy altar. The board on which we break our bread and ask upon it the divine blessing, the board around which the members of a family are gathered for counsel and advice in joy and in sorrow; this table stained with bitter tears becomes too sacred an object to be turned into an undignified jumping-jack, or into a ballet dancer for banal edification or amusement.

"It is enough to arouse our risibility to be told that our good old table has been raised to the importance of becoming a means of communication be-

tween this world and the next. Is it not ridiculous when you come to think of it? Why, my friends, the subject is not worthy of your thought.

"Undignified creeds have arisen in the past and will arise again and again in the future. They originate in the minds of the unlettered and the neurotic.

"In speaking of miracles in their usually accepted sense; that is, as something contrary to the physical laws of nature, I may point out to you this: that, reasoning philosophically, it is perfectly logical to assume the occurrence of an event which is neither preceded nor followed by others to which it is related in sequence of cause and effect. An isolated occurrence of this kind is a miracle, which from a subjective viewpoint is perfectly thinkable.

"The fact is, however, that we are usually asked to believe in unaccountable things upon the testimony of other human beings, which testimony, even if it be honest, is based upon distorted mental conceptions that lead to false impressions and to wrong conclusions. It is always the wiser plan to assume a mental attitude of skepticism towards an alleged phenomenon which is not conformable to our human experience and which cannot be brought into harmony with the normal conditions of our environment as we know it. That is, reasoning within the range of our empirical knowledge is the best standard we have.

"On the other hand, we should not forget that the laws of God governing the Universe are infinite, and that with our very limited understanding of them we are not in any position to make definite statements concerning them. You speak to me of violations of the laws of nature. Do we know all these laws and are we thoroughly acquainted with them? It seems to me that everything will depend on our understanding of them.

"Let me remind you, Jux, of the quaint philosophy contained in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* and as recorded by the erudite and reflective Teufelsdroeckh, the stercus diaboli, who, to my mind, was ill-named by his spinose and irascible creator:

" 'Deep has been, and is, the significance of miracles; far deeper than perhaps we may imagine. Meanwhile the question of questions were: what specially is a miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam an icicle had been a miracle; who so had carried with him an air pump and vial of vitriolic ether might have worked a miracle. To my horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do I not work a miracle and magical Open Sesame! every time I please to pay two pence and open for him an impassable turnpike?'

"A miracle inexplicable by any known law might readily be accounted for by another not known to us, which would remove the miraculous nature of the occurrence by its application, if we but understood it.

"If the Creator required a miracle to be wrought in order to reach an end, it is not logically necessary that He should do so in violation of the laws of the Universe of which He Himself is the author. If you will tell me that water cannot be changed into wine physically and that such a transformation is impossible, I might answer you, that if those who are drinking the water were impressed with the idea that it is wine they are drinking, then the transformation has been wrought, subjectively if you will, and the same result has been reached.

"But you may take it for granted, my friends, that the so-called modern miracles are not wondrous at all. They only appear marvelous to us because we have failed as yet to differentiate them properly. Man's miracles belong to jugglery. God's miracles surround us everywhere.

"Now, I agree with you, Jux, that in the matter of numbers and their relation to each other, we have certain mental concepts that are not based upon effiternal physical conditions but upon abstract thought, and these concepts have become to us fixed necessities. A philosopher may imagine a subjective world without a real exist-

ence behind it; again, he may picture to himself an objective one, which may agree or disagree with his subjective conception of it; all these mental gymnastics are possible, but it will be utterly impossible for him to conceive that three times six are *nineteen,* because the result *eighteen* is a fixed necessity, not only for this world but for any other that man's imagination may create.

"But, be not too hasty in your approval of this statement of mine, because I am fully convinced that there is a possibility of working this miracle with three dice. That may sound paradoxical to you after what I have just told you, but if you will grant me the opportunity, I will attempt an explanation. In order to make myself clear to you, I, too, am going to tell you a story, and when I have completed my narrative, you will agree with me that such a miracle as it contains is not only likely to happen at any time, but that it does happen on every day of our lives. We pay no attention to these occurrences because there is nothing startling or supernatural in them, and our fancy for the mysterious and occult is not sufficiently tickled to bring them into prominence.

"My story shall be a brief one. The evening is drawing to a close, and I fear me that our good Mrs. Tinker in her solicitude will call for her astronomical husband very soon, with an accentuated admonition that it is time for him to go to bed."

Our Angel muttered something about leaving these domestic adjustments to him, but the assertion lacked the usual vigor with which he ordinarily expressed his ideas on subjects foreign to his domesticity.

Be that as it may, Father Sunday began his story, and no one interrupted him during its recital.

(*To be continued.*)

EL PASO de ROBLES*

Although the city's mill I tread
 And strive for rest in vain,
In dreams thy peaceful paths I thread
 Beneath thine oaks again.

Among thy moss-hung, ancient trees,
 So strong of root and limb;
In fancy still I hear the bees
 Repeat their harvest hymn.

No greed is there, no galling grind,
 To make of life a hell;
Sweet memories recall to mind
 The magic of thy spell.

Beloved town; amid the vale,
 Near Santa Lucia's base,
Thy soothing calm can never fail,
 Nor Time thy charm efface.

BURTON JACKSON WYMAN.

*Spanish for "The Pass of Oaks"

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

(SYNOPSIS—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that Captain Pasek, the Captain of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the last moment.)

Chapter XIII.

STEFAN was placed in a big willow basket, enveloped with blankets, and left alone under the window in Jan's room, while Madame Ballandyna swathed the exhausted mother.

It was a beautiful window, all green with honeysuckle trailing in. Above, the brown thatch of the roof dipped close to the honeysuckle. A thrush alighted in the greenery and began singing, and as it sang the world seemed brighter: the dawn-dew sparkled; the morning sky was blue; and saffron jets of smoke rose cheerily from the chimneys of all the little houses of Galt.

When Jan came in to his son, he found Stefan on his back, with his chubby thumb in his mouth, cooing contentedly.

Jan picked him up, swelling with pride. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "Ha, little man! You strong little rascal! Cooing already? What do you think of this world?"

Stefan didn't think much of the world, for his face screwed up and he burst into a lusty yell.

Jan's face fell. "Aw, aw, aw, aw, aw!" he cried, and began pacing up and down to quiet him.

Madame Ballandyna bustled into the room.

"Jan Rantzau, what are you doing to that baby?" She took the child from Jan's hands. "Well, well, well, my dearie, what are they doing to my baby? Now, now, now! There, there, there! 'Busing my baby, are they? There, there, there!"

Jan chuckled to see the buxom midwife soothe his son. Presently the chubby thumb was back in the tiny mouth. Madame Ballandyna carried him into the room of his birth, and, opening the blankets across her knees, bathed the child's body with sweet oil, gently washing it clean. Jan stood by with shining eyes as she wrapped Ste-

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fan in swaddling clothes. Then Jan took him in his arms again, rocking him lightly to and fro. But as if scenting danger in those great awkward arms, the tiny red face drew up comically again, and he began to cry. His cry alarmed Jan, so he quickly laid the precious burden in the bed beside the mother.

Into Jagiello's eyes had come a wonderful love light that Jan had never seen before. "Oh, Jagiello, I love you!" he whispered. He looked down at the tiny head that snuggled close to Jagiello's warm bosom. "The little prince!" he murmured. "You, Jagiello, gave me the little prince!"

The mother was weary; sleep closed her eyes. Jan went out softly. The room was flooded with April sunlight, and there was in the air the first warm impulse of spring.

Chapter XIV.

Spring!

The hills were verescent under the gentle peltings of the April rains; the thrushes were already calling for mates; the blue flowers were lifting their heads through the grasses, drinking in the sun-glow. Upon the willows along the river green buds were appearing. The larches were glorying in new leaves. In Jagiello's garden yellow toadflax and bright blue chicory and golden sunflowers told of the renascence of the new year.

On his way to the shipyard that morning, Jan went along the bank of the Ule. The river ran like molten gold under the sun, its waters swollen from the melting snows upon the Lora Mountains. Upon its yellow crest the river packets belched smoke and whistled incessantly as they glided down to Morias. Long flat barges from Lorrila and Morena, loaded with wheat and rye, drifted down stream with the lazy movement of the current.

With the birth of his son a great love for all men and all things came to Jan, a deep sympathy with humanity in its lifelong struggle. For the Huascar, to be terrific in her death-dealing prowess, he had a certain admiration. He thrilled with the sense of her power. After the long day he returned with all speed to Jagiello and Stefan. That night, with the starlight melting through their window, he sat long beside Jagiello, and they talked of the little man, and planned wonderful things for him.

When summer came they were still planning. The sum of their immediate plans was that Stefan must have a new house to grow up in. With the joy of self-sacrifice they decided to save and buy a house for five hundred rubles, paying twenty rubles each month.

It was midsummer before they found the house that they wanted. They came upon it after many wanderings through the narrow streets of Galt. It was lost in the heart of the town, upon a knoll surrounded by lindens and acacias. They found it by going through a white cobbled courtyard. They had never seen the house before. It was not large, but had four rooms, all of wood and mud with whitewashed walls. The roof was of mud, of the hue of cinnebar. Around the front door, and above it, hung honeysuckles in full bloom. Great bees with tawny wings boomed in the stifling heat. The house had been vacant many months, and an army of brown willow-wrens with sharp, fife-like songs, had become accustomed to swarm in the lindens. When Jan and Jagiello appeared suddenly from across the courtyard, the wrens flew up in clouds, shrilling in alarm, angered at the intruders.

There was one room larger than the others and flooded with the August sunshine. As Jagiello threw open its door she exclaimed: "Stefan's room!" Stefan, in her arms, awoke at that and began crying. His voice seemed to say: "It's mine! It's mine!" Jan chuckled. "He says it's his room!" he exclaimed.

While Jan held his son, Jagiello opened the windows and let in the sweet, fresh air. Stefan continued to cry, so Jagiello took him again, and she and Jan went out upon the low veranda and sat down.

It was Sunday, and the din of the shipyard was stilled. The quaint, crooked streets crossed and zig-zagged below. Above, on their left, vineyards grooved the hillsides. To the east lay the river, and through the noon-day haze the tall spire of St. Catherine's rose like a faint tracery upon a canvas. By and by the winds came up, and white sails drifted down the river to the sea.

"If Madame Tenta will sell us the house for five hundred rubles, we will buy it," said Jan.

Thus decided, they crossed the courtyard and came to Madame Tenta's home. She bade them enter. Jan explained how he and Jagiello had happened upon the house, and inquired the price.

"A thousand rubles," answered Madame Tenta, very promptly.

A thousand rubles! Jan's dreams went glimmering in an instant. "Oh, that's too much for me ever to pay," he replied. "We went through the house and thought we might buy it from you. But a thousand rubles—no, no!"

He rose to go, but Madame Tenta delayed him with another proposal. To Jagiello she said: "You were Jagiello Nur before you married Jan Rantzau, weren't you?"

"Yes," assented Jagiello.

"I remember you now. Madame Ujedski has often told me about you."

Jagiello started. Ujedski! She had not heard of Ujedski for a year.

"And, of course, if you are a friend of Madame Ujedski, I might make your man a better price on the house. How would eight hundred rubles do?"

"You are very kind to reduce the price, but I cannot pay so much," replied Jan. "I thought I might buy the house by paying twenty rubles a month; but I have a house of my own, so I guess I had better stay in it."

He rose again, and with Jagiello went to the door. It was very evident that Madame Tenta, having found some one interested in the house, did not intend to let them escape without purchasing. She followed Jan out to the gate.

"Well, if you want the house very much, and will sell your house and pay me two hundred rubles down, and the rest at twenty rubles a month, I will let you have the house for six hundred rubles," offered Madame Tenta, surreptitiously holding the gate shut until Jan could reply.

"Six hundred rubles is still too much," declared Jan. "I cannot pay so much."

"Oh, yes, you can," suavely urged Madame Tenta. "Here, I will give you the key. Think how your boy would love such a beautiful place when he grows up."

Jan's boy! Shrewd Madame Tenta had pronounced the magic word. How Stefan would love the house! "Well," finally agreed Jan, "I will buy it for six hundred rubles." He took the key and went away with Jagiello, after promising to sell his house and pay down two hundred rubles.

Jan and Jagiello went back to look through the house again. They could see its red roof through the trees, and when they reached the door the army of willow-wrens was still flashing through the lindens. The house seemed more wonderful than ever.

Jan had bought some apples and little cakes, and as the sunset faded he and Jagiello sat upon the threshold of their new home and watched the clouds of fireflies gleaming over the river. By and by they left the doorstep and went out under the trees, where they sat down on a rustic seat. How happy they were! The great thing they had longed to do for Stefen was about to be done. It filled Jan with pride and joy to think of laboring that his son might have so splendid a home to inherit from him.

The new moon hung golden in the night as the twilight passed, and just above the red roof, in the east, the evening star was brilliant. It filled their hearts with hope, for now their own star was rising, as brilliant, as wonderful.

At length they went down across the courtyard together, looking back time and again at the star in the east, shin-

ing above their new home.

A whitewashed hut appeared suddenly before them, strangely familiar. It had been hidden by interlacing larches. In its window a candle burned brightly, and a bent old woman sat at a table alone—a grotesque, repulsive figure.

Jan and Jagiello stood stark still.

The old woman moved, and her wrinkled skin, like yellow parchment, could be clearly seen in the candlelight.

It was Ujedski.

Jan and Jagiello passed quickly into the street—Jagiello holding her child with suffocating strength, as though fearful that it would be torn from her arms.

Chapter XV.

It was a year before Ujedski summoned the courage to match her curiosity, and crossed the courtyard to Jagiello.

After that Sunday night, when Jan and Jagiello had discovered that the hut of Ujedski was just across the court, Jagiello had been haunted by visions of the Jewess skulking over the cobblestones and slinking away under her windows.

Many a time in the heat of the summer the little mother had beheld the beldame's old wrinkled face flat against her window pane, peering up at Jagiello's little red-roofed house between the trees. When there was no wind the larches above Ujedski's hovel and the lindens above Jagiello's home, were motionless, forming a dense screen that shut out all view of each house. But when the wind blew in from the sea in mid-afternoon the trees hummed and rocked, and at intervals opened into clear spaces. It was then that Jagiello, ever apprehensive, saw the face of the Jewess pressed against her window—watching! watching!

The old woman's presence was more terrible at a distance than near at hand. In the old days when Jagiello had lived with her and known Pasek, she had never feared the bent form nor the broken voice, for although hard and driving, Ujedski had been quite harmless. Now, however, it was the secret about Captain Pasek, locked in her breast, that made Ujedski the mysterious, horrifying creature that robbed Jagiello of complete happiness. She felt that if ever Jan learned her terrible secret it would be through Ujedski.

The girl had become strong again after the birth of her child, and when Jan was at work under the shadows of the Huascar, she spent her noondays in the little garden that she had fashioned, to Stefen's constant amusement.

Stefan was now nearly two years old. He had early learned to walk, and his daily excursions into the little garden filled him with crowing joy. The flowers and the birds interested him most. Already he could say "Papa" and "Mamma" and "F'ower and "Bir', bir'." One day a thrilling adventure overtook him. He had awakened in his basket in the house, and seeing the door open, had climbed out and worked his way into the garden that lay in the white sunshine. On the way a little frog hopped in his path, a particularly gay, exuberant little frog that danced with all sorts of funny capers, and threatened to attack him. But Stefan was ready for him, and seizing a stick he poked him good in the middle of his fat, brownish body. Instantly the frog gave a strange "croa-k-k-k! croa-k-k-k!" flung itself into the air and leapt away in the cool of some lichen-covered rocks.

Stefan gave a chortle of glee, and his mother came running. The little fellow laughed and pointed his sharp stick after the frog, exclaiming over and over again, "Funny bir'! Funny bir'!"

"Oh, a funny bird," laughed Jagiello, and together they set out to find him, but he had vanished into cool seclusion.

There was an endless festival of fascination in that little garden.

Jan had caught some wood pigeons for Stefan. They lived in the acacias, in a tiny green house that Jan and Stefan together had made for them. The

low music of their wings was heard from dawn to dusk. At noonday they drank from a fountain that Jan had made from a hose and some boulders. Stefan loved to watch them drinking, the sun glistening on their blue wings, full of soft melody.

All the wild winging things of the fields sought Stefan's garden. The red flowers attracted the butterflies. There were beautiful silver-washed ones, and great tawny-orange ones, and whole clouds of marbled white ones striped with amber. They came dipping through the garden, graceful, fluttering skippers; and Stefan chased them in vain. The white swaying bells of the meadow lilies, and the fuzzy foam flowers, won the Gamma moths that sported in eddying spirals. If the summer's day was hot the sky was cerulean, and the river glowing cobalt. The river boats, with white sails, came and went with lazy tooting and puffing. In the afternoons a snowy white barge would go down the river, drawn by great black horses with tiny silver bells on their harness, and driven by a boy with a wide straw hat. The barge was loaded with cotton for the gun factory. The little bells would jingle musically and die away as the boy vanished along the tow-path.

One noonday Jagiello was sitting in the garden sewing a suit for Stefan, when she heard a footfall upon the cobbles. Looking up she saw the figure of old Ujedski skulking among the trees, peering uncannily at her. She dropped her needle and started violently. The Jewess had a black shawl over her head, and when she saw Jagiello she stopped and stared at her with strange wild eyes.

Jagiello caught Stefan by the hand. "Hello, Ujedski!" she called, half involuntarily, hardly knowing what to say.

"Oh, you do know me!" laughed the Jewess, her curling lip revealing her yellow teeth, her voice more cracked than ever Jagiello had heard it before.

Reassured, she started forward and came close to Stefan. She would have touched him upon his shock of yellow hair had not Jagiello seized him and pulled him quickly behind her.

"Oh, you don't want me to touch him!" sneered Ujedski, with malicious mirth. "A Nobody is not good enough, I suppose? Fie upon you and your little night hawk!"

"He's not a night hawk!" protested Jagiello, resentfully, inwardly frightened at Ujedski's unnatural mirth.

"The son of a gay little night bird," grinned the Jewess; and again she extended her long, lean hand, and would have touched the boy had not Jagiello quickly leapt aside with him.

At that Stefan began to cry, as if knowing that something was wrong. More than once in her dreams Jagiello had seen Ujedski shaking that long, lean finger in her face, and chasing her away up the hill toward the priest's house.

Smiling again her weird smile, Ujedski asked:

"Does Jan know?"

Jagiello started, but tried to appear unconcerned. "Know what?"

"About Captain Pasek?"

A sudden impulse made Jagiello answer "Yes."

"What does he think?"

Jagiello's face turned white.

"Ujedski," she cried, "you go!"

Instead, the Jewess smiled evilly and remained leering at her. "I'll warrant Jan does not know *all*. I'll tell him myself some day."

Jagiello's face showed terror. "No, no, Ujedski!" she gasped in a panic. "Mother of God of Czenstochowa, do not tell Jan!"

The overshadowing fear that had lain close to Jagiello's heart for many months had in this crisis disarmed her cunning, revealed her inmost soul.

The Jewess chuckled. "I came across the court to see if you would lend me twenty rubles."

Twenty rubles! To keep her secret now was worth a thousand rubles! Jagiello picked up Stefan and went into the house as if to search for the rubles which she knew in her heart were not there.

Ujedski followed her, and when Jagiello had gone through the house in vain she showed the Jewess the empty pewter mug where Jan kept his money.

"Then I'll see Jan!" said Ujedski, hatefully.

"No, no! You must not tell Jan about Pasek! . . . or about me . . . I will pay you, Ujedski . . . but promise you won't tell Jan! Promise, Ujedski!"

She dropped to her knees and clutched at Ujedski's bodice in tragic appeal.

"I'll have the rubles for you You won't tell! . . . You won't tell!"

Ujedski swept her aside, and shambled rapidly away.

For a moment Jagiello was too dazed to act.

Then she ran into the garden, crying after her. But already the beldame had crossed the cobblestones and vanished among the larches. Jagiello, desperate, pale, ran among the trees, her voice rising in quavering accents: "Oh, Ujedski! Oh, Ujedski!" She searched and called everywhere, and ran through the street. But nowhere was the Jewess visible. Then suddenly she heard the distant crying of her child, and she quickly retraced her steps to the house, looking back incessantly among the trees.

Too late! She might have sold her earrings and gew-gaws and red silk bodice—anything to have bought Ujedski's silence. Too late! . . . Jan would surely know all now!

Chapter XVI.

She soothed Stefan and carried him into the house. She sank into a quivering heap on the floor, and buried her face in her hands. Her body rocked and swayed in paroyxsms of silent grief. Oh, why hadn't she told Jan long ago? Why hadn't she told him that night on the priest's balcony? Why hadn't she told him in that wonderful moment when she had whispered to him of their coming child, when he would have been so ready to forgive? Why hadn't God given her strength on her bed of travail to tell him of her sin? . . . It would have been so easy to have told him then. If only she could live through those moments again! . . . It would not have been so bad if she herself had made the revelation, but now the evil whisperings of Ujedski—the revulsion she was sure would come to the man she loved! She sobbed and swayed in the grip of her tragedy. At length Stefan, not understanding, began to laugh. He tottered over and, bending his little face close to his mother's, kissed her tear-stained cheek. Jagiello started up, clutched Stefan in her arms, and crushed him to her breast. "Oh, my Stefan!" she cried, and again, "Oh, Stefan! My little Stefan!"

In the afternoon Stefan fell asleep near the open window, through which for so many pleasant months had come the merry sound of the bells along the river. Jagiello could hear the bells now, and see the white barge. The boy with the big straw hat was driving the team along the tow-path. He would return long after sunset, when the night was shot with stars. What memories of happy days!

As sunset came the army of willow-wrens flared off into the rice flats. After a long while Jagiello went to the door from which she could look past the gun factory to the shipyard and the outlines of the Huascar. She could see the roaring pipes of white steam mounting into the air side by side with great trumpet-shaped chimneys, out of which belched red flame and saffron smoke. In half an hour Jan would return to her. Ujedski would meet him and tell him. And then . . . !

Suddenly she grew quite calm. What she should do came to her in one revealing flash. All confusion died out in her mind. She crossed the room to Stefan, and bending low over his sleeping face—the face of Jan—kissed his dewy lips. Then she took down her azure shawl and in it wrapped her few poor trinkets. She got paper from the table drawer and wrote this brief note:

"Forgive me, dear Jan. I love you more than I can ever tell you, but be-

cause of the past I must go away. Perhaps you already know. I am not fit to be your wife or Stefan's mother. Oh, forgive me, Jan! Do not try to follow, for I will be a long, long way off . ."

She signed her name; then taking up a second sheet of paper, she wrote a note to Ujedski:

"I have gone away to die, for I could never stand to have Jan know what you know."

In the hush of the sunset she went out across the courtyard and down into Ujedski's hovel, where once she had sinned. The old Jewess had not yet returned. She pushed open the door, stole to the table, left the note under the iron candlestick, and noiselessly passed out again. No one noticed her as she slipped away between the trees along the river bank, back toward her home in the fair southern fields of Guor, whence she had come—no one save the army of willow-wrens calling high in the flaming sky, flying back to the lindens in the little garden . . . flying back gayly . . .

Chapter XVII.

Jan returned at dusk.

He crossed the little garden where the improvised fountain was still spraying the water lilies. He looked, as was his custom, up into the doorway as he approached. Jagiello was not there. It was the first time since they were married that she had not been waiting to greet him.

Usually she waved to him before he came within hailing distance; then she would call to him, holding Stefan aloft in her arms, waving his tiny hand. That moment was worth the whole day of grinding toil to Jan: it had become the thing he lived for.

But to-night Jagiello was not there. Perhaps she was too busy in the house. Perhaps the clock had stopped. Or she had not heard the whistle. Or even she might have run over the knoll to Marya Ballandyna's, as she sometimes did during the day, taking Stefan with her.

Jan entered the house.

The rooms seemed strangely, unaccountably silent. Stefan's basket was under the window. Jan looked in it. There lay his boy, peacefully sleeping. Ah! it was all right now. Jagiello must be near.

He went from room to room, thinking she might not have heard him come in. "Jagiello!" he called softly, to avoid waking Stefan. There was no answer, save the echo of his voice. He went out into the garden and looked through the trees, and called her name over and over. "Jagiello, oh, Jagiello!" But there was no answering call. Fear began to steal into his heart. Surely she would not go far and leave Stefan here alone. And yet, why did she not answer?

He went back into the house again and lit a candle, and once more bent over Stefan.

Then he saw, pinned to the side of the baby's basket, the note that she had left for him.

He set the candle down on the table, and with trembling, eager fingers opened the note and read it.

His face grew ashen. His great fists, like sledges, crumpled the paper. He stood stark still, stunned, incredulous, gazing around the room in childlike wonder. . . . Jagiello gone? . . . Where? . . . Why? . . . Turbulent questions surged through his bewildered brain. The look in his eyes reflected the pain that stabbed his heart.

In the dancing, fantastic shadows from the candle on the table his huge frame loomed black against the white wall, the shadow of a Titan. He felt as though some unseen enemy had struck at him. He went to the table, and in the candle's glow opened the crushed ball of paper in his hand. Over and over he read the message that pierced him like a knife thrust. The very words sounded unreal. The whole situation seemed impossible, uncanny.

His mind reconstructed the events of that morning before he had left her. He went over every detail.

They had risen at five o'clock. While he was dressing Jagiello had cooked his breakfast. He had eaten *kaszia,* rye bread and honey, and had drunk

black coffee without milk or sugar. He remembered her standing above him, pouring the coffee into his mug. Then she had placed the coffee pot back on the porcelain stove and come to him and kissed him. "Go right on eating," she had said; "don't let my silly little kisses bother you." And she had laughed—that little bell-like tinkle of a laugh that he had always loved; and he felt the pressure of her soft arms around his shoulders. Then after a while she had talked of Stefan. He remembered that she had said: "Next week we will have Father Mamarja christen our little son." He repeated those words over and over to himself until he lost their meaning. "Next week!—next week!—next week!" That showed that she was not thinking of going away. No! This terrible thing had come out of the skies—had suddenly struck him when he was away.

He got up and went to the door. The stars blazed in the summer sky like candles at Yuletide. From the river came the fresh breath of the wind, and he could see tiny points of flame from the lanterns of barges. He remembered, dully, that about this time every night the boy with the straw hat drove the horses past that pulled the barge of cotton from the fields of Lorilla. The night was so peaceful. He had been so happy. This sudden catastrophe seemed impossible.

"It can't be true!" he cried to himself. "It can't be true!" Then a sudden thought came to him. It was her little joke! Ah, yes! he might have known. She only wanted to fool him, to see what he would do. She wanted to see his face turn white, and his muscles grow taut, and his breath come hard as he read her letter. Then she wanted to see what he would say, and presently she would run out of her hiding place into his arms—laughing, satisfied! . . Why hadn't he thought of that in the first place? It was so simple. Of course nothing had happened. What a fool he was! Well, he had read the note, and his face had paled, and his muscles had grown taut with the shock. Now why didn't she come forth, confessing her artfulness, and let him catch her in his great arms and swing her high in air, and kiss her as she came down?

He looked around the room again—at the table so neatly arranged for his supper; at Stefan's basket under the window, with the honeysuckle vines trailing in; at the white Swiss curtains; at the brown screen in the corner; at the fireplace with the copper crucifix in the black velvet frame above it; at the green serge hangings of the clothes recess. She might be hiding behind the screen—or she might be in the closet. She was surely in the one place or the other.

He laughed at himself for having been so stupid. Hadn't she often said to him, with a pert toss of her golden head: "You don't love me!" And as often as he repeated his protest of love, hadn't she confronted him again with the accusation in the charming little way she had that made his pulses hammer and his breath come fast? Now she was testing her accusation of fading love. She had grown tired of his mere words. She had loved him so that the woman in her demanded more than verbal announcement of love: she wanted visual evidence of his affection. Ah, yes, that was it . !

So Jan sat down and began to eat his supper. After a few moments he said, as though addressing her opposite him: "Well, you little monkey, why don't you come out?" His voice broke hollowly in the silence. He waited for Jagiello's answer, but as the moments raced by no answer came. When he could bear the horrible suspense no longer he got up and pushed forward toward the screen. He was ablaze with anger. It was all right to play at going away, but there was a time to stop. His eyes dilated, his breath whistled from his body, his voice boomed in the little room: "Come out, Jagiello! Come out!"

With a single blow he knocked the screen to the floor. There was no one behind it.

He turned to the clothes recess. He caught the green serge curtains that

Jagiello had spent days embroidering with red butterflies, and tore them from their rods. He groped among the clothes, but only the clothes met his eager hands . . . Jagiello was not there.

His anger went suddenly from him, as quickly as it had blazed up.

He strode to the doorway. He went down into the little garden, calling "Jagiello! Oh, Jagiello!" But only the wind in the larches answered him.

He stood helpless in the garden, not knowing where to seek her, not knowing what to do.

Then his son began to cry. He hurried quickly back into the house. He picked the little fellow up tenderly and folded him passionately to his breast. But still he cried: "Mamma! Mamma!" Jan walked him across the floor, trying to soothe him. But the little man only sobbed for his mother.

Jan put him back in his basket.

He stood looking down at him. His great heart broke, and tears dimmed his eyes. Of what use could he be to a child that cried for its mother, he, the gnarled Titan, the man who knew only how to toil?

With swift impulse he strode into the doorway and bellowed across the court:

"*Ujedski!*"

(*To be continued.*)

ACHIEVEMENT

Great things await the turn of each man's hand.
Tremendous issues hang upon the fate
Of our arrival elsewhere soon or late.
For one must build a house upon the sand,
One must write a book that none can understand,
Another has a legacy of hate,
And rushes off to spend his vast estate,
While some seek love with prayer and vain command.

Colossal projects grow each busy day
And towering plans mature through brain and brawn;
The hands fly fast, the dreams leap fierce and far,
Till men turn proud and boast along the way!
And meanwhile, through the day, the dark, the dawn,
There spins this lost and wandering star.

JOE WHITNAH.





The Mexican Deputation Sent to Austria to Invite Archduke Maximilian to Accept the Mexican Crown

Maximilian I of Mexico

By Evelyn Hall

THE DEATH of the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria (November 21, 1916), "Emperor of Sorrow," as he has been termed, recalls to mind one if not the Emperor's first great sorrows: that of the untimely and brutal death of his brother Maximilian.

Maximilian, known in his early life as Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, was the second son of Archduke Francis Charles and Archduchess Frederica Sophia. He married Princess Maria Charlotte Amelia, daughter of King Leopold I of Belgium. This marriage was not, as is often the case amongst the royalty of Europe, for diplomatic reasons, but purely a love match. The young Archduke wooed and won the beautiful Princess Charlotte. She possessed the rare traits of character that made her loved by all whom she met, but mingled with her gentleness and mildness of disposition was an underlying pride and ambition; it was this ambition that was instrumental in making Maximilian forsake his home, the Palace of Miramar in Trieste, to become Emperor of Mexico.

Maximilian did not hanker for power, and it took some persuasion on the part of Napoleon III, who represented Mexico, to be "a great Latin State, organized and disciplined in European fashion in an ancient Spanish colony." The entreaties of Napoleon III, coupled with his wife's desire for power, finally overcame his better judgment. He was led to believe the people would unanimously welcome his arrival. Instead he found



it a discordered land, seething with corruption. The country divided its support between Maximilian and Benito Juarez, President prior to his arrival.

The French people, feeling the expedition a costly one, along with the attitude of resentment on the part of the United States in European interference in attempting to establish a monarchy on the continent of North America, Emperor Napoleon withdrew all the French troops, thus leaving Maximilian to face the situation alone.

Meanwhile the Empress returned to Europe to enlist support for Maximilian, shortly after her arrival her reason left her. Ambition was paid for at a terrible price by the Empress, for after all these fifty years she is still insane. Her home is in a chateau in the village of Bouchout, Belgium. At present she is cut off from all her own people and lives surrounded by Germans.

While defending Queretaro against a Liberal force led by General Escobedo, Maximillian was betrayed by General Lopez, whom he had made a confidant of, on the night of May 14, 1867. He was imprisoned with two of his generals, Mejia and Miramon. The three prisoners were tried, found guilty, and condemned to be shot June 19, 1867.





Old Male Elephant Seal Ready for Battle

The Remarkable Elephant Seal

By Lillian E. Zeh

NATURALISTS all over the world, especially the U. S. Government, have been greatly interested of late in a beach some 400 yards long by 30 in width on the isolated Island of Guadalupe. Here, on this remote and uninhabited Island, lying in the Pacific Ocean, one hundred and forty miles off the northern part of the Peninsula of Lower California, has been discovered the only rookery left, and the last standhold on the Western Continent of the northern elephant seal. This is the largest of all seals, long since thought to have disappeared, and likewise one of the most remarkable marine mammals existing to-day. Aside from its great size, 16 feet and more, the chief feature of interest of these animals is centered in the strange appearance of the head caused by an elephant like trunk or snout, measuring in the adult males nearly a foot or more in length. The re-discovery of this, the only herd of northern elephant seals living to-day, was made by Dr. Charles H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, who commanded an expedition on the U. S. Fisheries steamship "Albatross" to Lower California, to study the fishery resources and to obtain specimens of this region. By a special arrangement with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, the New York Zoological Society and the Museum of

Natural History were enabled to cooperate in this voyage. This magazine is able to present one of the interesting field photographs taken by Dr. Townsend, showing the curious appearance and various attitudes assumed by the elephant seals, along with a general description of their life, habits, etc., hitherto not fully known. The elephant seal formerly had a range of nearly one thousand miles from Magdalena Bay northward to near San Francisco, and they were abundant on all the islands off the west coast of Lower California. Being valuable for its oil, it was killed in large numbers for commercial purposes until it was thought to be practically extinct. The oil is worth about fifty cents a gallon. A sixteen foot elephant seal is said to yield from 200 to 250 gallons of oil. The animals are killed by shooting; the skins have no commercial value. A small herd of eight were found some twenty years ago by Dr. Townsend on the same island while hunting for a species of the fur seal; however, as no report had been received from this region in the interval it was thought that this remnant of a herd had been exterminated and therefore there was little hope of its continued existence. The recent rediscovery of a herd of a considerable size has been a matter of great surprise and of important zoological interest. The new herd of elephant seals were discovered by Dr. Townsend on the northwest side of Guadalupe Island after a half day's search. Here, on a sandy beach some 400 yards in length by 30 in width, under high and impassable rocks, and flanked by cliffs that extend into the sea, was located the rookery and breeding place of the herd of 150 elephant seals. Their habitat, known as Elephant Beach, is accessible from the sea only, and is usually further protected by a heavy surf. The colony of seals was found scattered in family groups along the beach, and watched the landing party in their boats with apparent indifference. The herd consisted chiefly of large males, females, yearlings and new born pups. A number of adult males were surrounded by newly born young, and the indications were that the breeding season was just commencing at this time of the year, which was March, and therefore it was thought that other adult females would arrive later. The seals had little fear of man, which afforded unusual opportunities for securing close range photographs showing them in their various attitudes. Unless actually teased by members of the party, the old animals did not attempt to leave the beach, and many of them did not raise their heads from the sand until closely approached, although wide awake. When driven from a comfortable resting place they would soon settle down, and after throwing sand on their backs with their front flippers, become quiet again. Both young and old have the habit of covering themselves with sand when settling down to rest. The females, although but little molested appeared to be even more passive than the males. Some of the large males, after being driven into the sea, soon returned. While in the water they remained near the surf, disregarding the boats which passed near them, the head being usually held well above water, with the proboscis partially retracted. When making a landing the large male does so very slowly, with frequent pauses, from time to time raising and spreading the hind flippers to get the benefit of each low wave that helps him through the shallows. When finally clear of the water and dependent upon his own efforts in getting his ponderous bulk to a dry place well up the sloping beach, progress becomes very slow, but the elephant seal is able to crawl long distances. The males measured sixteen feet in length with average girth of eleven feet. The adult female measured eleven feet. The color of the adults is yellowish brown, the younger animals grayish brown, and newly born pups dusky black. The skin of the adult male is exceedingly heavy, being an inch thick about the fore

part of the neck. The carcasses of the sixteen foot seal were so heavy that it required the strength of a half dozen men to turn them over with the aid of a rope and hand-holds cut in the skin. The blubber was found to be about four inches thick in some places. The most striking and remarkable feature of this animal, and from which it takes its name, is a curious elongated trunk or snout which attains a length equal to the remainder of the head. This thick and heavy appendage has a length of ten inches or more forward from the canine teeth, and is fibrous and fleshy throughout; when fully expanded it exhibits three bulging transverse folds on top separated by deep grooves. The trunk is not capable of inflation, but is retracted into heavy folds on top of the head by muscular action. This snout is somewhat protrusible, but when not elongated hangs in a pendulous fashion over the mouth —when sleeping it rests upon the sands, a shapeless mass. In fighting, the large males crawl slowly and laboriously within striking distance, and then rearing on the front flippers and drawing the heavy pendant proboscis into wrinkled folds well up on top of the snout, strike at each other's necks with their large canine teeth. This is accompanied with more or less noise and snorting. In fighting, the proboscis is closely retracted, and the seal is apparently successful in keeping it out of harm's way, as many of the animals with badly damaged necks were found to have trunks showing no injury at all. The fighting is not of a fatal or desperate sort, and the contestants soon separate. There seems to be no actual seizing and holding of the skin, and after each sharp blow the head is quickly withdrawn and held aloft. The fore flippers are large and thick, and have very heavy claws.

One of the curious features developed for protection in their beach battles is a "shield" covering the part of the animal mostly exposed to attack when fighting. This extends from the throat just below the base of the jaws, down to the level of the flippers and rather more than half way back on each side of the neck and breast. The skin is greatly thickened, practically hairless, and years of fighting has given it an exceedingly rough and calloused surface, producing an armored breast plate. Though freely exposed to the enemy and ugly wounds are inflicted by the large canines, the heavy skin in no case seemed to be broken through.

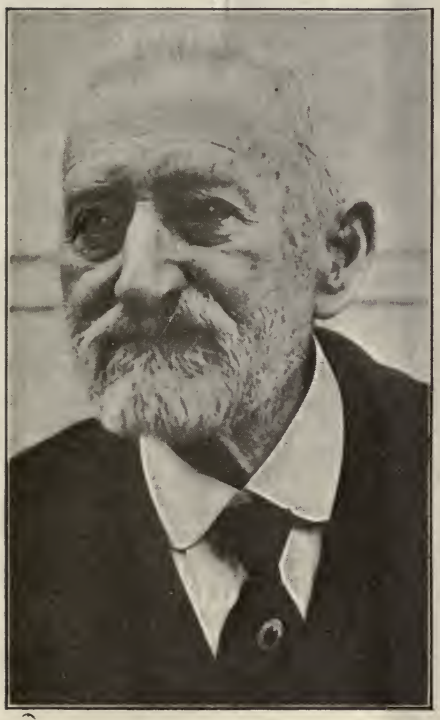
TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Immortal hero, who from common clay
Emerged a masterpiece! Titanic soul,
Rough-hewn of tragedy, ye paid the toll
Of Freedom; thy clear vision lit the way
For Liberty . . . We hail thy natal day
God's gift! Thy charity, writ on the scroll
Of troublous years, helped unify this whole
Fair land. The halo of self-victory lay
Upon thy brow, and always poet's pen
Must falter ere it but the half express.
So humble, yet thou wert a Man of Men,
Where such are measured by their tenderness
And valor. What though criticised has been
Thy grace of form—none think to love thee less!

Jo Hartman.

Experiences of an Oregon Pioneer

By Fred Lockley



Judge Wm. H. Packwood of Oregon

WILLIAM H. Packwood, of Baker County, Oregon, is the last surviving member of the Oregon State Constitutional Convention held in Salem, Oregon, in the fall of 1857. Among the sixty delegates who met on the seventeenth of August in the Marion County Courthouse to frame a constitution to be submitted to the voters of the State were many who later achieved State-wide or Nation-wide distinction. Geo. H. Williams, Oregon's "Grand Old Man," became a member of President Grant's cabinet; Delazon Smith represented Oregon in the United States Senate; L. F. Grover became Governor of Oregon, as also did Stephen F. Chadwick; Reuben P. Boise and P. P. Prim both sat on the Supreme Bench in Oregon; Matthew P. Deady, the President of the Constitutional Convention, became one of Oregons most distinguished jurists; Chester N. Terry, the secretary of the Convention, achieved fame in California in later years. Some of the delegates had already achieved State wide fame. Jesse Applegate, the leader of the "Cow Column," A. L. Lovejoy, the founder of Portland; Captain Levi Scott, the founder of Scottsburg, and many of the older delegates had come by ox team across the plains to Oregon in the middle forties, when Oregon was under the Provisional government and had served in the Provisional as well as the Territorial government. Fifty-nine of the sixty delegates have taken the long trail that leads over the Divide—the one-way trail. William H. Packwood, the only living delegate, at the age of 84 is hale and hearty and as much interested in the welfare of Oregon as he was fifty-eight years ago, when he helped frame Oregon's constitution.

Judge Packwood was born on October 23d, 1832, near Mt. Vernon, Illinois. "My mother's death when I was twelve years old threw me on my own resources," said Judge Packwood. "I peddled bread in Pap's town, as East St. Louis was then called. This proving pretty slim picking, I took up any work that offered, working on farms or grocery stores, or any other job I could secure. In 1848, while in Springfield, Illinois, I wrote eighteen on two slips of paper, put a slip in each shoe and truthfully swore that I was '*over 18*' and was enlisted in the Mounted Rifles. While I was but sixteen I was large for my age, and had been doing a man' swork on the farm for some time. I was assigned to Jefferson Barracks in Missouri. In February, 1849, we were ordered to East Leavenworth, where our company was recruited to its full strength, and horses, rifles, revolvers and sabres were issued to us. On May 10th camp was broken, and our regiment under

the command of Colonel Loring started on their long overland march for Oregon. I was selected as one of the military escort of 25 men to accompany General Wilson, who had been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Pacific Coast. We left for California on June 5th, and reached Sacramento on November 5th. Of the 200 head of mules and horses with which we started, all but 19 had died on the way across the plains. When we reached Sacramento our escort of 25 men was reduced to four men by desertions. We were being paid about $8 a month, and as from $12 to $15 a day was being paid in the mines, it proved too strong a temptation for most of our men. With some other troops we were quartered in an adobe building at Sonoma in a part of which General Vallejo, the former Spanish governor of California, was living. Persifer F. Smith, who had won his spurs under General Scott in Mexico a year or so before, was in command of the Division of the Pacific. Colonel Joe Hooker was Adjutant-General and Lieutenant Alfred Pleasanton was aide-de-camp.

"In the spring of 1850 I was sent to Vancouver Barracks to rejoin my company. A few weeks after my arrival at our post on the Columbia River our company was ordered to Benicia, in California. We were there from May, 1850, till August of the same year, when we were sent to Northern California. Returning to Benicia some time later we were ordered to go to Port Orford on the Oregon Coast to protect the settlers from the Indians. We started late in December, 1851, in a leaky and overloaded old tub of a boat. We were shipwrecked at the mouth of Coos River, and we stayed on Coos Bay from January 1st to the following May, when we marched overland to Port Orford. At the expiration of my enlistment, I settled in Curry County and became Curry County's delegate to the Constitutional convention. For years I followed mining. I was one of the party that discovered and named the Auburn diggings in Baker County, Oregon. I have recently found a good prospect in the Burnt River country, and I am planning to open it up."

At the last session of the Oregon Legislature a well deserved and unique honor was paid Judge Packwood. The House and Senate met in joint session, and in the presence of both houses the supreme judge and other State officials, the Governor presented Mr. Packwood with the following resolutions:

House Concurrent Resolution No. 8

Whereas, Judge William H. Packwood, of Baker, Oregon, was a delegate from Curry County to the Constitutional convention that framed the constitution of the State of Oregon and is the sole surviving member of that delegation of distinguished pioneers, and has been prominentiy identified with many leading events in the history of Oregon since 1850, as Captain of the Coquille Guards in the Indian wars, as drafter of portions of the equitable rules and laws governing the early mining districts, and as scout, trail blazer, capitalist and historian,

Whereas, it is proper that the State of Oregon, through their Legislature, should extend to Judge Wm. H. Packard in this his 84th year a token of their gratitude for his public services, now therefore

Be it Resolved, the House, the Senate concurring, that the 28th Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon hereby recognizes and expresses its appreciation of the high standard of life of Judge Wm. H. Packwood, and of his public services as one of that band of intrepid pioneers that blazed the way for the march of civilization in the Oregon country, and

Be it further Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be engrossed, signed by the governor the president of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, and be presented by this assembly in Joint Convention to Judge Wm. H. Packwood, as a testimonial of his character and achievements and as a token of public gratitude and esteem.

The Gorgas of the Philippines

By Marian Taylor

WOODS HUTCHINSON, the well-known medical expert, tells us that, from a health point of view, we are about coming to the conclusion that the proper study of mankind is insects, because of their destructive power. Even the bomb-dropping Zeppelins and aeroplanes, he says, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the mosquito and the fly as destroyers of life and limb. A million lives a year by malaria and yellow fever, he considers a conservative estimate.

Nor is malaria confined to the tropics. He reminds us that Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa could never have been settled by the white race without the aid of quinine, giving the name of a famous old pioneer physician of the Middle West as his authority for the statement. He also tells us that the malaria-carrying mosquito ranges clear up to our northern boundary, and many a new settlement in our Middle West and Northwest has been broken up and driven out by malaria, just as were the earliest Virginia settlers at Jamestown. Further, that up to a few years ago malaria was quite common along the coast and rivers of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Southern Massachusetts, and that even yet the mosquito is an enemy there.

We know, also by experience that California is not exempt from the same pestiferous insect, but it is comforting to know that many mosquitoes are simply annoying and not harmful. Dr. Wiley it is who informs us that we may tell at a glance whether one that alights, for instance, on the back of the hand, and begins to insert her bill, is likely to inoculate with malaria or not. The following is his test:

"If the back of the insect is practically parallel with the back of your hand, and her head and her proboscic make an obtuse angle with the axis of her body, she is a harmless mosquito (culex.) On the other hand, if the axis of her body is practically continuous with that of the head and bill, she belongs to the anopheles type, and means business from the start.

"She stands on her head to give greater power to her punch. If she has had any opportunity to become impregnated with malarial organisms, she is likely to carry enough of them on her bill to start an abundant crop of malaria-producers in your blood."

Cuba's redemption from yellow fever is a thrilling story. For one hundred and fifty years Havana had suffered from that scourge, and the more the people cleaned up their city the worse conditions became, until, at last, a man from Alabama, Dr. W. C. Gorgas, took up the work of sanitation on the basis that the fever was caused by an infected house mosquito—the stegomyia. This fact had been previously discovered by Doctor Donald Ross, an officer in the Indian Civil Service, but it was Major Jesse W. Lazear of the United States Army who bravely put it to the test. He bared his arm to the mosquito, and died in agony as the result, thus by the sacrifice of his life paving the way for the salvation of thousands when Doctor Gorgas applied the discovery.

In spite of this, however, the conservative British Medical Journal would only go as far as admitting that the experiments in Cuba were suggestive, the yellow fever theory not yet being universally accepted. Then

came the supreme test in the Isthmus of Panama, with its fifty miles of jungle and two fever-infected cities; that awful region where, during the French regime, there was a death for every tie on the track, and where there was a higher mortality among the workmen of that time than the old Guard of France showed during the Napoleonic wars, owing to lack of knowledge of the cause of the tropical disease.

In 1904 the remarkable man who had stamped out fever in Cuba faced the stupendous problem of the disease-ridden Isthmus of Panama, and his success in handling both yellow fever and malaria is a matter of history. Major-General Gorgas will go down to posterity as a benefactor of the human race. But for him the great achievement of the Panama Canal would have been rendered impossible.

Now another Southerner, Doctor George W. Daywalt, who settled as a physician in San Francisco thirty years ago, and who went to the Philippines as an army surgeon during the Spanish-American war, has made himself famous by the magnificent work he has done on the Island of Mindoea. Since the war he has been helping to develop a sugar plantation there, but four years ago health conditions became so bad and the involved area so appallingly large—approximately one hundred square miles, that the problem became as serious as that which faced General Gorgas at Panama.

Finally, a health committee, appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, discovered that the deadly sickness destroying the people was caused by the carrier mosquito, anopheles, one of the twenty species of mosquitos infesting that region, an insect that made its breeding places in the streams of the plantation. It was found out, moreover, that this particular mosquito, after biting a person, remained about the house for eight days before it was possible for it to carry malaria. Hence it became a case, not of "swatting the fly," but of catching the mosquito, and the natives were taught by Doctor Daywalt to take a thin piece of bamboo, bend it into a circle about four inches in diameter, wrap it in spider webs, and then use it against the enemy.

But it is questionable whether the easy-going Filipinos would have exerted themselves but for the persuasive power of the Doctor who, in addition to his brilliant intellect, has a most compelling charm. In this respect, he is like General Gorgas; both men are born diplomats, leading rather than driving those under them.

"You know the Filipinos are credulous, so I turned their superstitions to good account," said the Doctor during a recent visit to the United States. "I showed the salivary glands of the anopheles to a young native and told him that in them lived Asuang, the evil spirit that kills little children, and that all the mosquitoes in and around the house must be destroyed every week, or they would become death-carriers," an admonition that worked like a charm.

But the most remarkable part of the story is as follows, and it is like a fairy tale where one goblin ensnares another and then a bigger one comes along and swallows both. It appears that one day a native assistant was working in a stream, and made the discovery that water bugs were eating the larvae of the mosquitoes—"wigglers," he called the latter. In great excitement he told the Doctor, who immediately began an investigation, which revealed two species of fish, in their turn, swallowing the bugs.

"At first people wouldn't believe me," said the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "nor would they take any stock in my plan, which was to corral the fish in a stream about a mile long and allow the water bugs to multiply till they were sufficient in number to consume all the larvae." The result was little short of a miracle, for an area of twenty square miles was cleared of the disease-laden insects in a period of ten months, and there has not been a single case of infection since."

The Doctor has an able corps of

trained Filipino assistants, and the death rate in the villages and towns of Mangarin has been reduced from eighty-six a thousand to four a thousand. The death rate in Mindoea four years ago was two hundred and fifty a thousand, and now it is less than that of the city of Washington; while the cost of protecting three thousand people—sleeping within the twenty square mile area—against the mosquito, was, for 1915, only one thousand dollars.

And so, Doctor George W. Daywalt is content to live far from the lure of modern city life, cut off from many of the comforts and most of the luxuries of civilization that he may devote himself to the interests of science and the fine work of a broad humanity. Back to the San Jose sugar plantation of Mindora has he gone, where the natives love him because he keeps their old-time enemy, Asuang, away from their babies, and where he is regarded as something between an all-powerful friend and a fairy god-father.

MISUSE

A thousand labor that she may be free
To bear that fine head haughtily and high,
Each lock of hair arranged to please the eye
With what a careful, cunning artistry!
Dominion over age and care has she,
Keeping her potent youth, which would pass by,
Dormant and atrophied, thus to defy
Travail of soul and body, and its fee.

Unheard, a cry beats at her jeweled ear—
The crying of her sisters in the dark;
The world's a playground, in her blinded eyes,
A garnished, perfumed garden-spot, and here
The brain which might have lit a lasting spark
Ponders the problem of a bridge-club prize.

MABEL RICE BIGLER.



The Trend of Events

By Cornett T. Stark

THOSE whose memories go back to twenty, thirty or forty years ago, have doubtless noticed how much the world's thought has changed since then, especially in regard to social fundamentals. It is remarkable that such developments should be coincidental with an epoch marking place reached by the Sun in the precession of the equinoxes, and yet, every two thousand years or so these radical changes in the attitude of humanity as a whole have occurred, as far back as history records and immensely farther, according to occult records.

Just as two thousand years ago, approximately, a period began from which we now even measure time itself, so is there now being rapidly inaugurated another era, that of human rights. It is the Aquarian age of man which was predicted in 1485 to begin in 1881.. That prophecy by the person who chose to be known as "Mother Shipton," ended by saying that "The world to an end shall come, in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." It did not mean that the planet would be destroyed, though such cataclysms as put Atlantis under the water in 9564 B. C. may occur before the age is fully ushered in. The present terrible condition in Europe is part of the birth agony in a literal sense, but the growth of general enlightenment accomplished prior to this war, that had been proceeding in geometrical progression for fifty years. was due to many unseen agencies that carry on the process of evolution, chiefly the solar change from Pisces to Aquarius; and it was to this that Mother Shipton referred.

At the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the impetus given to the aspirations of humanity by the Christ, or to that much of the world as he came especially to inspire, had about spent itself. Christians were either spiritless and perfunctory, or zealous but bigoted. A typical illustration of the dogmatic and inconsistent attitude of people who mistakenly believed themselves to be Christlike, is seen in the following letter:

Boston, Sept. ye 15th, 1682.
To ye aged and beloved John Higginson:

There be at sea a shippe called "Ye Welcome," which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye chief scampe, at the head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malache Huxett of ye brig "Propasse" to waylay sed "Welcome" as near ye coast of Codde as may be, and make captive ye sed Penne and his ungodly crewe so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countre with ye heathen worship of these people.

Much spoyle may be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and shall not only do ye Lord good service in punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful, and I will set down ye news when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ,
COTTON MATHER.

The violent intolerance of that epoch is now almost unbelievable. But exclusiveness remains to some extent, and shows roughly the lines of divi-

sion meant for that time when implanted in the mind and nature of the Aryan race. "Get thee out of thy country into a land that I will show thee." We have preserved for us there a record of the foundation of a new race, one which was intended to nourish ideals then unknown to the world. It was to be that which is known in Occultism as the Fifth Race, growing up as in part, a contemporary of the Atlantean or Fourth Race, whose later subraces still exist, notably the seventh or Mongolian. To guard against intermarriage with the older peoples, Abraham was directed to live apart from them, and to serve the purpose for which the new people was chosen, caste was established in its first subrace. But as with every race, there were to be seven sub-races, and it is the material for the sixth of these that is being gathered into that melting pot of the nations—the United States. Today we see the warrior caste of old, surviving in form in India, but the people who made up that caste in its prime has after intermediate appearances in various places now largely reincarnated in Prussia. In Germany there is also much of the merchant caste, but the western world contains few of the truly religious class: that retains its ancestral home in the Orient.

Why is the knowledge of those basic laws of life that are known as "karma" and "reincarnation," not world wide instead of being confined to some six or eight hundred millions of people, most of whom live in Asia? We white people regard ourselves as the best educated and most scientific of all earth's inhabitants, present or past. How do we know that? Diligent research shows that the ancients knew more, not less, than we. Atlantean culture reaching a flowering season not only in Atlantis, but in its colonies of Egypt and Peru, that has not been equaled since. But as all things move in cycles, the law of periodicy obscured that degree of culture in decline at least, only to be raised again at the flow of the tide during which other ideals are being cultivated. If there were not places on earth where initiative and the creative faculty of human kind could be especially trained, those powers would remain latent and the chief glories of life could not properly manifest in us. When from childhood an Oriental is taught the basic laws of his being, he comes to feel that God's plan provides for every contingency, with the result to him that there is no need to constantly improve, and he achieves the extreme of simplicity. But when through suitable environment by birth he is given the idea that there is but the one life in which to accomplish all things, there is incentive to great effort, and while we who are so born suffer the extreme of complexity and turmoil, the otherwise dormant ability to create, to become skilled artisans and co-workers with God, is in this manner exercised. Every otherwise worthless toy that men strive for has that value. The work of the Caucasian or fifth sub-race, which has yet to reach its greatest height, is being carried on under those conditions of ignorance in regard to karma and reincarnation, which for it have been proper.

In this day and land of intellectual pride, race prejudice runs rather high. The color line is drawn by most of our people, but curiously enough it seems to be more clearly felt by those individuals most recently members of the more primitive races. It is a God implanted instinct to keep race magnetism pure, but it should not follow that because a given people is younger and therefore less highly evolved, we should be arrogant and patronizing toward them. If we are indeed superior, let us show it in our patience and helpfulness to those races. The dark skinned members of humanity are quick to acknowledge the supremacy of the whites, and also they are quick to notice when we fail in the responsibilities that that fact devolves upon us. They are human just as we, only younger. Their stage of growth has its own peculiar needs. The habits of

thought, the customs, and the ideals of those classes, are for them until such a time as they outgrow them. Their great religious Teachers present in due order the ideals that must be achieved in the course of the journey just ahead of them, and along which we, perhaps, have already gone. Frequently it is the same great Teacher who at another time and under another name, gave some other phase of Truth to a restricted portion of the world, and yet the separated followers revile their own Prophet under that other name, not knowing what to do.

Immense periods of time are involved in the maturing of a horde of bodies that will express within certain limits any one quality of the Divine Life as the chief characteristic of that horde. 100,000 years ago the Great Being in whose care the destiny of nations had been placed isolated a tribe from the white or fifth subrace of the Atlanteans, known as the Semitic, in order to found the Aryan or Caucasian race. The Ruler and also the Priest were men far in advance of the people under them, and this Bodhisattva, the future Buddha, founded a new religion for their use. About 40,000 B. C. a portion of them went into training for the second sub-race, known technically as the Arabian. Ten thousand years later the Iranian or third, went forth into Asia Minor, and their descendants of to-day include Persians, Afghans and Baluchis. At about 20,000 B. C. the most refined of them were used to found the fourth or Keltic division, and in them the same Ruler and the same Priest strove to awaken artistic sensibility and imagination. By 10,000 B. C. a portion of them had become the ancient Greeks, sometimes called Pelasgians. Others became the Milesians who entered Ireland from the South only to meet their own people coming down from the North as Scandinavians. About 8,500 B. C. the fifth sub-race of the Aryan or Fifth Root Race, left Dhagestan and settled about Cracow, Poland, where it remained for some hundreds of years. Then the Slavs divided off, secondly the Letts, and thirdly the Germanic, one branch of which became the Teutons, and they gave their name to the present dominant faction from which the coming race will be derived. The table given below shows the names of the two Teachers of the Fifth Race, and their messages as suited to certain sub-races.

It was about 8,000 B. C. that the Manu ordained the Caste system, now so fanatically adhered to, but so little understood. It applied to the Aryans proper, or present day East Indians, and was to preserve their purity as a new people while living among the Toltecs whose effete civilization they had supplanted. It is from the Brahmana or very high class of these Aryans that the body of a disciple of the coming Teacher will be chosen for His use, and when He begins His great work of reconstruction for the rise of a new race, it will be with an ideal to attain that is the highest yet given any people—that of Co-operation or Brotherhood. Not Equality, but Unselfishness.

The circumstance that, although of the Caucasian Race, He will show a pigmentation, will provide a test for

Fifth Root Race

	(Sub-races)				
Lord Gautama	Aryan	1	Vyasa	India	Duty
	Arabian	2	Thoth (Hermes)	Arabia	Knowledge
	Iranian	3	Zarathustra	Persia	Purity
	Keltic	4	Orpheus ..	Greece	Beauty
	Aryan	1	Buddha ...	India	Law (of Evolution)
Lord Maitreya	Aryan	1	Krishna ..	India	Devotion
	Teutonic	5	Christus ..	Europe	Self-sacrifice
		6		America	Brotherhood

those who only theoretically believe in Brotherhood. Not that He is likely to proclaim Himself for what He is, a Supreme Teacher, the Lord Maitreya who as Christ used the body of His disciple Jesus for the three years of His ministry among men while inculcating Self-sacrifice. But as a despised Oriental He will give an impetus to the present movement for fair dealing among men, that will cause it to grow into a mighty religion, an ethical code by which men will strive to abide, until it in its turn has become a travesty in the lives of succeeding nations, so far removed from the inspiration of His presence as to fail of realizing what His life of Brotherhood had been.

"Then of Thee-in-me who works behind
The veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the darkness; and I heard
As from without: 'The Me-within-thee blind.' "

THE HIDDEN SONG

There's a song somewhere in the heart of the world, that is waiting a searcher's eye,
A song with a melody sweet and true,
Of hope unfailing and courage new,
I can find it if I try.

Some day when with love of throbbing life, my heart beats high and strong
'Twill become entuned to the melody,
And echo in cadence glad and free,
The words of the waiting song.

Men will say: "He has built us a new sweet song, with the poet's wonderful art,"
Knowing not that I only found the song,
The silent melody held so long
In the world's eternal heart.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



The Driving of the Golden Spike

When East Met West on the Great Overland

Some Personal Reminiscences of the Event

By Bernetta Alphin Atkinson

THE memorable day of May 10th, 1869, when East met West over the shining track which spanned the continent from ocean to ocean, marked an important epoch in the history of California. The meeting of the Central Pacific Railroad and the Union Pacific at the little town of Promontory in Utah, made an end of the isolation of the Western coast from the field of activities in the Eastern States, and opened an era of prosperity and advancement for both East and West.

I was a child at the time, living with my parents in Promontory, where the two roads met. My father was a '49er and a constitutional pioneer, and he, with his family, had followed the building of the trans-continental road for several years, living sometimes in tents until more substantial homes could be built. I well remember a red letter day in Fort Sanders, Wyoming, during the year 1868, when President U. S. Grant, General Sherman, General Phil Sheridan and other famous men of the period came in a body to inspect the road. One of the features of the occasion was the marching of all the children of the little town to meet the celebrities at the depot. I was one of the smallest of the group, but I swelled with pride to have the privilege of shaking hands with the president and the great generals.

The Central Pacific, building eastward, under California promoters, employed Chinese labor, while the Union forging west over mountains and desert, employed Irishmen. As the roads approached each other, and the laborers of the two enterprises got in sight of each other, a bitter hostility sprang up between them. The Irishmen, resenting the employment of Chinese labor, were domineering and abusive to the stolid and long suffering Orientals. Occasionally they would put in a blast and set it off without warning the Chinamen, causing serious injury in several cases. The contractors on each side did their best to promote peace, but with poor results. One day the Chinamen scored even with the Irish by putting what they called a grave in their work of excavating, and waiting until the Irishmen were busy at work, set off the blast, burying a number of the Irish, who were working just under them. The result was that the gallant Hibernians took off their hats to the "Yellow Peril," and from that time on, hostilities ceased and harmony prevailed. My father, in telling the story, used to say the best way to keep peace with an Irishman was to fight him.

All was excitement at the little town of Promontory, on the morning of May 10th, 1869, for the last rail, that joined the two roads, was to be laid, and the golden spike was to be driven. The citizens had been making fitting preparations for days. The National flag floated from many staffs, and gaily colored bunting festooned the business houses on the one rude street. Platforms had been built for the speakers, and a band engaged for the occasion.

My father called us at daybreak,

and mother hurried up the breakfast in order to be early at the scene of the great event. It was well that we did so, for a big crowd gathered from all parts of the country. Looking around from our choice position we saw vehicles of all descriptions pouring in from the surrounding country, loaded with wondering and curious humanity. There were covered wagons, filled with men, women and children, buggies, ox-teams, spring wagons from the ranches, and men and women on horseback, all eager to witness the ceremonies which were to signalize the great event. Many of them had never seen a railroad train, and had traveled all night in order to behold the wonderful sight.

And it was certainly a spectacular event. It had been arranged that the trains from New York and from California should reach Promontory at the same time. To my childish imagination it seemed an age that we waited, with our eyes fixed on the vanishing point of first one road and then the other. When we heard the distant whistles, answering to each other, there was a craning of necks and a deafening cheer. The first to pull in was the Central Pacific, with a trainload from California. Very soon the Union Pacific arrived. The first to alight was a detachment of troops from Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, accompanied by a military band. Then came Mr. Thomas C. Durant, Mr. Sidney Dillon, Mr. John R. Duff and a car load of friends and prominent men representing the Union Pacific.

The Central Pacific brought Leland Stanford, Mr. Colton, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, all magnates of the road, and many more identified with its fortunes. The two trains stood facing each other, and a hush fell on the multitude, as they realized that this was the making of history, that it marked an epoch in the progress of civilization on the Western continent.

Representatives from different Western States had brought spikes made from minerals of their States. The two rails were laid, and the courtesy was accorded these representatives to drive their spikes.

But the grand, breathless climax was reached when Leland Stanford stepped forward with a full size golden spike and drove it in place, uniting the rails of the two roads, and completing the span of the great transcontinental railroad, bringing the East to the West. The engineers advanced their locomotives until they touched each other, and each broke a bottle of champagne on the opposite engine, thus wedding the two roads into one. The telegraph instruments were so arranged that every blow struck on the spike sounded in New York, Washington and San Francisco. The president, Generals Sherman and Sheridan and many others received the signals and heard the blows. Then the word "Done!" was wired, and the crowd set up a tremendous and prolonged shouting. The bands played patriotic tunes, guns were fired and pandemonium reigned for a time.

When Mr. Stanford stepped to the platform he was greeted with great applause. His speech was followed by others from representatives of both roads, and the enthusiasm waxed tumultuous. At the close of the exercises, the golden spike was removed and was subsequently cut into miniature spikes an inch and a half long, engraved with the date, the occasion and the name of the individual receiving them, and distributed among the magnates and big contractors of the roads. I have one of these souvenirs before me as I write. It brings back the charm and glory of that long-gone day in little Promontory, and a wave of the old enthusiasm warms my heart.

The meeting of the roads across the continent was perhaps the most significant event of the century. California and the Pacific Coast, isolated from the Eastern part of the United States, separated by mountains and deserts from the heart of commerce and industry, had evolved its own civilization and culture. It was a world to itself. The mines of Nevada had poured in their wealth and built cities

and developed great areas. Art and science, schools and colleges were established. The drama flourished, and had already introduced to the world such stars as Booth, John McCullough, Mrs. Williams, Lotta and a host of lesser lights. Joaquin Miller was giving the Iliad of the West in ringing verse, Bret Harte was wielding his fascinating pen, portraying the life of the mining camps, Frank Pixley was hurling his brilliant satires at everything he could hit, the daily papers were distributed in metropolitan style, Tom Hill was painting his mountain scenes. The little world of the West seemed sufficient unto itself, and the result was a slightly provincial sentiment of content and local pride. The opening of the trans-continental highway brought, in a great surging stream, the interests and customs of the East, to mingle with those of the West, and in turn carried the impetus of the spirit of the West, glowing with ambition, rich in enterprise, in mineral, in climate, in all potential possibilities, to the staid, methodical East. Each needed the other, and the meeting of the roads was a signal of the merging of interests into one grand and powerful nation. The little crowd at Promontory who witnessed the driving of the golden spike on that memorable spring day scarcely dreamed they were assisting in a wonderful and bloodless revolution.

A torch light procession, a ball and banquet rounded up the great celebration. For myself, I was a trifle disappointed in the personnel of the magnates. I had heard my father speak of the "big men" of affairs, and I was somewhat awed that they all wore silk hats; but their stature did not impress me as "big." The week before I had been punished for following in the wake of the Tom Thumb cortege, when the little "General," his wife, Minnie Warren, and Commodore Nutt, paraded the street in their miniature carriages. They were "Little People," and I expected to see the "Big Men" gigantic in proportion.



The Good Word

By B. C. Cable

IT IS quite inadequate to say that the troops were worn out, and indeed it is hard to find words to convey to any one who has not experienced some days of a mixture of fighting and forced marching how utterly exhausted, how dead beat, how stupefied and numbed in mind and body the men were. For four days and nights they had fought and dug trenches and marched and fought again, and halted to dig again, and fought again, and extricated themselves under hailing bullets and pouring shells from positions they never expected to leave alive, only to scramble together into some sort of ragged-shaped units and march again. And all this was under a fierce August sun, with irregular meals and sometimes no meals, at odd times with a scarcity or complete want of water, at all times with a burning lack and want of sleep.

This want of sleep was the worst of it all. Any sort of fighting is heavy sleep inducing; when it is prolonged for days and nights without one good, full, satisfying sleep the desire for rest becomes a craving, an all-absorbing, aching passion. At first a man wants a bed or space to lie down and stretch his limbs and pillow his head and sink into dreamless oblivion; at last he would give his last possession merely to be allowed to lean against a wall, to stand upright on his feet and close his eyes. To keep awake is torture, to lift and move each foot is a desperate effort, to keep the burning eyes open and seeing an agony. It takes the most tremendous effort of will to contemplate another five minutes of wakefulness, another hundred yards to be covered; and here were hours, endless hours, of wakefulness, miles and tens of miles to be covered.

Cruelly hard as the conditions were for the whole retreating army, the rearguard suffered the worst by a good deal. They were under the constant threat of attack, were halted every now and then under that threat or to allow the main body to keep a sufficient distance, had to make some attempt to dig in again, had to endure spasmodic shelling either in their shallow trenches or as they marched along the road.

By the fourth day the men were reduced to the condition of automatons. They marched—no, it could hardly be said any longer that they "marched;" they stumbled and staggered along like drunken men; their chins were sunk on their chests, their jaws hung slack, their eyes were set in a fixed and glassy stare, or blinked, and shut and opened heavily, slowly, and drowsily, their feet trailed draggingly, their knees sagged under them. When the word passed to halt, the front ranks behind bumped into them and raised heads and vacant staring eyes for a moment and then let them drop again in a stupor of apathy. The change, the cessation of automatic motion, was too much for many men; once halted they could no longer keep their feet, and dropped and sat or rolled helplessly to lie in the dust of the road. These men who fell were almost impossible to rouse. They sank into sleep that was almost a swoon, and no shaking or calling or cursing could rouse them or get them up again. The officers, knowing this, tried to keep them from sitting or lying down, moved, staggering themselves as they walked, to and fro along the line, exhorting, begging, beseeching, or scolding and swearing,

and ordering the men to keep up, to stand, to be ready to move on. And when the order was given again, the pathetically ridiculous order to "Quick march," the front ranks slowly roused and shuffled off, and the rear stirred slowly and with an effort heaved their rifles over their shoulders again and reeled after the leaders.

Scores of the men had abandoned packs and haversacks, all of them had cast away their overcoats. Many had taken their boots off and marched with rags or puttees wound round their blistered and swollen feet. But no matter what one or other or all had thrown away, there was no man without his rifle, his full ammunition pouches and his bayonet. These things weighed murderously, cut deep and agonizingly into the shoulders, cramped arms and fingers to an aching numbness; but every man clung to them, had never a thought of throwing them into the ditch, although many of them had many thoughts of throwing themselves there.

Many fell out—fell out in the literal as well as the drill sense of the word; swerved to the side of the road and missed foot in the ditch and fell there, or stumbled in the ranks, tripped, lacking the brain or body quickness to recover themselves, collapsed and rolled and lay helpless. Others, again, gasped a word or two to a comrade or an N. C. O., stumbled out of the ranks to the roadside, sank down with hanging head and rounded shoulders to a sitting position. Few or none of these men deliberately lay down. They sat till the regiment had plodded his trailing length past, tried to stagger to knees and feet, succeeded, and stood swaying a moment, and then lurched off after the rear ranks; or failed, stared stupidly after them, collapsed again slowly and completely. All these were left to lie where they fell. It was useless to urge them to move because every officer and N. C. O. knew that no man gave up while he had an ounce of strength or energy left to carry on, that orders or entreaties had less power to keep a man moving than his own dogged pluck and will, that when these failed to keep a man going nothing else could succeed.

All were not of course so hopelessly done as this. There were still a number of the tougher muscled, the firmer willed, who kept their limbs moving with conscious volition, who still retained some thinking power, who even at times exchanged a few words or a mouthful of curses. These, and the officers, kept the whole together, kept them moving by force of example, set the pace for them and gave them the direction. Most of them were in the leading ranks of their own companies, merely because their greater energy had carried them there past and through the ranks of those whose minds were nearly or quite a blank, whose bodies were more completely exhausted, whose will-power was reduced to a blind and sheep-like instinct to follow a leader, move when and where the dimly seen khaki form or tramping boots in front of them moved, stop when and where they stopped.

The roads by which the army was retreating were cumbered and in places choked and blocked with fugitive peasantry fleeing from the advancing Germans, spurred into and upon their flight by the tales that reached them of ravished Belgium, by first-hand accounts of the murder of old men and women and children, of rape and violation and pillage and burning. Their slow, crawling procession checked and hindered the army transport, added to the trials of the weary troops by making necessary frequent halts and deviations off the road and back to it to clear some block in the traffic, where a cart had broken down, or where worn-out women with hollow cheeks and staring eyes, and children with dusty, tear streaked faces crowded and filled the road.

The rear-guard passed numbers of these lying utterly exhausted by the roadside, and the road for miles was strewn with the wreckage of the retreat, with men who had fallen out unable longer to march on blistered or

bleeding feet, or collapsed in the heedless sleep of complete exhaustion; with broken-down carts dragging clear into the roadside and spilled with their jumbled contents into the ditch; with crippled horses and footsore cattle; with quivering-lipped, gray-haired old men, and dry eyed, cowering women and frightened, clinging children. Some of these peasantry roused themselves as the last of the rear-guard regiments came up with them, struggled again to follow on the road, or dragged themselves clear of it and sought refuge and hiding in abandoned cottages or barns or the deep dry ditches.

At one point where the road crept up the long slope of a hill the rear-guard came under the long range fire of the German guns. The shells came roaring down, to burst in clouds of belching black smoke in the fields to either side of the road, or to explode with a sharp tearing cr-r-ash in the air, their splinters and bullets raining down out of the thick white woolly smoke cloud that coiled and writhed and unfolded in slow heavy oily eddies.

One battalion the rear guard was halted at the foot of the hill and spread out off the road and across the line of it. Again they were told not to lie down, and for the most part the men obeyed, leaning heavily with their arms folded on the muzzles of their rifles or watching the regiments crawling slowly up the road with the coal-black shell bursts in the fields about them or the white air bursts of the shrapnel above them.

"Pretty bloomin' sight—I don't think," growled a gaunt and weary eyed private. The man next him laughed shortly. "Pretty one for the Germs, anyway," he said; "and one they're seein' a sight too often for my fancy. They'll be forgettin' wot our faces look like if we keep on at this everlasting running away."

"Blast 'em," said the first speaker, savagely, "but our turn will come presently. Do you think this yarn is right, Jacko, that we're retiring this way just to draw 'em away from their base?"

"Gawd knows," said Jacko; "but they didn't bring us over here to do nothing but run away, and you can bet on that, Peter."

An order passed down the line, and the men began to move slowly into the road again and to shake into some sort of formation on it, and then to plod off up the hill in the wake of the rest. The shells were still plastering the hillside and crashing over the road, and several men were hit as the battalion tramped wearily up the hill. Even the shells failed to rouse most of the men from their apathy and weariness, but those it did stir it roused mainly to angry resentment or sullen oath mumblings and curses.

"Well, Jacko," said Peter, bitterly, "I've knowed I haid a fair chance o' being shot, but burn me if ever I thought I was going to be shot in the back."

"It's a long way to Tipperary," said Jacko, "and there's bound to be a turning in it somewheres."

"And it's a longer way to Berlin if we keeps on marching like this with our backs to it," grumbled Peter.

The sound of another approaching shell rose from a faint moan to a loud shriek, to a roar, to a wild torrent of yelling, whooping, rush of an express train, whirlwind noise; and then, just when it seemed to each man that the shell was about to fall directly on his own individual head, it burst with a harsh crash over them, and a storm of bullets and fragments whistled and hummed down, hitting the field's soft ground with deep "whutts," clashing sharply on the harder road. A young officer jerked out a cry, stumbled blindly forward a few paces with outstretched arms, pitched and fell heavily on his face. He was close to where Peter and Jacko marched, and the two shambled together to where he lay, lifted and turned him over. Neither needed a second look. "Done in," said Peter, briefly, and "Never knew wot hit him," agreed Jacko.

An officer ran back to them, followed slowly and heavily by another.

There was no question as to what should be done with the lad's body. He had to be left there, and the utmost they could do for him was to lift and carry him—four dog-tired men, hardly able to lift their feet and carry their own bodies—to a cottage by the roadside, and bring him into an empty room with a litter of clothes and papers spilled about the floor from the tumbled drawers, and lay him on a disheveled bed and spread a crumpled sheet over him.

"Let's hope they'll bury him decently," said one of the officers. The other was pocketing the watch and few pitiful trinkets he had taken from the lad's pockets. "Hope so," he said, dully. "Not that it matters much to poor old Dicky. Come on, we must move, or I'll never be able to catch up with the others."

They left the empty house quietly, pulling the door gently shut behind them.

"Pore little Blinker," said Jacko, as they trudged up the road after the battallion; "the best blooming officer the platoon ever 'ad."

"The best I ever 'ad in all my seven," said Peter. "I ain't forgettin' the way 'e stood up for me afore the C. O. at Aldershot when I was carpeted for drunk. And 'im trying to stand with the right side of 'is face turned away from the light, so the C. O. wouldn't spot the black eye I gave 'im in that same drunk!"

"Ah, and that was just like 'im," said Jacko. "And to think he's washed out with a hole in the back of his 'ead —the back of it, mind you."

Peter cursed sourly.

The battalion trailed wearily on until noon, halted then, and for the greater part flung themselves down and slept on the roadside for the two hours they waited there; were roused —as many of them, that is, as would rouse, for many, having stopped the machine-like motion of marching, could not recommence it, and had to be left there—and plodded on again through the baking afternoon heat. They had marched over thirty miles that day when at last they trailed into a small town where they were told they were to be billeted for the night. Other troops, almost as worn as themselves, were to take over the duties of rear guard next day, but although that was good enough news it was nothing to the fact that to-night, now, the battalion was to halt and lie down and take their fill—if the Huns let them—of sleep.

They were halted in the main square and waited there for what seemed to the tired men an interminable time.

"Findin' billets," said Jacko. "Wish they'd hurry up about it."

"Seems to me there's something more than billets in the wind," said Peter suspiciously. "Wot's all the officers confabbin' about, an' wot's that tamasha over there with them staff officers an' the C. O.?"

The tamasha broke up, and the C. O. tramped back to the group of his officers, and after a short parley they saluted him and walked over to the battalion.

"Fall in," came the order sharply. "Fall in there, fall in."

Most of the men were sitting along the curb of the pavement or in the dusty road, or standing leaning on their rifles. They rose and moved heavily and stiffly, and shuffled into line.

"Wot is it, sergeant?" asked Jacko suspiciously. "Wot's the move?"

"We're going back," said the sergeant. "Hurry up there, you. Fall in. Were going back, and there's some word of a fight."

The word flew round the ranks.

"Going back—a fight—back——"

Across the square another regiment tramped stolidly and turned down a side street. A man in their rear ranks turned and waved a hand to the waiting battalion. "So long, chums," he called. "See you in Berlin."

"Ga' strewth," said Jacko, and drew a deep breath. "Goin' back; and a fight; and the old Bluffs on the move too. In Berlin, eh; wonder wot they've heard. Back—blimey, Peter, I believe

we're going for the blinkin' 'Uns again. I believe we're goin' to advance."

That word went round even faster than the other, and where it passed it left behind it a stir of excitement, a straightening of rounded shoulders, a lifting of lolling heads. "Going back—going to attack this time—going to advance——"

Actually this was untrue, or partly so at least. They were going back, but still merely acting as rear guard to take up a position clear of the town and hold it against the threat of too close pressing pursuit. But the men knew nothing of that at the time. They were going back; there was word of a fight; what else did that spell but a finish to this cursed running away, an advance instead of a retreat? The rumor acted like strong wine to the men. They moved to the parade orders with something of their old drilled and disciplined appearance; they swung off in their fours with a decent attempt to keep the step, with their heads more or less erect and their shoulders back. And when the head of the column turned off the square back into the same street they had come up into the town, a buzz of talk and calling ran through the ranks, a voice piped up shakily, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and a dozen, a score, a hundred voices took up the chorus sturdily and defiantly. The battalion moved out with the narrow streets ringing to their steady tramp, tramp, over the pave cobbles and the sound of their singing. Once clear of the town, it is true, the singing died away and the regular tramping march tailed off into the murmuring shuffle of feet moving out of step. But the deadly apathy had lifted from the men, there was an air of new life about them; one would never have known this battalion for the one that had marched in over the same road half an hour before. Then they were no more than a broken, dispirited crowd, their minds dazed, their bodies numbed with fatigue, moving mechanically, dully, apathetically, still plodding and shuffling their feet forward merely because their conscious minds had set their limbs the task, and then the tired brain, run down, had left the machinery of their bodies still working—working jerkily and slackly perhaps, but nevertheless working as it would continue to work until the overstrained muscles refused their mechanical duty.

Now they were a battalion, a knitted and coherent body of fighting men, still worn out and fatigued almost to the point of collapse, but with working minds, with a conscious thought in their brains, with discipline locking their ranks again, with the prospect of a fight ahead, with the hope strong in them that the tide was turning, that they were done with the running away and retreating and abandoning hard-fought fields they were positive they had won; that now their turn was come, that here they were commencing the longed-for advance.

And as they marched they heard behind them a deep boo-boom, boo-boom, boo-moom, and the whistling rush of the shells over their heads. That and the low muttering rumble of guns far out on the flank brought to them a final touch of satisfaction. They were advancing, and the guns were supporting them already then—good, oh, good!

And as they marched back down the road they had come they met some of their stragglers hobbling painfully on bandaged feet, or picked them up from where they still lay in a stupor of sleep on the roadside. And to all of them the one word "advance" was enough. "We're going back—it's an advance," turned them staggering round to limp back in the tail of the battalion, or lifted them to their feet to follow on as best they might. They picked up more than their own men, too, men of other regiments who had straggled and fallen out, but now drew fresh store of strength from the cheerful word "advance," and would not be denied their chance to be in the van of it, but tailed on in rear of the battalion and struggled to keep up with

them. "We're all right, sir," said one when an officer would have turned him and sent him back to find his own battalion. "We're pretty near done in on marching; but there's a plenty fight left in us—specially when it's an advance."

"Jacko," said Peter, "I'm damn near dead; but thank the Lord I won't have to die running away."

"All I asks," said Jacko, "is as fair a target on 'em as we've had before, and a chance to put a hole in the back of some of their heads."

"Ah" said Peter. ! "Pore little Blinker. They've got to pay for him and a few more like him."

"They 'ave, blarst them," said Jacko savagely, and dropped his hand to his bayonet haft, slid the steel half out and home again. "Don't fret, chum, they'll pay—soon or late, this time or next, one day or another—they'll pay."

The Passing of a Zeppelin

By Lewis R. Freeman

IN THE YEAR that had gone by since the great air raid on London we knew that much had been done in the way of strengthening the defenses. Just what had been done we did not, of course, and do not know. We knew that there were more and better guns and searchlights, and probably greatly improved means of anticipating the coming of the raiders and of following and reporting their movements after they did come. At the same time we also knew that the latest Zeppelin had been greatly improved; that it was larger, faster, capable of ascending to a greater altitude, and probably able to stand more and heavier gun-fire than its prototype of a year ago. It seemed to be a question, therefore, of whether or not the guns could range the raiders, and, if so, do them any vital damage when they did hit them. The aeroplane was an unknown quantity, and, in the popular mind at least, not seriously reckoned with. London knew that the crucial test would not come until an airship tried again to penetrate to the heart of the metropolitan area, and awaited the result calmly, if not quite indifferently.

The Zeppelin raids of the spring and early summer, numerous as they had been, had done a negligible amount of military damage, and scarcely more to civil property. The death list, too, had mercifully been very low. It seemed significant, however, that the main London defenses had been avoided during all of this time, indicating, apparently that the raiders were reluctant to lift the lid of the Pandora's box that was laid out so temptingly before them for fear of the possible consequences. Twice or thrice, watching with my glasses after I had been awakened by distant bomb explosions or gun fire, I had seen a shell-pocketed airship

draw back, as a yellow dog refuses the challenge that his intrusion has provoked, and glide off into the darkness of some safer area. "Would they try it again?" was the question Londoners asked themselves as the dark of the moon came round each month, and, except for the comparatively few who had had personal experience of the terror and death that follow the swath of an air-raider, most of them seemed rather anxious to have the matter put to the test.

Last night—just twelve "darks-of-the-moon" after the first great raid of 1915—the test came. It was hardly a conclusive one, perhaps (though that may well have come before these lines find their way into print), but it was certainly highly illuminative. I write this on my return to London from viewing—twenty miles away—a tangled mass of wreckage and a heap of charred trunks that are all that remain of a Zeppelin and its crew which—whether by accident, intent or the force of circumstances will probably never be known—rushed in where two others of its aerial sisters feared to fly, and paid the cost.

There was nothing of the surprise (to London, at least; as regards the ill-starred Zeppelin crew none can say) in last night's raid. The night grew more heavily overcast as the darkness deepened, and towards midnight stealthy little beams of hooded searchlights pirouetting on the eastern clouds told the home-wending Saturday night theatre crowd that, with the imminent approach of the raiders, London was lifting a corner of its mask of blackness and throwing out an open challenge to the enemy. This was the first time I had known the lights to precede the actual explosion of bombs, and the cool confidence of the thing suggested (as I heard one policeman tell another) that the defense had something "up their sleeves."

It was towards one in the morning when I finished my supper at a West End restaurant and started walking through the almost deserted streets to my hotel. London is anything but a bedlam after midnight, but the silence in the early hours of this morning was positively uncanny. Now, with the last of the 'buses gone and all trains stopped, only the muffled buzz of an occasional belated taxi—pushing on cautiously with hooded lights—broke the stillness.

Reaching my room, I pulled on a sweater, ran up the curtain, laid my glass ready and seated myself at the window, the same window from which, a year ago, I had watched those two insolently contemptuous raiders sail across overhead and leave a blazing wake of death and destruction behind them. On that night, I reflected, I had felt the rush of air from the bombs and —later—had watched the firemen extinguishing the flames and the ambulances carrying the wounded to the hospitals. Would it be like that tonight? I wondered (there was now no doubt that the raiders were near, for the searchlights had multiplied, and, far to the southeast, though no detonations were audible, quick flashes told of scattering gun-fire), or would the defense have more of a word to say for itself this time? I looked to the eastern heavens, where the shifting clouds were now "polka-dotted" with the fluttering golden motes of a score of searchlights, and thought I had found my answer.

There was no wheeling and reeling of the lights in wide circles, as a year ago, but rather a steady, persistent stabbing at the clouds, each one appearing to keep to an allotted area of its own. "Stabbing" expresses the action exactly, and it recalled to me an occasion, a month ago, when a "Tommy" who was showing me through some captured dug-outs on the Somme illustrated with bayonet thrusts, the manner in which they had originally searched for Germans hiding under the straw mattresses. There was nothing "panicky" in the work of the lights this time, but only the suggestion of methodical, ordered, relentless vigilance.

"Encouraging as a preliminary," I said to myself; "now" (for the night

was electric with import) "for the main event."

There was not long to wait. To the southeast the gun flashes had increased in frequency, followed by mist dulled blurs of brightness in the clouds that told of bursting shells. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, I saw a new kind of glare—the earthward-launched beam of an airship's search light groping for its target—but the shifting mist-curtain intervened again even as one of the defending lights took up the challenge and flashed its own rapier ray in quick reply. Presently the muffled boom of bombs fleeted to my ears, and then the sharper rattle of a sudden gust of gun-fire. This was quickly followed by a confused roar of sound, evidently from many bombs dropped simultaneously or in quick succession, and I knew that one of two things had happened—either the raider had found its mark and was delivering rapid fire, or the guns were making it so hot for the visitor that it had been compelled to dump its explosives and seek safety in flight. When a minute or more had gone by I felt sure that the latter had been scuttled, and that it was now only a question of which direction the flight was going to take.

Again the eastward searchlights gave me the answer. By two and three —I could not follow the order of the thing—the lights that had been "patrolling" the eastern sky moved over and took their station around a certain low-hanging cloud to the south. The murky sheet of cumulo-nimbus seemed to pale and dissolve in the concentrated rays, and then, right into the focus of golden glow formed by the dancing light motes, running wild and blind as a bull charges the red mantle masking the matador, darted a huge Zeppelin.

Perhaps never before in all time has a single object been the center of so blinding a glare. It seemed that the optic nerve must wither in so fierce a light, and certainly no unprotected eye could have opened to it. Dark glasses might have made it bearable, but could not possibly have resolved the earthward prospect into anything less than the heart of a fiery furnace. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the bewildered fugitive knew, in more than the most general way, where it was. Cut off by the guns to the southeast from retreat in that direction, but knowing that the North Sea and safety could be reached by driving to the northeast, it is more than probable that the harried raider found itself over the "Lion's Den" rather than because it could not help it than by deliberate intent.

What a contrast was this blinded, reeling thing to those arrogantly purposeful raiders of a year ago! Supremely disdainful of gun and searchlight, these had prowled over London till the last of their bombs had been planted, and one of them had even circled back the better to see the ruin its passing had wrought. But this raider —far larger than its predecessors and flying at over twice as great a height though it was—dashed on its erratic course as though pursued by the vengeful spirits of those its harpy sisters had bombed to death in their beds. If it still had bombs to drop its commander either had no time or no heart for the job. Never had I seen an inanimate thing typify terror—the terror that must have gripped the hearts of its palpably flustered (to judge by the airship's movements) crew—like that staggering helpless maverick of a Zeppelin, when it finally found itself clutched in the tentacles of the searchlights of the aerial defenses of London.

All this time the weird, uncanny silence that brooded over the streets before I had come indoors held the city in its spell. The watching thousands —nay, millions—kept their excitement in leash, and the propeller of the raider—muffled by the mists intervening between the earth and the 12,000 feet at which it whirred—dulled to a drowsy drone. Into this tense silence the sudden fire of a hundred anti-aircraft guns—opening in unison as though at the pull of a single lanyard —cut in a blended roar like the Crack

o' Doom; indeed, though few among those hushed watching millions realized it it was literally the Crack o' Doom that was sounding. For perhaps a minute or a minute and a half the air was vibrant with the roar of hard-pumped guns and the shriek of speeding shell, the great sound from below drowning the sharper cracks from the steel-cold flashes in the upper air.

It was guns that were built for the job—not the hastily gathered and wholly inadequate artillery of a year ago—that were speaking now, and the voice was one of ordered, imperious authority. Range-finders had the marauder's altitude, and the information was being put at the disposal of guns that had the power to "deliver the goods" at that level. What a contrast the sequel was to that pitiful firing of the other raid! Only the opening shots were "shorts" or "wides" now, and ten seconds after the first gun a diamond clear burst blinking out through a rift in the upper clouds told that the raider—to use a naval term—was "straddled," had shells exploding both above and below it. From that instant till the guns ceased to roar, seventy or eighty seconds later, the shells burst, lacing the air with golden glimmers, and meshed the raider in a fiery net.

For a few seconds it seemed to me that, close-woven as was the net of shell-bursts, the flashes came hardly as fast as the roar of the guns would seem to warrant, and I swept the heavens with my glasses in a search for other possible targets. But no other raider was in sight; there was no other "nodal center" of gun fire and searchlights. Suddenly the reason for the apparent discrepancy was clear to me. The flashes I saw (except for a few of the shrapnel bullets they were releasing) were only the misses; the hits I could not see. The long-awaited test was at its crucial stage. Empty of bombs and with half of its fuel consumed, the raider was at the zenith of its flight, and yet the guns were ranging it with ease. It was now a question of how much shell-fire the Zeppelin could stand.

In spite of the fact that the airship —so far as I could see through my glasses—did not appear to slow down or to be perceptibly racked by the gun fire, I have no doubt what the end would have been if the test could have been pressed to its conclusion in an open country. But bringing a burning Zeppelin down across three or four blocks of thickly settled London was hardly a thing the Air Defense desired to do if it could possibly be avoided. The plan was carried to its conclusion with the almost mathematical precision that marked the preliminary searchlight work and gunnery.

From the moment that it had burst into sight the raider had been emitting clouds of white gas to hide itself from the searchlights and guns, while the plainly visible movements of its lateral planes seemed to indicate that it was making desperate efforts to climb still higher into the thinning upper air. Neither experiment was of much use. The swirling gas clouds might well have obscured a hovering airship, but never one that was rushing through the air at seventy miles an hour, while far from increasing its altitude, there seemed to be a slight but steady loss from the moment the guns ceased until, two or three miles further along, it was hidden from sight for a minute by a low-hanging cloud. Undoubtedly the aim of the gunners had been to "hole," not to fire the marauder, and it must have been losing gas very rapidly even —as the climacteric moment of the attack approached—at the time increased buoyancy was most desirable.

The "massed" searchlights of London "let go" shortly after the gunfire ceased, and now, as the raider came within their field, the more scattered lights of the northern suburbs wheeled up and "fastened on." The fugitive changed its course from north to northeasterly about this time, and the swelling clouds of vapor left behind presently cut off its foreshortened length entirely from my view. A heavy ground mist appeared to prevail beyond the heights to the north, and in the diffused glow of the searchlights

that strove to pierce this mask my glasses showed the ghostly shadows of flitting aeroplanes—maneuvering for the death-thrust.

The ground mist (which did not, however, cover London proper) kept the full strength of the searchlights from the upper air, and it was in a sky of almost Stygian blackness that the final blow was sent home. The farmers of Hertfordshire tell weird stories of the detonations of bursting bombs striking their fields, but all these sounds were absorbed in the twenty-mile air-cushion that was now interposed between my vantage point and the final scene of action.

Not a sound, not a shadow heralded the flare of yellow light which suddenly flashed out in the northeastern heavens and spread latitudinally until the whole body of a Zeppelin—no small object even at twenty miles—stood out in glowing incandescence. Then a great sheet of pink white flame shot up, and in the ripples of rosy light which suffused the earth for scores of miles I could read the gilded lettering on my binoculars. This was undoubtedly the explosion of the ignited hydrogen of the main gas-bags, and immediately following it the great frame collapsed in the middle and began falling slowly toward the earth, burning now with a bright yellow flame, above which the curl of black smoke was distinctly visible. A lurid burst of light—doubtless from the exploding petrol tanks—flared up as the flaming mass struck the earth, and half a minute later the night, save for the questioning searchlights to east and south, was as black as ever again.

Then perhaps the strangest thing of all occurred. London began to cheer. I should have been prepared for it in Paris, or Rome, or Berlin, or even New York, but that the Briton—who of all men in the world most fears the sound of his own voice lifted in unrestrained jubilation—was really cheering, and in millions, was almost too much. I pinched my arm to be sure that I had not dozed away, and, lost in wonder, forgot for a minute or two the great drama just enacted.

Under my window half a dozen Australian "Tommies" were rending the air with "coo-ees" and dancing around a lamp-post, while all along the street, from doorways and windows, exultant shouting could be heard. For several blocks in all directions the cheers rang out loud and clear, distinctly recognizable as such; the sound of the millions of throats farther afield came only as a heavy rumbling hum. Perhaps since the dawn of creation the air has not trembled with so strange a sound—a sound which, though entirely human in its origin, was still unhuman, unearthly, fantastic. Certainly never before in history—not even during the great volcanic eruptions—has so huge a number of people (the fall of the Zeppelin had been visible through a fifty to seventy-five mile radius in all directions, a region with probably from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 inhabitants) been suddenly and intensely stirred by a single event.

It was undoubtedly the spectacularity of the unexpected coup that had made these normally repressed millions so suddenly and so violently vocal. Many—perhaps most—stopped cheering when they had had time to realize that a score of human beings were being burned to cinders in the heart of that flaming comet in the northeastern heavens; others—I knew the only recently restored tenements where some of them were—must have shouted in all the grimmer exultation for that very realization. I can hardly say yet which stirred me more deeply, the fall of the Zeppelin itself or that stupendous burst of feeling aroused by its fall.

* * * *

By taxi, milk-cart, tram, and any other conveyance that offered, but mostly on foot, I threaded highway and byway for the next four hours, and shortly after daybreak scrambled through the last of a dozen thorny hedgerows and found myself beside the still smouldering wreckage of the fallen raider. An orderly cordon of soldiers surrounded an acre of black-

ened and twisted metal, miles and miles of tangled wire, and a score or so of Flying Corps men already busily engaged loading the wreckage into waiting motor-lorries—that was about all there was to see. A ten foot square green tarpaulin covered all that could be gathered together of the airship's crew. Some of the fragments were readily recognizable as having once been the arms and legs and trunks of men; others were not. A man at my elbow stood gazing at the pitiful heap for a space, his brow puckered in thought. Presently he turned to me, a grim light in his eye, and spoke.

"Do you know," he said, "that these" (indicating the charred stumps under the square of canvas) "have just recalled to me the words Count Zeppelin is reported to have used at a great mass meeting called in Berlin to press for a more rigorous prosecution of the war against England by air, for a further incease of frightfulness? Leading two airship pilots to the front of the platform, he shouted to the crowd: 'Here are two men who were over London last night!' And the assembled thousands, so the despatch said, roared their applause and clamored that the Zeppelins be sent again and again until the arrogant Englanders were brought to their knees. Well" —he paused and drew a deep breath as his eyes returned to the heap of blackened fragments—it appears that they did send the Zeppelins again—more than ever were sent before—and now it is our turn to be presented to 'the men who were over London last night.' I wonder if the flare that consumed these poor devils was bright enough to pierce the black night that has settled over Germany?"

* * * *

The tenseness passed out of the night—and the raid was over. Who knows but what, so far as the threat to England is concerned, the passing of *a* Zeppelin marked also the passing of *the* Zeppelin!



The Spirit of '49

By Mabel Rice Bigler

My grandmother, sweet Betsy Dwyer, and young John Allen, fortune's squire,
According to their hearts' desire were pledged and wed at last;
That very day he sailed away, the land of gold in quest,
To find if she could safely stay out in the desperate West.
The young bride, torn with shipwreck fears, said farewell, holding back her tears—
He'd soon return—but three long years of lonely waiting passed.

My grandfather came back again to claim his winsome Betsy Jane
Awaiting him in Montville, Maine, the town where she was born;
With steadfast eye she said good-bye and left the pleasant farm;
Without a backward glance or sigh, she took her husband's arm.
With steadfast eye and trembling lip she started on the four months' trip
In Captain Dawson's clipper ship which fared around Cape Horn.

The ship was stale, and how it stunk! The captain and the crew were drunk,
And she lay seasick in her bunk—the great seas swashed the floor.
The ship beat back far off her track with torn and whipping sail,
And sky and sea were deadly black—it was a wicked gale.
But, "Don't you fret for me," she said, "I'll not give up until I'm dead!
You mind the wheel, I'll mind my head and take the watch at four."

The word had traveled far and wide: "John Allen's bringing back his bride!"
The miners came a weary ride from up the mountain flume.
They hushed themselves and brushed themselves and passed around the comb,
And never knew they blushed, themselves, to see a girl from home;
She surely must have looked a queen in twenty yards of bombazine,
And nodding on her bonnet green a tiny ostrich plume!

From out the stage-coach she stepped down in dainty slippers russet brown;
The men cheered loud enough to drown the beating of her heart;
The while my grandsire took her hand and proudly led her through
The crowd, into the tent-house, planned to be a nest for two.
So came the little Eastern maid, in Eastern finery arrayed,
By frontier hardship undismayed, a Western home to start.

From San Francisco, Lizzie Kerr, a cousin, came to visit her,
A kindly meant inquisitor—she saw the earthen floor;
She wept away a half a day and said it was a sin
To have to use a bottle—clay—for a rolling pin!
Then gayly spake contented gran., "Now, dry your tears, Liz, if you can—
I'll have you know I'm happier than I ever was before!"

What humble converts she could make with one hot batch of Johnny-cake!
Red Smith came Sundays for her sake, and even Faro Jim.
She'd sing and play and they would stay—but when the preacher rose,
Out through the door they'd file away—their church was at its close.
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"—You never heard Old Hundred go
With such a brave fortissimo as when she led the hymn!

She saw blue sky behind each cloud. For no low task was she too proud;
One time she sewed a murderer's shroud—he was to hang next morn.
And when the quaint church she would paint without a volunteer,
She told the men, with no complaint, they'd help, or pay to see her!
What will was hers! What spirit's might upheld her in her desperate fight
Throughout that black and endless night when her first child was born!

Full three-score years since then have flown. With comfort we are dainty grown;
Without our lights and telephone, how helpless we should be!
With frantic cries and streaming eyes our troubles beat us down;
We struggle for an earthly prize, nor seek a starry crown.
Lord God! Renew in us the grace with valiant hearts our world to face
And gladly take our lotted place as long ago did she!



In the Realm of Bookland

"The Mysterious Stranger," by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain is revealed in his ripest philosophic mood in his posthumous romance, "The Mysterious Stranger." In considering the great humorist as a philosopher, we must always bear in mind the comment of his biographer, "He could damn the human race competently, but in the final reckoning it was the interest of that race that lay closest to his heart."

The scenes of the romance are laid in the little town of Eseldorf in Austria, in the year 1590. To this town there comes one day a strange youth—in reality, an angel in human guise. He at once proceeds to take active part in the affairs of the village, but his best efforts to benefit the people always seem to result calamitously. Finally, he takes his departure after giving the boy, Theodor (the narrator of the story), a farewell summing up of his views. He is somewhat of an iconoclast, this angel hero, embodiment of Mark Twain's philosophy applied to the life of the people of Eseldorf. The miracles wrought by the Mysterious Stranger belong properly to the times when astrologers flourished; when simple, peasant faith was ready to construe every unusual manifestation of power as super-natural; when witch-burning and heretic burning were considered holy and meritorious acts.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

"An Incredible Honeymoon," by E. Nesbit.

The story has a picaresque quality, and takes its way through the lanes and highways of the English countryside, ingratiating itself upon the reader through its very improbabilities of situation, which come to seem not so improbable after all. One whose life is punctuated by meals at stated intervals and daily trips to the city at fixed hours must readjust himself to the fact that life need not necessarily be a dull, orderly progression. Such, indeed, it was for Edward Basingstoke until the day when he chucked his job, bought a dog, and set forth with only Chance and Destiny for guides.

At the tavern of "The Five Bells" he sets about amusing the innkeeper's son by constructing a toy aeroplane. It flies—but lands in a tree beyond a high garden wall, and Edward, mounting the wall, climbs right into Romance. The girl on the other side of the wall is as surprised as he. And Edward, bent on nothing more than rescuing the imprisoned aeroplane from the clutches of the tree, finds this task speedily transcended by the ardent and arduous knight errantry of rescuing the maiden from the clutches of her tyrannical aunts. All this comes crisply about. Edward and the fugitive maiden fare forth on their adventure—upon the beautiful stretches of the Medway, to Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth—a delightful escapade through the most storied and picturesque parts of England.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

As a Newspaper Man Views the War.

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Photo White

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Vol. LXVIII No. 4



Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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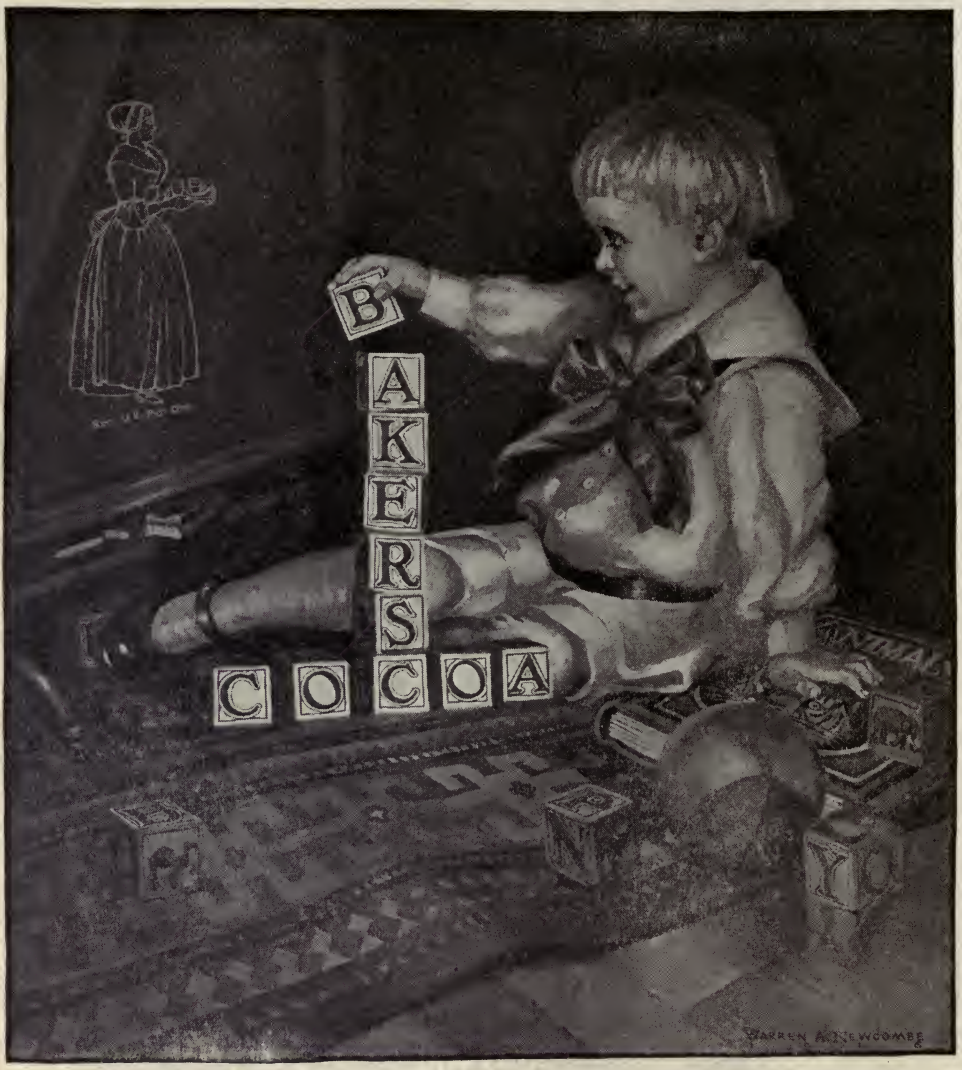
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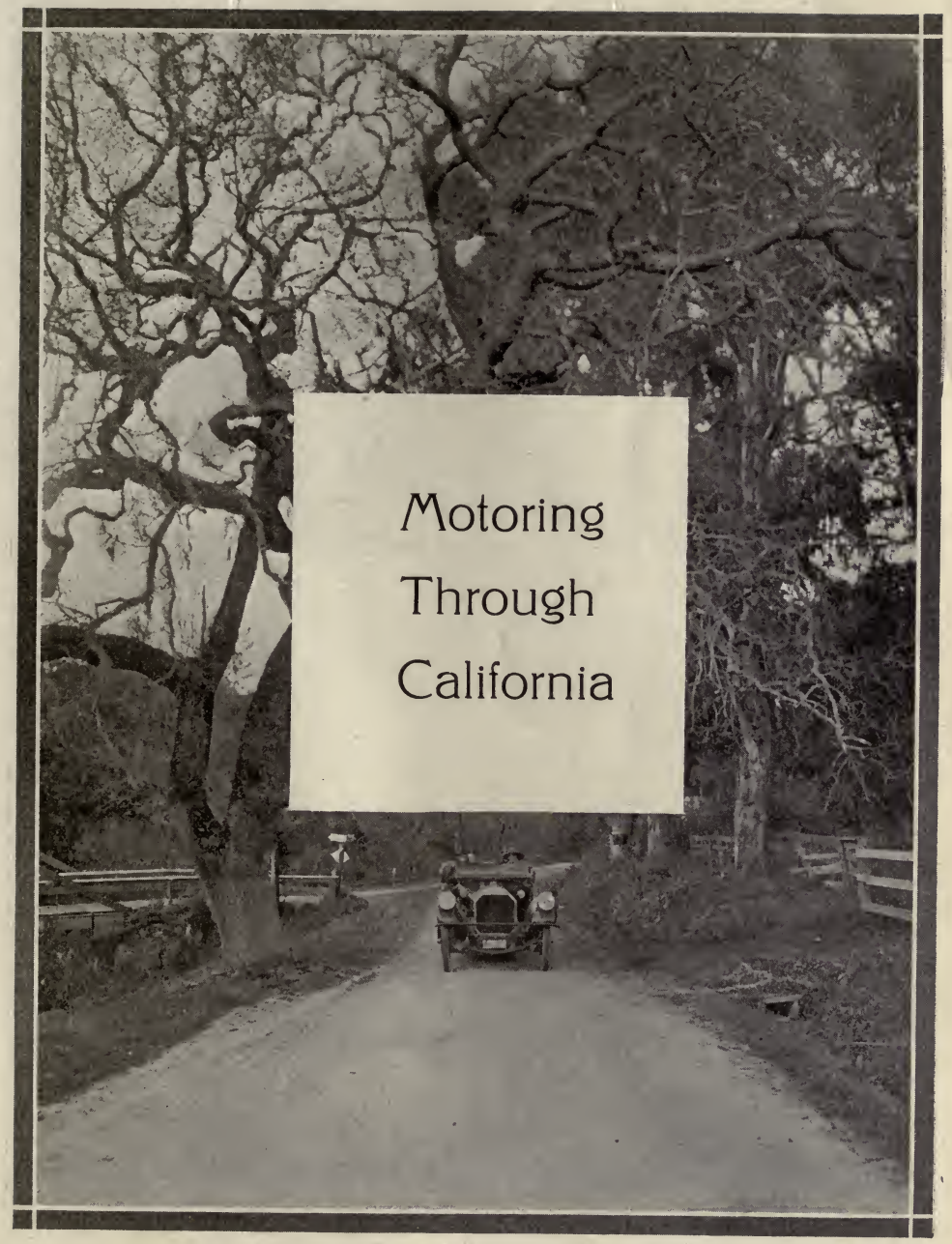
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Through
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Along a stretch of big oak on the State Highway



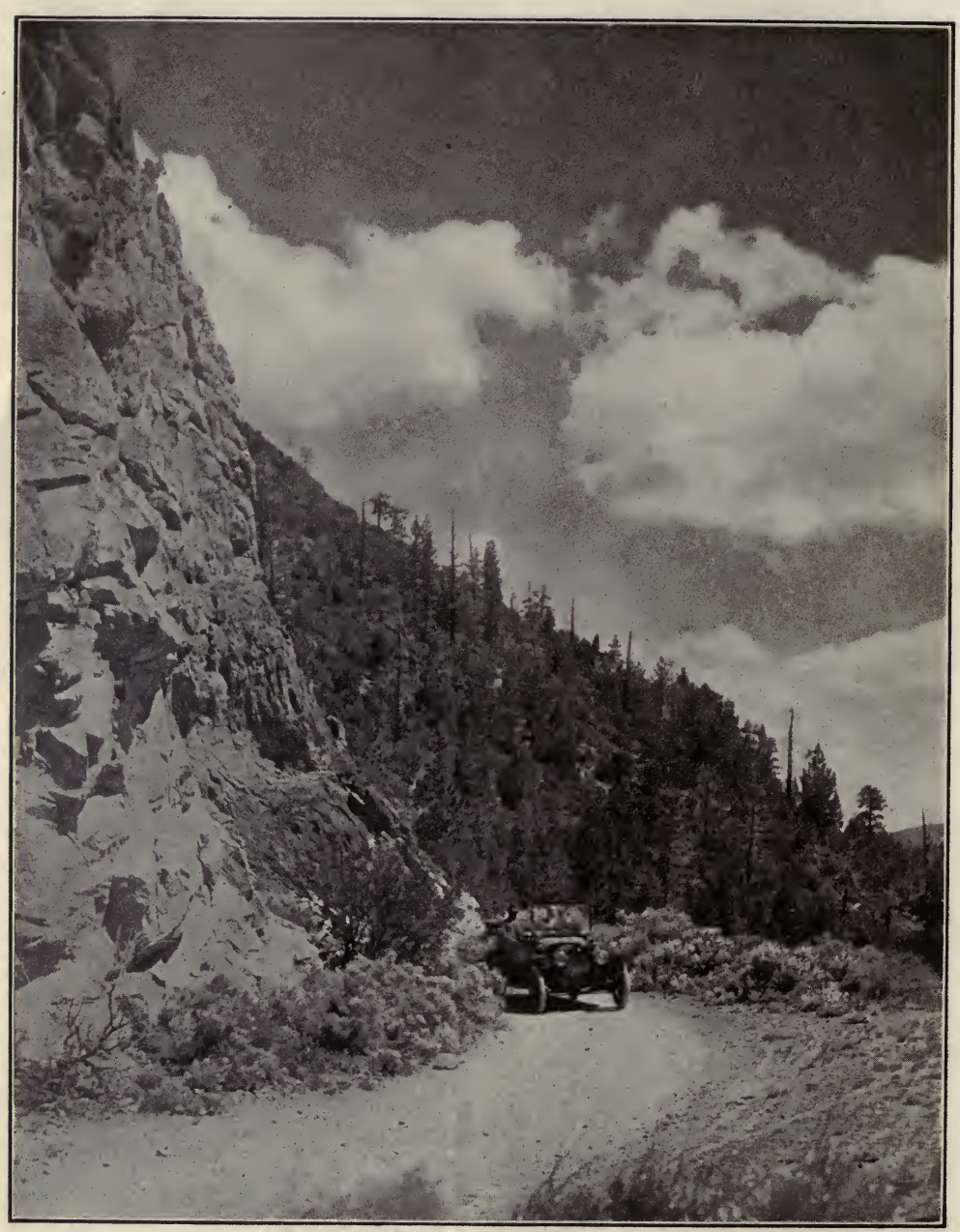
A cabin in Muir Woods, a beautiful redwood forest some twenty miles north of San Francisco



Through an avenue of palms, Southern California



Down the Strawberry Grade on the old Placerville Road, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains.



Cave Rock, near Lake Tahoe, one of the largest watersheds in California.



On the Pacific Highway, in a stretch of pine forest.



Skirting the Pacific Ocean shore in Northern California.



The summer snow-capped peaks of the towering Sierra Nevada Mountains.



The skins are raised and lowered in time to the measured step.

MAR 27 1917.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXIX San Francisco, April, 1917 No. 4



Showing the unusually large flints and queer head-dress of some of the dancers.

Ah-Pura-Way

The Dance of the White Deer Skin and Other Klamath Indian Worship Dances

By

Edna Hildebrand Putnam

Photos Specially by Emma B. Freeman of the Freeman Art Co., Eureka, Cal.

ROBERT SPOTT is a perfect type of young Indian manhood, straight as an arrow, and with muscles toughened and quickened like those of a leopard. Who he is and what he is, is best told in his own signature: "Robert Spott, Captain Spott, Indian Chief—his son, Klamath Indian, Requa, California."

The chieftain's son, quick of intellect and action, trained alike in the lore of his people and the teachings of the white man, is a well known character along the lower Klamath Basin, where his forefathers have dwelt for unnumbered ages. The country to him is an open book. Hunting parties the season through seek him out to guide them to the best hunting grounds and trout streams. A more affable, courteous companion would be difficult to find either on the trail or around the campfire at night.

But—like all of his race—this young



No. 1.—Another unique costume worn in he dance.

Indian prince is sensitive to the slightest hint of ridicule. Under the benign influence of friendship his nature expands like a beautiful flower to the sun; let there be a derisive glance or scornful remark among his campfire auditors, and his tale of early Indian life will cease, never to be resumed.

He is but typical of his people as a race. Because of a lack of sympathy and a persistent disregard of the Indian point of view on the part of their successors, the North American Indians have allowed very little of their tribal customs and beliefs to become known to the whites. It is rather surprising to discover at this late date, when as a race the Indians are facing extinction, that, despite their primitive and ofttimes barbaric customs, they have clung desperately through all the years of their adversity to a religious faith that in its essentials is not unlike that of the Christian. It is only through the friendship of such broad-minded Indians as Robert Spott that the modern world will ever learn of that life that is past—to whom whatever of merit there is in the following



No. 2.—Robert Spott in costume of Ah-pura-way dance.

description of the Klamath worship dances is due.

"Ah Pura Way," familiarly known to the white people as the "White Deer Skin Dance," while not the most solemn of the worship dances of the Northern California Indians, is perhaps the best known. It is more than a religious festival—it is a season of joy and good will among men—a sort of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Consecration Meeting rolled into one. It usually occurs during the early fall, and is celebrated every two or three years.

In the words of Prince Robert: "It



No. 3.—Bush dance.



No. 4.—Costume of the jumping dance.

is whenever there being so many kinds of sickness upon earth. The earth is dried—no green grass and the wild flowers and all the birds are flying away; and so all the animals going away too. No berries, no acorns, no fish upon the river.

"Then a medicine man go up in the high mountains and prayed to the heaven and to the stars and to the sun with his power that sickness will be going away and have a better world: the earth will be covered with green grass and wild flowers and plenty of

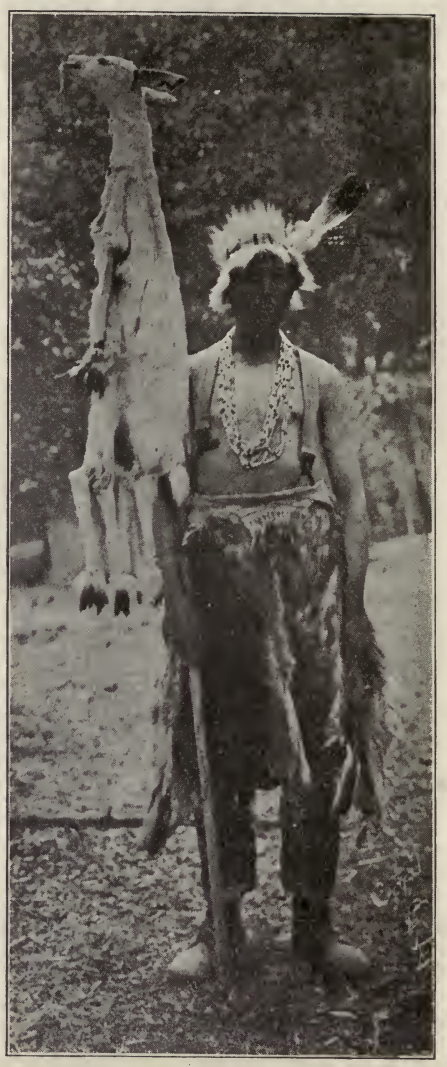
fish in the river—also berries and all animals and birds will come back to earth again."

Does it sound so very different from some of the Biblical stories of the Old Testament? Who does not remember the oft-repeated statement, "And Moses went up in the mountain to pray?" Just as the Hebrew people trusted implicitly in the power of prayer, so did the untutored people who offered their petitions to their Great Spirit—the omnipotent God.

While the Indian priest is fasting and praying on some lonely mountain top, the men of his tribe are busy preparing for the big festival. Word is sent to all the tribes in the country that "Ah Pura Way" will be danced on such and such an occasion. Those who receive the invitation immediately begin preparations to participate in the festival. Out from secret hiding places is brought a wealth of Indian finery—sacred deer skins, marvelous flints and robes of richly ornamented skins—that have lain hidden from sight since the last time the worship dance was celebrated. The Indian women hurry to collect provisions enough to furnish a twelve-day feast for their men and any chance guests who will participate in the dance.

Upon the return of the high-priest the tribes assemble together and the dance begins. In outward semblance it has little suggestion of piety and consecration to the onlooker. It is nothing more than a barbaric trial of physical strength and endurance—harmful to both mind and body. But to the old tribesmen it was all that was beautiful and sacred. Caught in the fanatic fervor of the dance, young men and old men gloried in the opportunity to shout and dance themselves into unconsciousness—to prostrate themselves through utter weariness before the feet of their God.

In the center of some clearing along the river, the leader, who must be a man consecrated by pure blood and religious training for the office, takes his place, holding in his hand a long pole on which is arranged the skin of



The Sacred White Deer, emblem of the dance.
-Photo copyrighted 1916 by Emma B. Freeman, Eureka, Cal.

the sacred white deer. A row of his townsmen, fourteen or sixteen in number, take their places at either side, leaving the leader in the middle of the row. The upper part of the body of the dancers is nude, except for the strands of Indian beads depending to the waist. An Indian blanket of deer-skin ornamented with beads and bits of abalone shell is fastened at the waist and extends to the knees. A

gaudy head-dress fastened at the back by a single upstanding feather completes the costume.

A man with a cowl-like head-dress held in place by a savage looking band of walrus tusks and holding an immense flint strapped to his arms, is stationed at either end of the row slightly in advance of the others.

When all is ready, the leader lifts his voice and his foot simultaneously, and the dance is on—not to cease until the village has danced itself to exhaustion. The men in the row raise and lower their deerskins on the poles in time with their bending bodies and jerking feet. The effect is weird and uncanny. The deer skins assume the semblance of life, first raising their noses towards the heavens in exhortation and then bowing in humility and supplication towards the earth. They are the sacred emblems through which the red men hope to have their petitions heard and answered. Each skin is richly ornamented with bits of shells and bright feathers, which are fastened to the nostrils and feet by means of buckskin thongs several inches in length.

The two flint dancers bend their bodies almost at right angles and dance back and forth along the row. As a dancer falls from his place from exhaustion, he is pulled aside and another of the same village takes his place.

To make the trial more exciting, the spirit of competition enters into the celebration, each village striving to outshine its neighbors in finery and endurance. A respite is granted the dancers at night, during which they feast and visit among the various camps. But with morning the dance goes on until the twelve days have been completed. The Hoopa Indians require but six days for a similar celebration.

The Indians' unquestioning faith in the efficacy of their barbaric ceremony was doubtless due in a large measure to the fact that their hopes were nearly always realized. That this was due to natural laws never occurred to these pious minded children. Coming as it did in the fall, the dance was sure to be followed by the autumn rains that never failed to clear the atmosphere of disease germs and cover the earth with a spring time growth of grass and flowers. The fish dams ready placed in the rivers for the annual run of salmon was a self-guarantee of plenty of fish. But the Indians considered these things an answer to their petitions.

While Christian education has taught the young Indians dependance upon self rather than in the blind faith in prayer they do not entirely disbelieve the stories of the ancient traditions of their tribespeople. Just as the Christians of to-day do not say that the miracles of early Biblical times are not true, so Robert Spott does not disbelieve the tales of Indian tradition that his father and his father's father have handed down to him.

While Ah-Pura-Way is the largest festival at which all the tribes congregate, there are many other religious dances among the Klamath Indians all designed to protect the people from hunger and sickness.

In illustration 3, our young Indian friend is seen in the dress worn in the bush dance. It is a dance to cure bodily ills, demonstrating in a forceful way the Indians' faith in the power of the will to overcome sickness. Robert gives the following synopsis of the ceremony:

"Bush-dance doctor, when a child is unhealth, he go far upon the mountains in the evening and pray to the heaven with his power so this child's sickness will go. And he pray again so the child will have a long and so good lucky life. Then he break the limb of the pine forest and comes home. And have the sick child lay beside the fire and danced all night around the sick child."

If the child died it was attributed to the will of God.

The costumes worn by the Indians in the Jumping-dance is shown in illustration 4. It is celebrated when



Ah-pura-way, or Klamath Indian worship dance, as practiced in Northern California.
—Photo copyrighted 1916 by Emma B. Freeman, Eureka, Cal.

there is fear of an epidemic. In the words of our authority: "This dance always have whenever the people hear a sickness coming on a far away."

It is held in the Indian house and lasts twelve days. To quote further from the story of the chieftain's son.

"A medicine man sit beside the fire and has a long pipe and smoke Indian tobacco and not drink water and eat once day. Then he pray to heaven, and before he sit down he took Indian tobacco and put a little on his hand. Then he blow to north and south with his power that sickness will not reach here, and again he blow to the east and the west. Then he sit down.

"Then the dance beginning do dance around him and people looking on are all feeling very sadness."

* * * *

But the old ceremonies have vanished—the dance is done. And the reason—Death.

Long ago the Indians of the valley and coast regions of the Golden State disappeared, leaving scarcely a token of their existence except the long line of Mission buildings stretching from San Diego to San Francisco, and of which California is so justly proud.

Because of the mountain barriers and their remoteness from the centers of civilized life, the tribes of the northern coast counties have continued to cherish up to the present many of their old tribal customs even though the government schools have used every effort to discourage the barbaric practices, and to win the Indians to saner modes of life and thought. It is Death more than education that has made impossible the old life and customs.

All the religious dances of the Klamaths, to be of any avail, must be conducted by one of pure blood and high standing in the tribe anointed to that sacred office, just as were the

priests of the ancient Hebrews—or for that matter just as priests and ministers are authorized to perform certain ceremonies to-day. These holy men of the Indians have nearly all passed over into the Land of Forgetfulness, and the custom of intermarriage has left few pure enough of blood to take their places.

When Captain Spott answers the call, the sacred emblems of which he is the custodian will pass as a precious heirloom to his son Robert, to be treasured as were the sacred goblets in the ancient Jewish tabernacle, but they will never be used again to invoke the blessing of the Heavenly Father upon his trusting Children of the Wilds.

AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

The Mission walls stand thick and strong,
In the quaint tower the bell still swings;
The swallows nest beneath the eaves,
And dart about with quivering wings.

The grass grows lush upon the hills
The surf still beats upon the shore;
Where are the dark-skinned worshipers
Who knelt in crowds upon this floor?

Gone from the hills—gone from the shore,
Their homes, nor even their graves we see,
Under the white man's chilling touch
These simple Christians ceased to be.

Oh! Father Serra, could you rest
In peace within your silent grave,
And see this people fade away,
This people that you died to save?

Their only monument this house,
Reared with such toil at your command;
They worshiped here—then like a cloud
They vanished from this pleasant land.

Will not some hand beside your name
Write thus upon these walls of clay,
"In memory of a gentle race
Who built this house—then passed away."

HENRIETTA C. PENNY.

The Americanized Chinese Student

What Will He Play in the Future Development of China?

By Frank B. Lenz,

Young Men's Christian Association. At Present in North China Union Language School, Peking, China.

THE HOPE of any nation lies with its educated class. The students of to-day are the leaders of to-morrow in the political, industrial, commercial, social and religious life of any country. The trained man—the expert is in demand. Leadership must be progressive if it is to be successful. Our higher institutions of learning are to-day producing more than eighty per cent of the leaders of the nation. It has been recently ascertained that there are at present about twelve hundred Chinese students studying in America's higher educational institutions. Why have these most intellectual sons of the Celestial Republic selected the United States as *the* country in which to continue their studies?



Dr. Y. T. Tsur, President of Tsing Hua College, Peking.

In the first place the American people have won the hearts of the Chinese by their policy of fair and just treatment. The United States has developed a consistent foreign policy, and for half a century has continued a policy in the Pacific quite as definite as that represented in the Monroe Doctrine. In 1868, Anson Burlingame made a treaty between the United States and China which admitted her to the family of nations—a treaty so just and expressed in such friendly language that it has served as a model for all subsequent treaties of Western nations with China. This treaty began the policy of recognizing China as an equal among all the nations of the world. It was due to the influence of this treaty that enabled Secretary Hay in 1900 to secure another treaty pledging Japan, United States and other Western Powers to respect the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire, and to claim no rights of trade which were not freely granted to others. This is the open door policy for China. The Americans by a century of positive missionary effort have broken down race prejudice and established the greatest confidence between themselves and the Chinese. The American Government greely gave its services in aiding the Chinese govern-



The Yamen at Tsing Hua.

ment to destroy foreign traffic in Chinese coolies. The American government likewise gave its services in suppressing foreign trade in opium. American officials are to-day constantly at watch along the entire American border and coast against opium smuggling.

The friendship has been greatly increased between the two countries by the services of Americans in famine relief, especially in the Great Famine in Shensi and the recent famines in the Yangste Valley.

The United States was one of the first countries to recognize the Chinese Republic.

China is in dire need of instruction along scientific lines. She must have accurate information in regard to sanitation, disease prevention and medical research. The China Medical Commission, which is now authorized to spend about a million and a quarter dollars per year, is destined to play a very large part in cementing the future friendship of the two nations.

America has been wise in the selection of her ministers to China. Burlingame, Parker, Angell, Denby, Conger, Rockhill, Calhoun and Dr. Reinsch have had large influence on the friendly relations between the United States and China. Presidents Grant, Roosevelt and Wilson have been true friends of China. Most visitors like ex-President Eliot have reported favorably on their trips and have contributed to the good-will of the two countries.

The only obstacle in the way of the most friendly relations between the two nations is the Exclusion Law. This law not only excludes all Chinese laborers or coolies, but it inflicts great hardships on the exempted class; that is, merchants, travelers, students, teachers and officials. As one Chinese official once said in San Francisco: "It seems much easier for them to enter Heaven than to set foot on the American continent even when they enter with the Consul's certificate or other documents issued and signed by American diplomatic agents in China."

We sincerely trust that this discrim-



First court in the Yamen.

inatory law will be changed for some such policy as that advocated by Dr. Sidney Gulick; namely, the admission to our country annually of say five per cent of the number of people of any other country now living in the United States who have become naturalized American citizens. Such a policy would operate fairly among all nations, and at the same time would insure the assimilation of all immigrants who come to America.

The most direct and potent reason why so many Chinese students pursue their studies in America is due to the return to China in 1908 by the United States of about one-half the indemnity bond paid by China at the close of the Boxer Rebellion. This amount was $10,785,286.12. When the announcement was made by Minister W. W. Rockhill of the return of the indemnity money, Prince Ching replied: "Mindful of the desire expressed by the President of the United States to promote the coming of Chinese students to the Unied States to take courses in schools and colleges of the country, and convinced by the happy results of past experience of the great value to China of education in American schools, the Imperial government has the honor to state that it is its intention to send henceforth yearly to the United States a considerable number of students, there to receive their education." The Chinese government decided that one hundred students should be sent to America every year for four years, and that from the fifth year a minimum of fifty students should be sent each year. It was provided that eighty per cent of the students sent should specialize in industrial arts, agriculture, mechanical and mining engineering, physics, chemistry, railway engineering, architecture and banking and twenty per cent should specialize in law and political science. But how were these students



Returned students visiting their alma mater, Tsing Hua College, taking tea at the President's yamen.

to be prepared for entrance to American universities? The Chinese educational system was not based on Western methods. In the agreement between the two countries the date set for the first group to the United States was in 1909. Since there was no school in which the students could be trained before going, it was decided by the Bureau of Educational Mission to the United States to select the first group by a rigid examination. In August, 1909, six hundred and thirty took the examinations in Peking. Only forty-eight passed. These were sent to the United States in October.

The necessity of a training center was apparent, and so Tsing Hua Park was secured from the government as a suitable site for such an institution. It was decided to name the school Tsing Hua College. The necessary buildings were completed in 1911, and work began at once. Eighteen teachers, nine of whom were women, were engaged to come to America to make up the faculty. But it was now time for another group of students to go to the United States. In order to meet the situation an examination was again held, from which seventy-three students were selected to be sent to America.

After a brief summer vacation, college opened in 1911, but scarcely two months had passed before the revolution in Wuchang broke out. A month later Tsing Hua was closed and teachers and students left for their homes. Matters were not sufficiently adjusted in China until the spring of 1912 to permit the college to re-open its doors. Since May 1, 1912 the work at Tsing Hua College has been going on harmoniously and without interruption. During the last three years the school has grown in many directions. Two events deserve special mention. First, the number of students has grown to nearly five hundred, this growth being accounted for by the admission of one hundred and twenty-three boys to the Middle School in 1915. A further addition of students to the High School has been contemplated, and steps have already been taken toward holding an entrance examination next summer.



Dining room of the college.

The second event of great importance was the decision made in 1914 by the government of the United States to return to China a further sum of the Boxer Indemnity Fund. The original sum of the Indemnity was $24,440,778. Two million dollars of this amount had been set aside to settle sundry claims put forward at various times. These claims were finally settled and a balance of $1,170,000 has been returned to China since 1914.

The president of the college, Dr. Ye-Tsung Tsur, is himself an American trained scholar of splendid ability. He holds degrees both from the University of Wisconsin and Yale. He was promoted to the presidency August 22, 1913, at the death of Mr. Tong Kai-son, the first president.

Entering America for the first time, the Chinese student is confused. His primary need is personal guidance. He will need help in securing temporary hotel accommodations, transferring his baggage, getting railway tickets, and starting on the right train for the university of his choice. He may wish to make some purchases, exchange money or post letters. The organization that has anticipated his wants and ministered to him in terms of his needs has been the Young Men's Christian Association. The San Francisco Y. M. C. A. has met and assisted every group of Indemnity Students that has been sent to the United States. Scores of private students have also been helped. The student traveling alone has often suffered great apprehension when temporarily detained by the immigration authorities at Angel Island. In every case the Association has been the messenger to relieve the distressed mind.

Upon reaching the university city the student again needs assistance. The University Y. M. C. A. helps him to find board and lodging, to select his courses, to register, and to become ac-



President Tsur's residence.



Middle School building.



The main entrance to Tsing Hua College.

quainted with college customs and traditions. He is given advice regarding the social, moral, athletic and religious activities of the university. He is fortified against the evil influences of student life. The Y. M. C. A. enables him to see and appropriate the best features of his new environment. It puts him in touch with a few friends who understand him and with whom he can talk frankly.

The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association has recently organized a Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, with Mr. Charles D. Hurrey as General Secretary. This Committee is endeavoring to establish Information Bureaus in foreign nations with reliable persons in charge, who can distribute literature and give information to prospective students regarding university life in North America. A handbook of useful information is presented to the new student upon his arrival. Receptions, socials, and banquets are frequently arranged by the Committee, thus promoting good-fellowship. During vacations and other leisure periods the Committee accompanies foreign students on visits of inspection to social settlements, hospitals, playgrounds, penal and reform institutions and Christian Association buildings. Books and literature bearing on character building are distributed.

That the hundreds of students now being educated in Tsing Hua College and in American universities will be a mighty factor in the upbuilding of a new China no one can doubt. Already a number of students who have been educated through the Indemnity Fund have returned to their native country to assume positions of responsibility and leadership.

While this may be true that they have the reactionary and backward looking element to combat in every phase of life, yet their potent influence is already felt. The one danger constantly threatening them is the subtle non-progressive spirit of Old China. These Western world students are shocked and disappointed at the backwardness of their country when they return from America. Their first im-

pulse is to change the old system immediately. They suddenly realize that it takes time to change century-old customs and institutions. Many of them are not willing to endure and sacrifice and so grow pessimistic. Others slip back into the old ways and become mere job holders.

Among the American educated students who have seen the light and are remaining true to their vision are Mr. C. T. Wang, vice-speaker of the National Senate; Dr. Y. T. Tsur, president of Tsing Hua College; Dr. Wellington Koo, Minister at Washington, and Mr. David Z. T. Yui, chairman of the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of China.

The returned student needs the companionship of the choicest of his countrymen who have studied abroad, and are now established in useful service to their community. The counsel and leadership will demonstrate how he can apply his knowledge and experience to the solution of the most pressing problems of his people. The Western educated Chinese are the men who will lead China to success. "But these young men do not know China and her peculiar ways," is the cry of the men of the age that is past. These leaders of yesterday are chaining their matchless country to a dead past. And unless the chain is broken, the future is hopeless, and China is doomed. But if the survival of their country as an independent nation is to be won by fulfilling the first law of organic life—the adaptation of the organism to its environment—only the Chinese whose mind has been trained in Western world schools can lead China to safety and greatness.

THE BROOK

The frost gleams white where once was sunny nook,
And all the world seems clasp'd in Winter's hold;
I cannot see the little, ice-bound brook
That 'neath its crust of snow sleeps still and cold.

It seems a dream that once the skies were blue—
Now black with fury of the northern wind;
Forgotten are the bird-notes, and the hue
Of petal'd cornflow'r with the rose entwined.

O little brook, you heard the sea's low cry
That called you through the meadows green and still!
O heart, I heard your voice in love's faint sigh,
And all my soul awoke in passion's thrill!

The sea long since rock'd on its bosom's swell
The tiny ripples of each sparkling wave,
And I—the tinkling of the ice-drops tell
How cold the stones that mem'ry's waters lave!

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS.



Santa Cruz Mission, as restored, Santa Cruz, California. —Photo by Aydelotte.

The Mission of Santa Cruz

Reported Destruction by Tidal Wave a Myth. Restoration Will Begin in Near Future

By Robert Cosmo Harding

MONSIGNORE Fisher, of Santa Cruz has about completed arrangements whereby the old Mission of Santa Cruz will be restored, and this relic of the Spanish regime in California will once more become the Mecca for Eastern tourists and touring Westerners; and the memories of by-gone days will again be as vivid as they were when the actual civilization of this great commonwealth was in its inceptive period.

The Mission of Santa Cruz, like all other California missions, has its interesting history, each woven about one object, which is the original motive for the establishment of missions throughout the territory now known as the State of California, to wit: the conversion of the native population to the Roman Catholic faith and the extention of the land as a dominion of the Spanish Crown.

It was in the year 1790, while the Yule-logs burned so briskly in England, and while the wassail bowl was passing round the gayly decorated festive board from hand to hand, and each pair of lips quaffed therefrom, that in the Mission at San Francisco, in the Mission Dolores, civilization, having spread its wings over the American Atlantic coast line, there was grave debate upon the advisability of extend-

ing an earnest and active invitation to civilization to cast favoring eyes, with the same effects, throughout the southern portion of the American continent which bordered the Pacific Ocean and which lay to the north of the Tropics.

Already the Mission of San Diego had been established July 26, 1769, and in 1770 the Mission of San Carlos, while July 14, 1771, there had sprung into existence the Mission of Antonio, and the San Gabriel Mission on the eighth of September of the same year. And these, having met with such success, were followed by the establishment of the Mission at San Luis on September 1st of the following year. And after a lull of almost four years there had come the San Francisco Mission on October 9, 1776, the same year that the Declaration of Independence had been signed—this, just a few months prior to the building of the Mission at San Juan Capistrano, which at the present writing is also being restored. January 18, 1777, the Mission at Santa Clara had been erected; another lull; and on May 3, 1782, the Mission at San Buena Ventura. The Mission of Santa Barbara, still occupied in the closing days of the year 1916, was established September 3, 1786. All had realized their aims, but there was still much territory to be brought into the realm of the church and the King of Spain.

The discussion waxed warm. Numerous locations were mentioned, but that which seemed most in need of the influences of religion was not far away, was in the region contiguous to the Bay of Monterey.

Exactly fifty years after Columbus discovered America, one, Juan Rodoriguez Cabrillo, quite by accident, discovered the Bay of Monterey, although because of its thirty-mile width entrance, he did not recognize it as a sea indentation. Nevertheless, his chart shows the irregularity of the coast line at this spot. Cabrillo never returned to those waters, and not until the establishment of the Mission at San Diego was any attempt made to discover whether or not the indentation recorded by Cabrillo was a harbor. Thus two hundred and twenty-eight years elapsed before it was thought that perhaps it was really worth while to do some scouting. One party set out and returned because it had passed the bay without recognizing it. However, not satisfied, in the same year two more parties set out, one by sea and one on land. It required more than three months of journeying to arrive—but both did finally reach the same spot at practically the same time.

This territory then was under discussion at the San Francisco Mission, and it would have kept on indefinitely had not two Franciscan Brothers, Father Salazar and Father Lopez, volunteered to undertake the strenuous task. Therefore, shortly thereafter, these two brave souls, accompanied by only two soldiers, set forth to establish what was to be known as the Mission of Santa Cruz, and about which now nestles the city of Santa Cruz, given the ennobling sobriquet of The City of the Holy Cross.

It was known that the territory was inhabited by Indians who had established villages around the shores of the bay, but it was not known whether these Indians were friendly or were to prove murderously treacherous. Yet this did not daunt the two reverend pioneers.

The little party progressed slowly—they covered the eighty miles in two weeks, and after spending much time in viewing different locations, selected a site on the north shore of the bay, about a mile inland, and nearly two miles from the ocean, on an eminence of some seven hundred feet. From this spot could be seen the waters of the bay sparkling in the sunlight, and to the East, towering Loma Prieta Peak, while to the north stretched the Santa Cruz Mountains, with its big trees, its gulches, its little valleys, the San Lorenzo River and Branciforte Creek, all visible. Truly nature had smiled upon the two Franciscans! Could anything have been more idyllic! They thought not, for pitching

their tents, they at once in a primitive way commenced work.

Pow-wows were held with the Indians, and it was soon seen that they were to be the source of little trouble. But this was not all that Father Salazar and Father Lopez desired: they had come to this wilderness for the purpose and sole aim to spread the Gospel of Christianity among these heathens—and that they met with success is attested to by the fact that in the year before the Mission was erected they had converted seventy Indians of the Achistace type; and had united in marriage six Indians. This was certainly a record of which to be proud! Yet Father Salazar and Father Lopez accomplished much more, for they attempted the arduous feat of plowing and tilling a few acres of land and of cutting and hewing timber for the construction of the Mission house. Of course, the converted Indians lent much assistance, and cause for thanksgiving to the little devout coterie.

Father Salazar and Father Lopez had arrived upon the site of the Santa Cruz Mission September 25, 1791, but the first corner-stone of the building was not laid until February 23, 1793. In 1794 the Mission was ready for dedication, and on the tenth of March of that year, a gala day, Father Pena of the Mission at Santa Clara and Hermenegilgo Sal, Commanding Officer of the Presidio of San Francisco, accompanied by five priests and eighty-nine Indians, all converted, witnessed the consecration of the Mission of Santa Cruz. It was of wood and adobe.

Up to this time the supplies of Father Salazar and Father Lopez had been contributed from other Missions —by Santa Clara thirty cows, five yoke of oxen, two pair of which were useless, fourteen bulls, twenty steers and nine horses: one pair of oxen and seven mules by Carmel; five yoke of oxen, one of which was useless, by San Francisco. And one of the mules contributed by Carmel was so gentle that it died three days after its arrival. Later these contributions were augmented by sixty sheep, ten lambs and two bushels of barley. Quite a larder for those days in the wilderness, but it sufficed to keep flesh and bones together until in 1795 the fruits of labor of the Santa Cruz colonization were ready for consumption, and from the land that had been "worked" there was acquired one thousand bushels of wheat, six hundred bushels of corn, sixty bushels of beans and a little more than a half bushel of lentels.

The Mission of Santa Cruz grew apace, and in ten years there had been erected, all told, fifty houses for those Indians who had embraced Christianity and more particularly Roman Catholicism, and who had been taught the civilized arts of carpentry, shoemaking, blacksmithing and a dozen other useful occupations. And in those ten years other Indians, not Achistaces, joined the colony, with peace ever prevailing.

The daily life at the Mission of Santa Cruz, while simple, was extremely interesting. The flush of Aurora in the east was heralded by the melodious Mission bells and summoned all to prayers, after which a hearty breakfast was the rule. This fortified all for the day's work. At eleven o'clock there was a pause for rest and luncheon, after which work was resumed until the Angelus sounded an hour before sunset. Prayers and beads were now said, and then came a very hearty and appetizing supper. The evenings were devoted to various amusements.

The principal foods were fresh beef and fresh mutton, with cakes of wheat and maize (the latter the Indian name for corn), and peas, beans and other vegetables. Of course, there was variety, for the climate of Santa Cruz was and still is propitious for fresh green vegetables almost the entire cycle of the year. Nor was there any necessity for lack of cleanliness, because the waters of the Bay of Monterey invited them both summer and winter.

The dress of the men consisted of shirts, trousers and blankets, although

upon special occasions the complete Spanish dress was affected by those who could afford it.

So, until the year 1834, the Mission of Santa Cruz flourished and it would have continued to do so had not it been secularized. This was responsible for its retardation, and that it spelled ruin for the Indians is exemplified in the historical fact that they returned to primitive conditions and to becoming enemies to the White Brothers.

There are some erroneous historians responsible for the statement that the Mission of Santa Cruz, about the year 1838, was destroyed by an earthquake and a resultant monster tidal wave, but this, geology disproves because any tidal wave that would have been so elephantine in proportions would have swept the land for hundreds of miles. This was not the case, as the markings of the surrounding country show. So it will be seen that this statement is merely a myth, and that an early earthquake alone was responsible for the partial destruction of the Mission of Santa Cruz, and that the almost total dismantling was afterward done by human hands.

And now, when in the future, the traveler approaches Santa Cruz from the East, he will read on the Camino Real, situated on the highway at the foot of de Laveaga Park, the inscription: Mission of Santa Cruz, 1¾ mi.; Mission San Juan Bautista, 34 mi.; and he will know that he will soon arrive at one of the most interesting places in the United States.

"IN CITY PENT."

Life led me by the hand to a high-walled town,
From street to street he led me up and down, up and down;
Aweary, weary, am I of the flinty pavement stone—
O I would fain away again and walk the world alone!

I want the pleasant shadows of tall oak trees,
The birds among the branches, the lilting of the breeze,
The dusty white road wandering, the broken wall of stone—
O I would fain away again and walk the world alone!

O here the world is mad for gain, the people herd and crowd;
Their hearts are full of tears unspent, their laughter is too loud;
Here is no friendly greeting, no hand to grip my own—
O I would fain away again and walk the world alone!

VERNE BRIGHT.



The Late Pastor Russell

Biographical Sketch by His Successor

J. F. Rutherford

"Pastor Russell's writings are said to have greater newspaper circulation every week than those of any other living man; a greater, doubtless, than the combined circulation of the writings of all the priests and preachers in North America; greater even than the work of Arthur Brisbane, Norman Hapgood, George Horace Lorimer, Dr. Frank Crane, Frederick Haskins, and a dozen other of the best known editors and syndicate writers put together."—*The Continent.*

CHARLES Taze Russell, known the world over as Pastor Russell, author, lecturer and minister of the Gospel, was born at Pittsburg, Pa., February 16, 1852; died October 31, 1916. He was a son of Joseph L. and Eliza Birnie Russell, both of Scotch-Irish descent. He was educated in the common schools and under private tutors. He was married in 1879 to Maria Frances Ackley. No children blessed this union. Eighteen years later a disagreement arose about the management of his journal, and a separation followed. Pastor Russell was the author of the following publications:

Object and Manner of Our Lord's Return; Food for Thinking Christians; Tabernacle Shadows; The Divine Plan of the Ages; The Time is at Hand; Thy Kingdom Come; The Battle of Armageddon; The Atonement Between God and Man; The New Creation; What Say the Scriptures About Hell; What Say the Scriptures About Spiritualism; Old Theology Tracts; The Photo-Drama of Creation; Etc., Etc.

Reared under the influence of Christian parents, at an early age young Russell became interested in theology, uniting himself with the Congregational Church, and became active in local mission work. His instructors believed and taught the old style "Hell-fire" doctrine. At the age of fifteen his boyish zeal, in an endeavor to restore a young infidel friend, cost him his faith in the Bible. At the age of 17 he had become a skeptic. This was due to the inability of his religious teachers to substantiate the doctrine of a literal lake of fire and brimstone. This doctrine of eternal torment of all mankind except the few elect became very abhorrent to him, and he said: "A God who would use His power to create human beings whom He foreknew and predestined should be eternally tormented, could be neither wise, just nor loving; His standard would be lower than that of men." He continued to believe, however, in the existence of God, but was unwilling to accept the commonly understood teachings as God's revelation of Himself to man.

During the next few years, while growing up into commercial life, he devoted much time to the investigation of Buddhism, Confucianism, and other Oriental religions, only to find all these unworthy of credence. "Which is the true Gospel?" became a living question in his inquiring mind, and al-

though he was now well on the way, commercially, to fame and fortune, he decided that he would investigate the Scriptures and let the Bible speak for itself on the question of future punishment. This was the beginning of a new ambition.

Pastor Russell's Teachings

Naturally of a reverent mind, desiring to worship and serve the true God, Mr. Russell reasoned, "All the creeds of Christendom claim to be founded on the Bible, and these are conflicting. Is it possible that the Bible has been misrepresented? It may not teach the terrible doctrine of eternal torment." Turning then to the Bible, he determined to make a careful, systematic study of it without reference to creeds of men. The result was the full establishment of his faith in the Bible as God's Word. The remainder of his life was wholly devoted to teaching the Bible, writing and publishing religious books and papers, lecturing and proclaiming the Message of Messiah's Kingdom. He was the greatest religious teacher since St. Paul, and did more than any other man of modern times to establish the faith of the people in the Scriptures. His aim was to reach, if possible, every Truth-seeker—Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Free-thinker. He stood entirely free from all sectarian bonds. His work was wholly independent.

Pastor Russell was not the founder of a new religion, and never made such claim. He revived the great truths taught by Jesus and the Apostles, and turned the light of the twentieth century upon these. He made no claim of a special revelation from God, but held that in the light of the prophecies it was doubtless God's due time for the Bible to be understood; and that all fully consecrated to the Lord and His service would therefore be permitted to understand it. Because he devoted himself to the development of the fruits and graces of the Holy Spirit, the promise of the Lord was fulfilled in him: "For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Peter 1:5-8.

He clearly taught, and *proves* his teachings by the citation of Scriptural authority,

That man *is* a soul and is mortal;

That he does not possess an immortal soul;

That the wages of sin is death—not eternal torment;

That death comes upon man as the just penalty for the violation of God's Law;

That death means the destruction of man, unless a release can be obtained;

That God, in His goodness, has provided the great Ransom-price whereby man may be delivered from the bondage of sin and death;

That God's beloved Son, Jesus, became flesh and grew to manhood's estate, was put to death as a man and raised from the dead a spirit being, possessing the Divine nature;

That by His death and resurrection Christ Jesus secured and provided the Ransom-price for man's deliverance and restoration; that Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man;

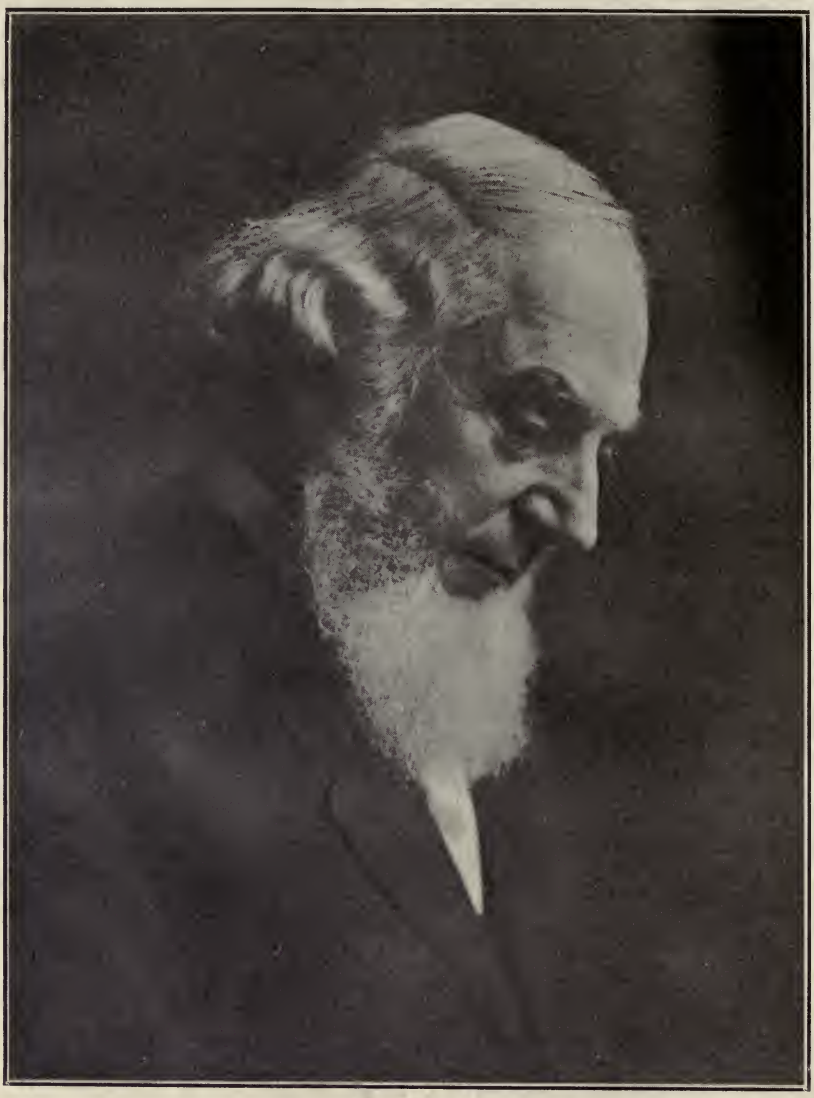
That every man in God's due time must, therefore, have a fair trial for life, and that to this end there shall be an awakening of all the dead;

That Jesus Christ returned into Heaven and must come the second time;

That the period of time elapsing between the First and the Second Coming of the Lord is devoted to the election of the members of the Body of Christ, taken from among men;

That the requirements for election to that exalted position are, full faith in the shed blood of Jesus as the Ransom-price, a full consecration to do the Father's will, and a faithful continuance in obedience to the Father's will even unto death;

That all who are thus consecrated and begotten of the Holy Spirit and are overcomers shall have part in the First, or Chief Resurrection, and be



The late Charles Taze Russell, known the world over as Pastor Russell, minister of the Gospel, and organizer and President of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society up to the time of his death.

exalted to positions in the Heavenly Kingdom of God and participate with Christ Jesus in the Divine nature and His Millennial Reign for the blessing of all the families of the earth;

That during the thousand year Reign of Christ, all of the dead shall be awakened, and given a fair and impartial trial for life or death as human beings;

That under said Reign, and at its close, the wilfully disobedient shall be everlastingly destroyed, while those rendering heart-obedience to the righteous rule of Christ shall be fully restored to human perfection of body,

mind and character;

That during this Millennial Reign the earth shall be brought to a state of Edenic Paradise, and made fit as a habitation for perfect man;

That man, fully restored to perfection, will inhabit the beautiful earth during all the ages to come.

Pastor Russell's Work

Seeing that God has so wonderful a Plan for the blessing of mankind, Pastor Russell gave all of his power and energy to making known these great truths to the world. He never took a vacation; he worked constantly until the day of his death.

Like other Christians he was looking for the Second Coming of Christ. Between 1872 and 1876 he discovered that the Scriptures clearly teach that the Lord would return as a spirit being, invisible to human eyes, not in a body of flesh, and that His Second Presence was due in the autumn of 1874. This led to the publication of a booklet entitled "The Object and Manner of Our Lord's Return," which had a phenomenal sale.

Many students of the Bible throughout the United States and Canada responded to the information derived from that book, and Pastor Russell's correspondence became voluminous. Realizing the necessity of keeping the Truth before the minds of those who had begun to investigate, in 1879, he began the publication of "The Watch Tower and Herald of Christ's Presence," and was its sole editor to the time of his death. This journal is issued semi-monthly; it never publishes advertisements, but is devoted exclusively to religious topics. Among the English speaking people in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, its semi-monthly circulation is 45,000 copies. It is also published in German, French, Swedish, Dano-Norwegian and Polish, reaching a large number of subscribers in America and Europe.

Pittsburgh Headquarters Too Small.

In 1884, in Allegheny, Pa., now a part of Pittsburgh, he organized and incorporated the "Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society," of which he was President until the time of his death. By the spring of 1909 the business of the Society had expanded to such proportions in America and abroad that a closer location to Europe was found necessary, and headquarters were transferred to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Purchases Henry Ward Beecher's Home.

It was by the merest accident that the Henry Ward Beecher mansion, at 124 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, came into the possession of the Society, and Pastor Russell continued to use the home of Brooklyn's world famed pulpit orator as his study and residence until his death.

It was to this very study that Lincoln, while President of the United States, and during the trying days of the rebellion, paid a secret midnight visit to the Pastor of Plymouth Church about his going abroad on a lecture tour to change the sentiment of the British and enlist it in behalf of the Union.

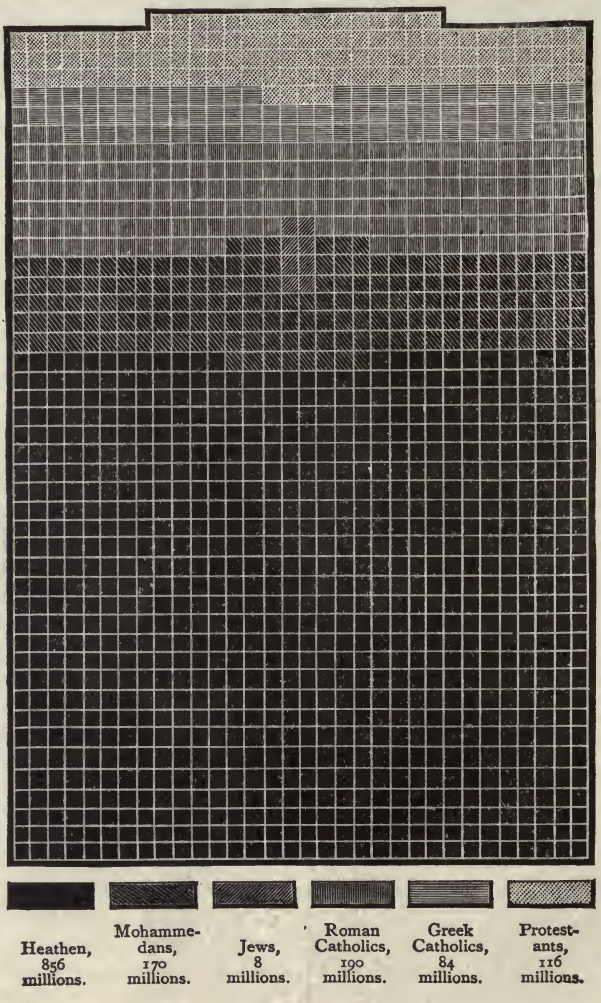
Pastor Russell's Wide Propaganda

Pastor Russell was not only President of the "Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society," the parent organization, but was also President of the "People's Pulpit Association," organized as a New York State Corporation in 1909, and of the "International Bible Students' Association," incorporated in Great Britain, London, in 1913. These latter corporations were branches of the parent society, and were incorporated to comply with certain legal requirements of the different localities. Through these religious corporations, as well as by word of mouth from the platform and pulpit, Pastor Russell promulgated the Gospel of Messiah's Kingdom. The following publications, written by him between the years 1881 and 1914, each had a phenomenal circulation, as given below:

"Food for Thinking Christians" 1,450,000
"Tabernacle Shadows" 1,000,000
"Divine Plan of the Ages" .. 4,817,000

DIAGRAM

EXHIBITING THE ACTUAL AND RELATIVE NUMBERS OF MANKIND CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO RELIGION.



"The Time is at Hand".....1,657,000
"Thy Kingdom Come".....1,578,000
"Battle of Armageddon" 472,000
"The Atonement" 445,000
"The New Creation"..... 423,000
"What Say the Scriptures About Hell?" 3,000,000

Pastor Russell was also the author of the "Photo-Drama of Creation," which, prior to his death, had been exhibited to about twelve millions of people. He wrote and published the scenario of this photo-drama, which has had a very wide circulation. His publications are translated into thirty-five different languages. At the same time he was pastor of more than 1,200 congregations of Bible students in different parts of the world. Some of these he visited whenever possible, and served the others by means of "The

Watch Tower" and private correspondence.

He organized and conducted a Lecture Bureau which constantly employed many lecturers, who traveled and delivered lectures on the Scriptures, as well as giving instruction to Bible students. He organized and managed an auxiliary lecture bureau of several hundred men who gave a portion of their time to lecturing on Bible teachings. He wrote practically all the copy for the "Bible Students' Monthly," the annual circulation of which amounted to many million copies.

His weekly sermons were handled by a newspaper syndicate. More than 2,000 newspapers, with a combined circulation of fifteen million readers, at one time published his discourses. All told, more than 4,000 newspapers published these sermons.

"The Continent," a publication whose editor often opposed Pastor Russell, once published the following significant statement concerning him:

> "His writings are said to have greater newspaper circulation every week than those of any other living man; a greater, doubtless, than the combined circulation of the writings of all the priests and preachers in North America; greater even than the work of Arthur Brisbane, Norman Hapgood, George Horace Lorimer, Dr. Frank Crane, Frederick Haskins, and a dozen other of the best known editors and syndicate writers put together."

Harvest Work.

Pastor Russell adhered strictly to the teachings of the Scriptures. He believed and taught, as before mentioned, that we are living in the time of the Second Presence of our Lord Jesus, and that His Presence dates from 1874 (see his book, "The Time of the End"); that since that time we have been living in the "end of the Age," during which the Lord has been conducting His great Harvest work; that, in harmony with the Master's own statement, this Harvest work is separating true Christians, designated as "wheat," from merely professing Christians, designated as "tares," and gathering the true saints into the Kingdom of the Lord.

It is interesting here to note that Jesus said, "Who *then* (at the time referred to) is that faithful and wise steward whom his Lord shall make ruler over His household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing. Of a truth I say unto you, that He will make him ruler over all that He hath." (Luke 12:42-44; Matt. 24:45-47.) Thousands of the readers of Pastor Russell's writings believe that he filled the office of "that faithful and wise servant," and that his great work was the giving to the Household of Faith the "meat in due season." His modesty and humility precluded him from claiming this title. For a more detailed account of his work, reference is made to "The Watch Tower" of June 1st, 1916.

Pastor Russell made frequent trips abroad. In 1892 he made a trip to Europe and the Holy Land, taking in various countries and lecturing in the interests of the great work. In 1910 he again visited Palestine, Russia and European countries, delivering lectures to thousands of orthodox Jews on the re-gathering of the Jews to Palestine. Upon his return to America, in October of that year, he was given a great ovation at the New York City Hippodrome by many thousands of Jews. His discourse on that occasion was published by Hebrew papers throughout America and Europe. He was greatly beloved by many Jewish people. In the fall of 1911 he was the chairman of a committee of seven who made a journey around the world and specially examined into the conditions of the missionary work in Japan, Korea, China, Syria and India. At a public mass meeting held at the New York Hippodrome in the spring of 1912, to hear the report of this committee, Pas-

tor Russell delivered the report and gave a discourse which stirred the missionary world from center to circumference.

Still later he made annual or semi-annual tours to Great Britain, visiting the London congregation and many others of which he was Pastor, and delivering various public addresses at Royal Albert Hall, London's largest auditorium; St. Andrew's Hall in Glasgow, and in many other cities, including Edinburgh and Liverpool. His addresses elicited many favorable comments from the British press. Wherever he spoke it was usually in the largest auditoriums and to record audiences. These tours in Great Britain ended only when the present great war rendered further visits impracticable. He made many preaching tours from the Atlantic to the Pacific and throughout Canada. It was while on a lecture tour from coast to coast that Pastor Russell's wonderful life came suddenly to a close, while traveling on an express train near Canadian, Texas, on the 31st day of last October. He literally died in the harness, continuing to the end through increasing pain and weariness to prosecute the great work to which he had been called by the Lord. He died as heroically as he had lived, his faith in God holding firmly unto the end.

During the 42 years of Pastor Russell's Christian work he never directly or indirectly solicited money. No collection was ever taken up at any meeting addressed by him or any of his associates for himself or for his work. He had faith that the Lord would supply sufficient money to carry on the work; that the work was the Lord's and not man's. The fact that voluntary contributions were liberally made by many persons throughout the world proved that his conclusions were correct.

He devoted his private means entirely to the cause to which he gave his life. He received the nominal sum of $11.00 per month for his personal expenses. He died leaving no estate whatsoever. Like all great leaders of thought, especially pertaining to the Scriptures, he was, as was his Master, misunderstood by some, and therefore misrepresented.

At his death his remains were shipped to New York, where they lay in state in the Temple in New York City, the property of the Society and the place where his lectures were given when at home. There thousands looked upon him for the last time, as his body lay embowered in magnificent floral offerings sent in by loving hearts from all over the country. The entire Temple was decorated with a rich profusion of the most beautiful flowers. His funeral was attended by a great audience gathered to pay their last tribute of love and esteem to the great and good man whom they so loved and revered. It was a most notable occasion. The speakers gave glowing tribute to his life and work.

The body was then taken to North Pittsburgh, the scene of his earlier life and labors, where a second notable funeral service was held in Carnegie Hall, where interment took place in the Bethel plot in tht United Cemeteries, the casket being encased in a sunken vault. The path to the grave was lined with flowers.

Thus closed the career of a most remarkable man, who was beloved by perhaps more people than any other man during the Age. He was loved most by those who knew him best.



Troubles of an Aerial Scout

By William Palmer

THE granting of "wings" is the beginning, not the end, of the troubles of an aerial scout. The drudgery of routine in workshops, the hard gruelling of work in aerodromes are nothing to the troubles of active service. Despite the closest standardization the aeroplane remains a petted and whimsical invention, and elects to go wrong just when its great effort is needed. The engine may miss fire badly, the steering, elevating, depressing planes may fail to act—it may be a bad day in every way for the military aviator. Or the gust of temper may pass and the machine excel itself in speed and ease of evolution.

The first trouble of the aerial scout is his route to the Continent. Despite good compasses it is possible to drift far from the line desired, and the pilot may arrive over the enemy's lines while endeavoring to locate his own headquarters. On a day of low visibility, when the earth is not visible except one is within a thousand feet, it is possible to make a landing in a well marked aerodrome belonging to the Germans. This happened also to a Fokker which, flying westward, over shot its mark in the gloom and became an easy captive. A perfect instrument for measuring aerial travel would make a vast difference here.

On such a journey the pilot may fly into a local "disturbance" or storm, and he never forgets this first experience of the air in fighting mood. Hitherto he has contended with fairly decent weather, and a storm on the way across is but a breaking in to war conditions. Provided his machine can start off uninjured, he is expected to get to work. Letters from the Front often contain sympathetic allusions to some "fellow aloft" who is just diving through a rain cloud.

So far as a local air disturbance is concerned, the pilot can usually pass right or left or outclimb it. The contrasts in different layers of the air are a revelation to the new intruder, and here he learns how to nurse his engines and planes. At high levels petrol has less propelling power, oil is apt to become gummy, and the lighter air makes curious steering and plane tactics. Side-slip has to be prevented by turning the wing planes to an angle which five thousand feet lower would ensure their breaking and hampering the aeroplane until the flight was over.

No man knows the troubles of an aero-engine. There are occasions when the best-balanced Gnome will balk or jerk. But different engine practice their villainies under different conditions, and so far their secret rules have not been discovered. A skillful pilot on a modern machine can sail a good many miles without aid from his engine; he carefully utilizes the lift of every passing breeze, swings deftly round corners where his experienced eye foresees a depressing current, and finally skims the earth to a place safe for landing. Only a few years ago the badly balanced, over-engined aeroplane could only reach ground in safety while its engine was on good behavior.

The pilot is expected to do minor adjustments to his engine while still in mid-air, but nothing extensive can be attempted without danger of the whole thing capsizing and coming down a wreck.

Most pilots look upon steering on a

normal day as a minor trouble indeed, but the swift and certain passage over broken country on a wild day marks the man of the front rank. Such a one has an instinctive knack of meeting the crossest of cross currents, of humoring the straining planes during gusts, of easing the engine as it passes into the quiet zones between the stresses.

All these things will be common to the civilian pilot of the future, except that they are performed under battle conditions, where the pilot rises from awkward fields, is compelled to dive across the storm by an unsuitable route because some action of military importance is expected on that line, and must drop to some place decided by the tactical need of the headquarters to which he is attached.

Battle troubles are legion—the pilot has accepted service for the purpose of tackling and conquering them. There are troubles with the machine-gun which usually performs its jerking solo while the steering planes and engines are struggling with the capsizing waft from the retreating enemy's propeller. The propeller cannot "bite" truly in such broken air, and sometimes "races"—to the no little damage of the delicately finished engine.

The new pilot is at first put on to reconnoitering work in a squadron escorted by battle-planes, which are, apparently, all propeller and guns. Then he proceeds to bombing, still under escort, to be promoted at last to an independent command of a machine fitted for both fighting and swift flights. In this latter he comes at close quarters with an aerial enemy. His is the Tiger of the skies, the battle cruiser of the air. His great speed and fighting powers are employed in the most daring reconnaissances over the enemy's lines and the aerodromes from which the Fokkers climb steeply in order to win the gage of battle. Compared with the most recent Allied machines, the German champion is outclassed, and a long list of losses is being chalked up in the secret archives of Berlin, where the casualties to these, to U-submarines, Zeppelins and other much vaunted pests are counted.

A bomb raid is full of trouble for the aerial scout, whether his machine be of the escort or carrying a heavy load of explosives. Wherever the enemy's trenches are crossed high-angle fire is expected, although its success against a small mark whirling two miles up is decidedly problematical. Still, a tiny splinter lodging in a vulnerable part of the engine will cause its stoppage, and unless the British lines are at hand, its capture. The pilot usually aims at dropping away from the enemy's towns and patrols in the hope that a repair may be possible, or alternatively that he may set fire to his petrol tank and make a beacon of engine and planes.

Dark, misty nights are selected for bombing raids, and the pilot's troubles in keeping clear of disturbed air and yet holding his place in the ranks are great. The squadron advances on a wide front, heralded and guided by the swift battle planes. When the objective, whether it be fortification, armed camp, or munitions depot, is reached, each pilot drops down to his proper place in the plan, and the systematic dropping of bombs is begun. With anything like steady work the havoc caused by twenty aeroplanes is immense. Individual bombs are by no means so large as those dropped from Zeppelins, but the damage is all the greater. A 250-lb. bomb dropped in a square or field dissipates its energy mainly on the empty air: ten aeroplane bombs to the same weight cause enormous wreckage because the smaller machine can travel so near the earth that wild firing of bombs is practically impossible.

So near do some pilots venture that the ubiquitous machine gun gets in a ringing volley against the aluminum-steel armor which shields the engine from below. Luckily, a few punctures in the planes do not matter, although the crumpling of a stay by a shrapnel ball may be fatal to machine and pilot.

Daring pilots believe that shrapnel can be dodged even in so unstable a medium as air, but that is when the position and fighting characteristics of the battery are known. Even the scarlet blaze of cordite is nearly invisible against the dun or sunlit expanse visible at an altitude of from five to seven thousand feet.

In reconnoitering for enemy movements the pilot finds most trouble. Any tuft of bushes may conceal a howitzer in its deep emplacement; any avenue or wood hide a regiment on the move. The enemy is an adept at loosing big soft smoke clouds for calm days when important changes are afoot. The vibration and speed of the aeroplane make it far from an ideal mount for work of this description, but it has to serve. Frequently the upcast of air caused by the discharge of a heavy gun is the first sign that such is within reach, and then, despite casual rifle and machine-gun fire, it is the pilot's duty to circle round and about until his observer can determine the exact location, and note it for prompt attention from our long-distance guns.

In the early months of war crossing the trenches was always funny. The pilot could plainly see the marksmen below sighting their rifles at him, and the hum of passing bullets might resemble a cluster of bees in honey season. The dropping of a few bombs and later the mounting of the machine gun, was a reprisal which added casualties besides marking the lively section of trench for immediate bombardment by quick-firers. Now only the anti-aircraft guns grumble for the trenches: the Boche scatters to cover the moment a crossing aeroplane is signaled.

Not content with trouble in the air, the pilot finds a good deal when trying to come to earth. The aerodromes are not always selected for their good qualities: they are merely the best choice among a number of evil ones. If near the firing line they are sure to be badly marked by day or by night, and even miles to the rear there remains reason for concealment against the prying eyes of enemy pilots and observers who have reached ten thousand feet or more above sea-level, and whose range of vision nearly includes Paris and the North Sea.

Yet, despite all these troubles—and the additional discomforts of a mechanical camp—the British pilot remains content with his lot. There are many things to put up with, but to him is given the most adequate striking weapon against the enemy. He risks more and sees more than any one else in the army; he has his successes and his failures, but on the whole dominates the air, so that the enemy's knowledge of happenings behind our lines is, to say the least, inadequate.



Problems of Mental and Spiritual Healing

THE Earl of Sandwich, in the little book written shortly before his recent death, describes a number of cases "cured" by his personal ministrations. He does not always give details that make plain, even to a physician, from what the patients were suffering; but manifestly all of them were in discomfort, and a few had definite physical conditions as the basis of their ills. The one thing emphasized is that all of these patients were cured, or at least greatly relieved of their ills, through the personal presence of the Earl, or by some manipulation or suggestion originating with him. We are told that some cases failed to be benefited, but that these were few in number. There is even some doubt whether certain patients were not cured without recognizing the source of their healing. Many, indeed, had the habit of referring the improvement to some other agency.

For the Earl does not hesitate to suggest that he has been especially endowed with a "gift" for the healing of disease; and for this he expresses the most profound gratitude to Almighty God. The failure of recognition of his beneficent power, and the opposition which it has aroused, he sets down as a manifestation of the inherent contradiction in nature between good and evil, and rather as a confirmation of his mission and gift than as in any way a proper criticism of it. "Old friends so dislike the idea that they began by shunning all allusion to the subject and now avoid my society." Such sceptics are, however, to be classed among those who fail to believe properly in the Scriptures, and, above all, who do not recognize the Mission of Healing that is in Christianity. He thinks that there may be many who possess the "gift of healing" without knowing it, and, therefore, by inference at least, would suggest that those who feel any stirrings of it, in spite of the scorn and contumely which are to be accepted as part of the cross borne by those who do God's work, should persevere in the exercise of their heavenly power. And this is what he himself did, till his death last June, in spite of the scepticism of a materialistic generation. The testimony for the "cures" thus effected, as provided by those who actually experienced them, is rather meagre; but doubtless appeals to many as demonstrating that there must have been some wonderful therapeutic agency at work to bring about such benefits to sufferers. In order to be able to discuss such cures with any real understanding of their significance one needs to know something about the history of cures in general. A writer on the history of medicine has declared that the most important chapter in the history of medicine is that which concerns "the cures that have failed;" that is, the many remedies, chemical and physical, and the many modes of treatment, which have apparently worked wonders for a time in the curing of disease of one kind or another, and sometimes of many different kinds, and then, after an interval, longer or shorter, have been given up entirely because they were proved to have no such curative efficacy as was at first confidently claimed for them. The cures that come and go in medicine are indeed legion. This is true, not only so far as popular medicine is concerned, but also in what is indeed considered to be scientific medicine. In twenty-five years of practice a physician has always had many disappointments in this regard, and he comes to appreciate very thoroughly what Hippocrates meant when he said that "art is long, and time is short, and judgment difficult." To which he might well have added that evidence is often either lacking or misleading.

At all times there have been all sorts of offered and reported remedies and modes of treatment which have cured diseases, though we still eagerly look for real remedies for most of them.

Any one who thinks that the credulousness which accepted such cures on insufficient grounds in old times has disappeared with the progress of education or the diffusion of information cannot be aware of conditions as they actually are. The United States government recently announced that while the population has not quite doubled in the past thirty years, it now takes more than nine times as much patent medicine to satisfy the cravings for drugs and the desire to be cured of something or other men either have the matter with them, or think they have.

All that we can discuss here is the career of men who have effected cures by their personal influence or contact in conjunction with some supposed remedial measure afterwards proved to have no physical effect. Often the testimony not only of the cured person but also of relatives and friends, brought people from far and near to these healers, and many were actually rewarded by having the burden of their ills lifted from them. In not a few instances, the patients came to the healer after having consulted physicians by whom they remained uncured. I venture to say that it is perfectly possible to find half a dozen such healers in every century for the past three or four centuries; and two or three of them in each century occupy a considerable niche in history. We need not go back to the Middle Ages in order to find them. One of the most interesting was, of course, the famous Greatrakes—his name has many variants—who lived in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. He was an Irish soldier who found himself, at the conclusion of a war, without an occupation. Something or other—he himself declared it was a Divine call—led him to set up as healer. After the death of King Charles I, when there was a lapse of the Royal Touch for the King's Evil, Greatrakes announced that he had been divinely commissioned in a dream, thrice repeated on successive nights, to go and touch the people and cure them. Because this touching was usually accomplished by gently stroking the affected portion of the patient, he came to be known as Greatrakes the Stroker. Many were the cures effected by him, including chronic long standing cases which had vainly made the rounds of physicians. Greatrakes made a large amount of money out of his practice; and whereas, in the days of the King's Touch, the King's patients were presented with a gold piece, in Greatrakes' practice the gold passed in the opposite direction. For it must not be thought that Greatrakes cured only the ignorant and the supposedly more superstitious classes. Many of the nobility and even educated persons came under his influence, and reported themselves either greatly benefited or completely relieved.

A little more than a century later we find a similar healer in America, though his ambition led him to go to Europe in order that the European countries might benefit by his powers. This was Elisha Perkins of Norwich, Connecticut, who invented what he called tractors—two pieces of metal about the length and thickness of lead pencils, but tapering gradually to a blunt point, with which he used to stroke people. He called his system tractoration. His tractors were supposed in some way to make the therapeutic virtues of electricity available for the cures of human ills. About a generation earlier, Galvani had discovered that if two pieces of metal in contact touched the exposed nerve and muscle of a frog's leg, twitchings resulted. There had been much discussion of the significance of this phenomenon; and one theory was that electricity in some way was an equivalent of, or very closely related to, nerve force, or perhaps even to vital force itself. Perkins claimed to make Galvani's discovery available for the cure

of human diseases by supplying through electrical energy for the vital force lacking in the diseased part. It was not long before he made a series of cures of chronic ills that had long resisted other efforts. An investigation was made by physicians, who declared that there was no energy, electrical or other, in Perkins' tractors; and he took advantage of this declaration to announce that physicians were jealous of his success, and feared he would take all their patients away. Having made a great success in his little American town, Perkins sighed for more worlds to conquer, and so he set out for Europe. The country selected as the next scene of his labors was Denmark. It has always been a mystery why Dr. Cook (of Arctic exploration fame) and Dr. Perkins both went to Copenhagen to obtain the first confirmation of their discoveries. They both did, however, and the event proved their perspicacity.

After success in Copenhagen, Perkins proceeded to London, where he was equally lucky. His first feat there was the cure of a Duke and a Duchess. So many patients followed that it became impossible for Perkins to accommodate them all. He sold his tractors for others to use at $100 a pair, a considerable sum of money in those days, the tractors costing at most but a few pence to make. Moreover he established in London a sort of rival of the Royal Institution and a competitor of the orthodox medical and surgical societies. Then came the return to America in order to exploit the European reputation. When he landed in New York an epidemic of smallpox was raging in Philadelphia, at that time the largest city in the United States; and Perkins, confident that his tractors would prevent disease as well as cure it, went over to that city. I feel quite sure that he thoroughly believed in his own tractors, and was convinced he had lighted on a wonderful natural force which did actually supply lacking energy to human beings. And it is when healers believe in themselves that they produce the most wonderful results. Poor Perkins, however, after making a sensation in Philadelphia, caught smallpox himself and died of it. That was the end; and now the tractors are seen among curiosities in few museums.

Greatrakes and Perkins both produced their effects by influencing their patients' minds. Perkins himself, and those whom he healed, doubtless thought that electricity or magnetism was an intermediary, and the direct therapeutic agent; whereas subsequent investigation showed there was absolutely no electrical energy of any kind exhibited by the tractors. Greatrakes effected his cures simply because people came to believe his declaration that he had a Divine commission to heal them; and perhaps he believed that himself. If he did, then no wonder there were so many cures. All that is necessary in the history of mankind to have cures is that certain patients shall be made to believe that here at last is some force that will make them better. Then at once a great many of them get better of diseases often baffling the physicians.

Between these two, Greatrakes and Perkins, a century or so apart, there had come a number of other healers, who had cured a great many people of a great many ills by methods subsequently proved not to have any physical effect. The two best known are Pfarrer Gassner and Mesmer. The career of Pfarrer Gassner, of Elwangen, began after he observed certain cures that were being effected by the well known Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, Father Maximilian Holl, in Vienna. Father Holl, whose memory has been ably vindicated by Simon Newcomb from certain aspersions cast on his scientific accuracy and sincerity, found in the course of some experiments, that apparently the application of magnets relieved people of ills. After a time he made the magnets in the shape of the organs that were affected, and worked some wonderful cures. It was supposed that these magnets affected the magnetic condition, and hence the vitality, of the

body. Above all, in this as in all other experiences of the kind, sufferers were cured of chronic pains and aches and of long-standing muscular disabilities. After seeing Father Holl's results, Father Gassner tried the same means with similar success, but soon discovered that he could effect the same cures more simply. He asked patients to make a good confession and to put all the evil of life far away from them, and, in return, he promised them a cure. A great many cures of what seemed physical ills followed. Father Gassner then evolved the theory, strangely like the basic principle of present-day Christian Science, that all evil, physical as well as moral, was not from God, but from the Powers of Evil. When, therefore, persons put off once and for all the moral evil in them, and were purged from sin completely, their physical evil dropped from them because the Power of Evil had no part in them. Only good came from God. Sickness and suffering, if not directly from the devil, were at least connected in some way both with original sin and the actual sins of the individuals. Purgation from sin then meant the cure of all sickness. The Christian Scientists deny that there is any such thing as evil. That, they say, is only an error of Mortal Mind, with at least hints that there are extraneous powers of evil in some way associated with it. As pointed out by Professor Munsterberg, Christian Science is scarcely more than a revival of the theories of this old German mystic.

Needless to say, the attention of ecclesiastical authority was soon attracted to his teaching, and it was not countenanced. Father Gassner was forbidden to continue his work on any such false basis. He seems to have submitted to the Church authorities, though a great many people regarded the cures as representing the blessing of Heaven on his activities. Both the sets of manifestations, those of Father Holl in Vienna and Pfarrer Gassner in Erlangen, remain as examples of the influence of the mind on the body in the curing of even chronic ills.

The next famous healer, Mesmer, was a very different sort of man, although he too received his inspiration from the therapeutic work of Father Holl in Vienna. Mesmer graduated at the University of Vienna in the Medical Department shortly after the middle of the Eighteenth Century. He saw Father Holl's cures; and, resolving to emulate them, settled down in Paris as a suitable place for the exercise of his art. Owing to the fact that the word Mesmerism came afterwards to be used for what we call hypnotism, there has been some confusion as to what Mesmer did for his patients and how he effected his cures. Apparently Mesmer never put his patients into the hypnotic sleep. That practice came in a little later with one of his disciples, De Puysegur. What Mesmer tried to use was just such an electrical or magnetic power as Father Holl was applying in Vienna, or Elisha Perkins in Norwich, Copenhagen and London.

Mesmer's patients were seated around a tub containing, immersed in fluid, a series of bottles, filled with metallic fragments, out of which proceeded wires, distributed to the patients who sat around the room. This tub, with its bottles, was called a baquet or battery. Mesmer, after the patient had sat for some time, subjected to the influence of this battery —which electrically was nil—came into the room dressed in the garb of an Eastern seer; and, while soft music was played, and Eastern perfumes diffused, touched with his wand the members of the circle intent on their cure. Thereupon, the various hysterical manifestations took place, cries, tremors, convulsions and the like, in the midst of which their pains and aches dropped from the sufferers like magic, and muscular disabilities disappeared as if by miracle. As Mesmer claimed to be exercising electrical effects, and his work was producing a great sensation in Paris, an investigation of his apparatus and methods was made by a committee appoint-

ed by the French Academy of Sciences. At the moment, Benjamin Franklin was in Paris as the Ambassador from the American Colonies, and he served on this committee of investigation. They pronounced Mesmer's apparatus to be totally devoid of electrical effects; and, as a consequence, he was forbidden to practice with it further. There is no doubt now that whatever effect was produced by Mesmer was mental, not physical. His place in the history of science is due to the fact that he attracted attention to what came to be called animal magnetism, because there was supposed to be some mysterious force which flowed into patients, supplied the vitality in which they were lacking, and thus brought about their healing. Animal magnetism had its beginning probably with Father Holl's experiments in Vienna; but, after Mesmer's time, the use of apparatus was eliminated, and it was supposed that one person could influence another, and that certain people had a larger store than others of personal magnetism or magnetic vitality to dispense. They could transfer it when they willed to do so to others in a properly receptive condition.

Of healers, we have had in our own time some very typical examples. Probably the best known was Alexander Dowie, an uneducated but strong-minded man of exaggerated egoism, who claimed to be Elijah returned to earth. Dowie himself boasted that by the touch of his hand he had cured 200,000 people. Remember that this was not in the Eighteenth or the Seventeenth Century, and not at all in the Middle Ages, but at the end of the Nineteenth and the beginning of the Twentieth Century; and the people cured were readers of newspapers—several editions every day—users of telephone and telegraph, of trolley cars and express trains. Many thousands of them were evidently not fools from a practical standpoint; for they were possessed of considerable sums of money which they were quite willing to transfer to their benefactor. Indeed, many of them went to live with him in a city which he founded not far from Chicago—Chicago above all places—called Zion. People came from all over the country to be touched by him, and as the phrase "to touch a man" has come to mean, in American slang, to get money from him—Dowie touched them very effectively. Even Eddyism (for it is neither Christian nor scientific, so why talk of Christian Science?) has no place for poverty among the ills of mankind. That, too, is an error of mortal mind, so cures are rather for those who are able to pay the healers' fees.

What is amazing about these cures for a great many people is the fact that almost without exception they relieve pain. Now pain is ordinarily considered to be such a strictly physical manifestation, such a state of actual disturbance of tissues, that only something physical and having a strong bodily influence is supposed to be able to cure it. As a matter of fact nothing is so illusory in medical practice as pain. It is perfectly possible to hear a thoroughly well meaning patient complain of suffering torture who is really laboring only under some slight discomfort that other people bear without a murmur, or at least with only a very slight disturbance of their peace of mind. If a patient is so situated as to have nothing to do but think of a discomfort that is present, as, for instance, when one is bedridden from some chronic disability or ailment, from cancer or the like, then he or she, and above all she, has but little diversion from constantly disturbing thoughts, so that even a slight pain may become unbearable. Two things happen when even a very moderate discomfort is dwelt on. First, the mental attention to the affected part sends more blood to it and make it more sensitive. This is a protective provision of nature, so that whenever special attention is called to a part of the body, that region, by dilation of the capillaries through the vasomotor nerves, becomes ready to react without delay to any irritation. The phenomena of blushing show how readily these

nerves are affected. Secondly, with the concentration of attention, more and more of the cells of the sensory portions of the brain become occupied with this uncomfortable sensation. Under ordinary circumstances a bodily sensation over a small area would disturb a few thousands of cells. When concentration of attention occurs, millions of cells may become occupied with this unpleasant feeling; and then it is easy to understand that it may rise to the plane of a veritable torment. Anything that causes diversion of mind will bring relief. This is the secret of our cancer cures. A new one is introduced every year or less, with the declaration that at least if it does not cure the cancer, it relieves the patient's pain. This is a great, if temporary blessing; and wide recourse is had to the new remedy, practically always with success at first. Cancer is supposed to be a very painful condition, and it actually has much pain associated with it, and yet in the past twenty years, to my own knowledge, the pains of it have been relieved by literally dozens of remedies which subsequently have been found ineffectual, and often prove to have almost no physical effect. Cancer patients readily become self-centered; and, if they once come to realize the hopelessness of their condition, sink into an acutely sensitive state. Any remedy employed for them which arouses new hope at once, therefore, relieves their pain by affording them something to think about besides the fatal termination to which they are tending, and over which they are constantly brooding.

Occupation of attention will neutralize even very severe pains. The extent to which it may go is indeed surprising. I once saw a woman who had been in a theatre fire panic in which over a hundred people lost their lives; and when she got out she rejoiced over the fact that she was uninjured, though one of her ears had actually been pulled off in the scuffle for exit. In the excitement of the present war, as in every other war, men receive even very severe wounds without knowing it. Mr. Roosevelt, one remembers, was shot by a crank at a railroad station some years ago, and the bullet penetrated four inches of muscle and flattened itself on a rib, having been fired at point-blank range; and yet he know nothing of being hit until the blood came oozing through his coat, more than five minutes later. Thus the severity of pain depends mainly on the mental state. The cure of even severe pain through mental influence is not only possible, but even easy, and rather frequent. Words mean a great deal in the matter. Thomas, in the trenches, is a true philosopher when he calls the enemy's hottest fire merely "unhealthy." The boy who is going through football training does not complain of pains and aches; all he calls them is soreness and stiffness, and that makes all the difference in the world. Soreness and stiffness must be worked off, pains and aches must be cured. Simple as is the psychology and the medical significance of this explanation, it constitutes the most important basis of thought for the understanding of many supposed mysteries of the influence of the mind on the body.

With this understanding of healers, it is easy to follow Lord Sandwich's book of cures. Many of the cases of his healing powers are just exactly the sort that were cured by Greatrakes in the Seventeenth Century; by Father Holl, with his magnets in Vienna, in the Eighteenth Century; by Father Gassner, with his theory of sin and physical evil being concomitants, a little later; by Mesmer with his battery, and Perkins with his tractors, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; and by Dowie, through faith in his declaration that he was Elijah returned to earth, or by confidence in poor insane Schlatter, who proclaimed himself a new Christ, in the Twentieth Century. It was not that these men had any special power to heal; but it is certain that people will not release the energies able to bring about in themselves the cure of states of discomfort, dis-ease, and even crippling,

until some strong outer impression is made on their minds. They actually inhibit their own curative powers by dreads and fears, and the consequent disuse of muscles, and the lack of air and of exercise, and as a consequence hamper circulation and lessen vital reaction, so that they stay ill in spite of nature's recuperative power. Just as soon as the brake that they have placed on their tendency to get better is removed by a strong mental impression, they resume more or less normal habits, and it is not long before they are completely restored.

If we are to have evidence for spiritual healing, in contradistinction to mental healing, which is to carry weight, then we must be referred to a different class of cases from those we have discussed. The cures must affect definitely physical conditions. It is true that in many of these cases we have been discussing there is an underlying physical element, but it is one of no great importance. But cures that are to have a validity as representing spiritual interposition must take place with regard to ills that have not been cured by the curious healers and by the many new-fangled remedies, which have subsequently failed. Evidence must be adduced of the enduring cure of pathological conditions of very definite organic basis, whose betterment can be demonstrated, not merely by the effect upon the patient's feelings, but by actual physical results that can be seen in the patient's tissues. Are there any such cures? Personally, I am convinced that there are, and not a few of them. Most people, and under that term I include even most physicians, brush aside such cures as those at Lourdes, and declare that they are merely of "nervous cases" or imaginary affections, or of patients with slight ailments but exaggerated symptoms, exactly corresponding to those that have been cured by the healers of secular history. Such doubters have no real knowledge of the cases that are the subject of the cures at Lourdes. The records show (see Jorgenson and Belloc) on the average one hundred and fifty cures a year at Lourdes, and more than half of these are of tuberculous processes. Lupus, which is an external form of tuberculosis, with chronic, often rather deep, ulcerative processes, is, after lasting for many years, cured in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Leg ulcers, of years' standing—and physicians know well how obstinately intractable these are almost as a rule—are cured in a single day. Lupus, to recur to the most frequent of the striking cures at Lourdes, usually affects the face, and its serious destruction of tissue can be plainly seen. There is no room for illusion or delusion when cures take place rapidly and at times without scarring.

While I was at Lourdes, some fifteen years ago, I saw one of these cases of lupus that had lasted for years healed in the course of twenty-four hours. I felt that this should be reported; and then found that similar cases had been, and were being reported each year. I have often referred to it in writing on psychotherapy for the medical profession. Almost needless to say, I know nothing physical, and nothing that could be called merely psychic, that would produce such an effect. We physicians have sought cures for lupus most zealously. Koch's tuberculin, Finsen's ultra-violet light, the X-rays, radium, all the new things in advancing science, have been each lauded in usccession as a cure for lupus; and, while in some cases they have done good, in most cases they have failed. Even these marvelous discoveries of physical science, which represent wonderful advances in our knowledge of the exhibition of physical energy, have not worked cures except after long and repeated applications. Yet, as I have said, rapid lupus cures are frequent at Lourdes.

No one knows better than I that tuberculosis is eminently amenable to suggestion. For tuberculosis of the lungs we have a new cure at least once in six months, because anything, literally anything that is given to con-

sumptive patients and produces in them the feeling that now they ought to get better, will bring about at least temporary improvement. The most significant expression of modern medicine with regard to tubercular disease is, "tuberculosis takes only the quitters," that is, it takes those who give up and have not the courage to face their condition and to eat and live out in the air. Mental influence has much to do with it then; and owing to the toxic influences to which patients are subjected by the absorption of certain materials from their lesions which give rise to their characteristic spes phthisica, noted long ago by Hippocrates, they are in a state highly susceptible to suggestion.

Mr. Rhodes, in Mind Cures, cites the description of some instances of the quick cure of lupus at Lourdes from the British Medical Journal: "The sudden healing of a face destroyed by lupus—in one case with, in another without, scarring; facts vouchsafed for by Boissarie and Huysmans, who saw the patients—is altogether outside ordinary experience." Mr. Rhodes has a further paragraph in which he quotes Sir Henry Butlin, a President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a man who has devoted special attention to this whole subject of the influence of the mind on the body. One, at least, of his papers on spiritual healing was published by the British Medical Journal. Mr. Rhodes' quotations from him show that he dismissed the idea that such cures might be due merely to strong suggestion. In answer to the objection, "It may be said that the cures at Lourdes, are the result of 'suggestion' more potent than that aroused by medical treatment"; he said that, "even if it was possible to explain all the steps through which the emotion had produced the cure, the recoveries were sometimes so marvelous that how can we be surprised if the people fall on their knees before God and bless His Holy Name for the miracle which He has wrought?"

Strange as it may seem, crippling and inability to use certain muscles are very frequently due to subjective conditions and not to objective changes in the muscular apparatus. For some reason muscles have been put at rest, have atrophied somewhat —they always do when not normally used—and now the patient must push through a period of uncomfortable use of muscles in order to get back for them their function. Some people will not do this except under the influence of a strong mental impression. They will never be cured, then, by any but mental means; and so we have a number of sciaticas, lumbagos and the like that are waiting for a particular kind of healer. On the other hand, there are certain cases with objective symptoms readily recognizable, real pathological conditions in tissues, which are cured by spiritual influence. We do not know, so far as medical knowledge goes, what the mechanism of the cure is; we simply know that it takes place contrary, both in manner and form, to all our experience, and that the fair-minded observer has to confess that there is some power at work he cannot understand. Any one who knows, and does not merely theorize, about the cures at Lourdes will find them of that type. They are not like the cures of Christian Science, nor those of other fads, nor those of healers. They represent real miracles in our day.

The work of Father Raymond on The Spiritual Director and Physician, with its secondary title of The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples, emphasizes the distinction between mental and spiritual healing, and brings out what can be accomplished by mental persuasion and suggestion for the cure of various ills and, on the other hand, for what ills recourse must be had to prayer and the Divine Assistance. It might possibly be expected that the Chaplain to the famous Kneipp Institute at Woerishofen, in Bavaria, would appeal very largely to such physical means as exercise, diet, bathing and the other natural modes of cure, in the organization of which the late Father Kneipp obtained his world-wide reputation.

Father Raymond, however, makes it very clear how much can be accomplished by correcting false notions, neutralizing unfortunate suggestions, implanting proper persuasions, though at the same time he dwells on the value of prayer, submission to the will of God, and spiritual means generally, in the treatment of the pure neuroses, the psychoneuroses, the psychasthenias, and other functional pathological conditions which have proved so difficult a subject for the physician in recent years.

THE DRUM MAJOR

O Warlord of a crazy world,
Thou art the King, the Czar!
Nor Prince nor Kaiser ever hurled
The peoples into war.
Thou art the King, 'though abject slave,
Who blinds the seeing eyes,—
Who drowns the small, unyielding voice
That calls from Paradise.

Crash! go the cymbals, the trombones shining bright again.
See the baton twirling, hear the deep-mouthed brasses call
"Out, for King and Country! Oh, show your father's might again.
Glory, honor 'waits you, then rally, rally all!"
The recruiting march is starting; make way, you crowds, give room!
The hollow drum is sounding its "Doom! Doom Doom!"

The pain and grime of No Man's Land,
(Ah, hard picked men die hard!)
The lonely groans of No Man's Land,
They are your war's reward.
Lest shooting, helpless men should think
Beyond the rifle fire,
There, by the death pond's awful brink,
Revive the old desire!

Aloft the leaping bugle calls the age-old mem'ries wake,
The flashing glory of the sword, the honor of the charge!
The rhythmed wonder of your sway, 'though earth and heaven shake,
Will weld the thinning legions for the rattling Maxim's targe.
Forgotten are the broken men, the silent thinker's gloom;
The war drums roll in thunder tones their "Doom! Doom! Doom!"

LLEWELLYN B. PECK.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

(SYNOPSIS—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan.)

Chapter XVIII.

THE OLD wan-cheeked Jewess came readily enough. She knew that with Jagiello out of the way Jan could be made to pay her well for her care of Stefan.

And Jan did pay her well.

In the days that followed Ujedski busied herself with seeing that Stefan did not wander from the little garden to the near-by river.

Day after day came and vanished, and still there was no word of Jagiello.

Each evening Jan returned from the shipyard, hope burning in his eyes, and each evening hope died within him. Through sunrises and sunsets he searched for Jagiello; but no one had seen her, no one could tell him anything of her. Once at dusk when he crossed the Ule it slipped uncannily by, grey with rotting ice. His huge frame shivered.

After that the months passed quickly, and soon the years. But Jan never gave up hope. He felt that one day he would again see Jagiello.

Stefan was now four years old. He was running everywhere, and making things. He made ships of bits of wood, and in the evenings Jan put sails of white paper on sticks to serve as masts. After supper, Jan used to take the little fellow's hand and lead him down to the river—the wonderful river that Stefan had so often seen flowing by, some days all blue, other days sea-green, or gold, or crimson when the sun was setting. Stefan would place his little boats in the stream and they would bravely gather speed and go sailing off gallantly into the far twilight. When they disappeared, he would ask: "What's down that big river, papa?"

"Fairyland, where mamma went to," Jan would answer. "A place all golden,

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where bells ring all day, and the river is always blue, and nobody ever wants to come back that once goes there."

"Won't mamma ever come back?"

"Some day."

"I want her to come back now."

"She will—some day."

And they would go home to make more sail boats together.

It became a familiar sight in Galt of a Sunday to see the giant of the village swinging up the trails to the heights with a little blue-eyed lad astride his immense shoulders. Stefan loved the "ride," and the fine free air, and the glorious blue sky, and the far sea.

One Sunday when the fields were white with clover, Jan swung Stefan up on his shoulders and they went across the Jena Bridge and up along the trails in the cool of the morning.

That Sunday was memorable because it was to be their last on the heights together.

On this morning there was no smoke curling up from the chimneys. On Sundays the toilers slept late, and it was near noon before the brownish spirals began to ascend.

Sunday always seemed like another world to Jan. Everything was so quiet, so unreal. It did not seem natural for the Huascar to lie so serenely in the shipyard far below. There should have been thousands of hands putting the breath of life into her, thousands of voices singing against her fiery sides, thousands of eyes blinded by the wonder of her.

Above and beyond lay the forest of Laszlovar, a wilderness of browns and greens, trees straight and tall, motionless in the noonday heat. Out of the forest came birds and butterflies, seeking the dazzling sunlight.

"Listen, papa!"

Jan set Stefan down among the sweet-williams. From the distance came the sound of bells. St. Catherine's chimes were calling. The big child and the small child heard them together, ringing musically from the gray stone campanile. There was a solemn hush in the air. Great gypsy moths with bars of black and scarlet drifted out of the birches; and when Stefan ran shouting after them, they drifted as lazily back again. Iridescent flies hummed in the grasses; yellow jackets threatened from the red flowers of the Queen Ann's lace; and, like rifts of flame, scarlet tanagers flashed through the purple beeches.

All that wonderful Sunday Jan and Stefan romped through blue campanulas and Michaelmas daisies. Mowers were at work on the side of the hill, and the swish! swish! of their scythes clinked merrily.

Once a gaily-colored tiger moth skipped out of the birches, and Jan and Stefan gave chase. The aerial skipper vanished in the beeches, and Jan and his lad rolled down the hill into the priest's yard, laughing hilariously.

So the afternoon passed. When again St. Catherine's began calling, Jan took Stefan up on his back and they went down through the dusk.

The trail led past the fort, which had been garrisoned with 28-centimeter guns—guns that had been hauled up that night four years before when Jan and Jagiello lingered upon the priest's balcony. The big black Truskas crouched like grim watch-dogs. Stefan ran up to one and climbed into its mouth to hide from Jan.

A sentry in a white tunic ran out of a quoin in the wall with fixed bayonet. He made a great ugly face at Stefan and playfully proclaimed him a Russian spy.

Stefan burst into laughter, and Jan discovered his hiding place.

"Big papa, tell the sojer to shoot the cannon," begged Stefan.

"Some day," said the sentry, patting the little man's head, "I will fire the cannon for you."

Years afterward he kept his word.

Stefan was tired now; so he climbed back upon his father's shoulder, and Jan went down into the shipyard. The floor was covered with bits of steel and old rusty nails. Stefan made a wild scramble for the nails. His fat little hands bulged with a score of

them; and as Jan carried him homeward sleep closed his eyes and a dozen slipped one by one from his chubby fingers.

Jan went into his house at the close of that Sunday, lit the candle, and after giving the little fellow his *kaszia,* undressed him for bed. Stefan insisted upon safely putting away the rusty nails under his basket together with a piece of old hose, a broken clock, and a dried bird's nest. Then snuggling into Jan's arms he whispered: "Good-night, big papa." His tiny arms closed about Jan's neck. "God bress my dear pitty mamma," he breathed.

"Good-night, little son."

And crooning and whistling softly, Jan held Stefan tightly while he drifted away into slumber in his arms.

Chapter XIX.

The building of the Huascar, the mounting of guns in the forts at Galt, the earth trembling beneath the tread of a million troops—these playthings of an emperor must be paid for. The rich war vaults of Carlmania pay for the guns, but whose flesh and blood fill the war chest with gold?

The standing army had been increased to three million men. The taxes of that year had been raised to the cruel extreme of fifty per cent.

Fifty per cent!

Three days out of the week's six were spent in labor for the government! Three days of toil when every ruble earned must return to the war vaults! And no excuses—the government was inexorable.

The first Jan knew of the military tax was one evening, a month later, when he answered a pounding on his door. When he opened it he found himself face to face with Captain Pasek.

"Good evening, Jan Rantzau," greeted Pasek, affably.

"Good evening, Captain Pasek," returned Jan, puzzled.

"I came to see you about the military tax. I am the government collector for the third district."

He took a paper from his pocket and scrutinized it carelessly. "Your tax for the year is three hundred and sixty rubles," he said.

Three hundred and sixty rubles! Jan looked stupefied. "There must be some mistake, Captain. I make but sixty rubles a month—seven hundred and twenty rubles a year. Three hundred and sixty rubles are one-half of all I earn. You see, there is some very great mistake."

Captain Pasek smiled.

"There is no mistake," he replied, and Jan noticed a hardness in his tone, an exultation, as if he gloried in thus setting forth Jan's duty to his country. "The new tax takes fifty per cent of your income, and that, as you say, is three hundred and sixty rubles." He paused while he showed Jan the legal papers he had taken from his pocket. "Here are your tax papers. They will explain why the government has levied this tax. Your patriotism should urge you to co-operate with the government. All good citizens must make sacrifices for the good of the Motherland. Of course you will have to pay this tax monthly. I will call on the tenth of October—one month from to-day. Then you will have the rubles ready for the government. Good evening, Rantzau."

He placed the tax papers in Jan's hands and turned away. Jan called after him.

"Captain Pasek! Here! Here! What if I shouldn't have the thirty rubles ready when you come back?"

Pasek turned and smiled nonchalantly.

"But you will have the thirty rubles ready. You are too patriotic to disappoint the government." His voice was ironical; in his grey eyes was a glint that savored of revenge. He remembered Jagiello. His moment had come. "Of course, if you should disappoint the government—the government has ways of punishing unpatriotic citizens." He shrugged his shoulders, smiled again, mechanically and coldly, and moved away across the white court.

Jan sat down on his doorstep and looked through the tax papers automatically. In blank spaces his name had been written in, his age, his wife's name, the fact that he had one male child, that he worked in the government shipyard, and that they paid him sixty rubles a month. The papers were filled with Latin expressions and legal terms that Jan did not understand. There were long explanations in small type, which looked as though they were not meant to be read. In some vague way Jan felt that this impersonal thing called the *Government* was his enemy. The papers contained much information regarding him. An agency that had gathered so many curate facts about him surely must be powerful—powerful enough to crush him if he resisted.

Thirty rubles a month! He was already paying twenty rubles a month to Madame Tenta toward his house. Thirty and twenty—fifty rubles a month for the house and the taxes alone! And Ujedski demanded ten rubles—his entire sixty rubles gone before he had purchased bread or bought a single article of clothing for Stefan or himself! As Jan cast these thoughts over in his mind a mysterious, horrifying fear crept over him—the haunting fear of wild beasts before a calamity. Clearly such a condition was impossible. Somebody must be sacrificed. But not Stefan! Jan put the papers away and began figuring who it should be.

First of all there was the government—inexorable. That meant thirty rubles, and surely Pasek had made it clear to him that the government would tolerate no delinquencies: that, at least, was settled and beyond argument.

Secondly, there was Madame Tenta. When he and Jagiello had arranged for payments on the house, she had been at first pliant and agreeable; later, harsh and unyielding. Without asking her, he knew that she would turn a deaf ear to his plea for a reduction of his monthly payment. He could hear her answer: "Twenty rubles, or I take back the house!" This, then, made the payment of fifty rubles imperative.

The last possibility was Ujedski. The old crone had been hinting of late at a higher payment. She complained that Stefan was growing older, and that he required more of her attention. If this was her mood, of what use would it be to try to induce the Jewess to make any sacrifice? And Ujedski was indispensable. Stefan was but four years old and required the constant, watchful care of a woman. Surely his boy's interests lay nearest Jan's heart.

In an agony of despair he got up and paced up and down the garden. What should he do? There seemed no way that he could save himself and Stefan.

Then a great idea came to him.

He could work with the night shift at the works.

After the toll of the day he could go back in the evening and work until midnight.

This would yield him twenty rubles more. Ah, he had solved the difficulty!

The next day Jan applied at the Construction House for night work, and was taken on with the night shift.

He did this to save the house for Stefan.

Chapter XX.

The night shift went on at seven o'clock.

By the time it was dark the shipyard was a seething maelstrom, a vault of living flame.

Four thousand men toiled through the shift. Two thousand men labored up to midnight; two thousand continued until dawn. The government extorted from them three days' wages each week; the night shift was their way of cheating Death.

Jan was one of the two thousand that went to work when the whistle summoned the army at seven o'clock. The men sweated in the blinding glare of the furnaces. A thousand riveters

drove white-hot bolts into place, locking the sheets of armour. Ever afterwards their eyes saw green from the terrible whiteness. They were putting their life blood into the Huascar. The government demanded that of them—if they were to live. Young men and old, boys and youths—there was a place for all. When the greybeards passed away, the young men would take their places. When the young men in turn became greybeards, the youths would fill the niches they had left empty. It was their life—a cycle in which Youth supplanted Age, until at length what had been Youth gave way to what would in time become Age. In the cycle Jan's father had taken the place of his father; and with the march of years Jan had now taken the niche of the man who had given him life.

The Huascar was becoming a beautiful thing of steel.

At night, high up on a platform, Jan stood, adjusting with great angle irons blazing plates of armour that dropped like flaming comets into the derrick's grip—hissing thunderously. The whistles of countless engines shrieked in his ears; the sweat poured in streams from his face; his eyes burned as though pierced by jets of fire. Occasionally Jan saw the black figure of a builder shot from a towering bridge into the abyss beneath. No one noticed. It was part of the routine. Not an engine would slow down, not a man would stop work. The task of creating the Huascar went on—inexorable, unrelenting. At dawn the watchman on his round of inspection would come upon the still figure that had shot into the casting pit the night before. He would have him carried to the Construction House, read his name on the card that he, like every builder, carried sewed in his shirt, strike his name off the pay roll, and send his body up to that little house of Galt where he had lived. And that would be all.

The Toilers were paying tribute to the ambitions of the Emperor.

The sheets of armour plate were rolled under the keel of the battleship. Great furnaces bellowed, stuffed to the mouth with huge bosses of red-hot metal. From where Jan stood on his platform he could see, every now and then, what resembled a man open the furnace doors with a long iron hook. There was a blinding flash as of the sun on snow, and the great mass of metal seethed and sputtered in a blaze of sparks. If the mass were ready for rolling, the man raised his hand, and instantly a crane traveled along a track parallel with the smoke-stained walls. The next moment a giant pair of pincers fastened to a chain reached into the furnace, gripped the quivering mass and dragged it forth like a great fish wriggling on a hook, hissing, crashing, blistering the skin with its tremendous heat. Without a second's loss a small battalion of men in steel caps and wire vizors, their legs encased in rough steel leggings, like jackboots of iron, began a weird dance about the blazing metal, thrusting it into the gigantic molds like so much wax. The blows of the steam hammer, swift and terrible, made the earth tremble, and the floor leap and shiver under the mighty strokes. In return for every blow, the living mass sent forth a shower of white metal. The mass started with a thickness of twenty inches, the second rolling crushed it to sixteen, the third to twelve, and the final strokes of the great hammers flattened it to ten. Now a second battalion of weird figures came up, each bearing a long-handled broom, each scrambling round the hissing mass, brushing off scales of oxide. By this time the huge plate was perfectly molded. Tubs of cold water were poured over it, and, still fighting and spitting violet flame, the crane carried it away, to be trimmed and lifted high to Jan, who would place it in position. All was seeming chaos to the eye; yet every movement of every man was made with the precision of machinery.

At midnight when Jan left the works for home, he could look back and see the huge trumpet-shaped chimneys

flaring to the sky, belching red flame, like gigantic flambeaux.

The few extra rubles that Jan earned in this way paid part of his living expenses—but not all. The demand upon him for rubles increased. He and Stefan must have proper food; he must feed his immense body if he was to exact this tremendous response from it. And Stefan must have clothes, warm, comfortable clothes, for winter had come and already chilling blasts were blowing down from the Lora Mountains.

In fear now lest he lose the house he had bought for Stefan, Jan sold all that he owned: his poor furniture, his blankets, and at last his bed. He slept on the floor, covered only with a ragged quilt borrowed from Ujedski. Little Stefan had outgrown his basket. He slept beside Jan, wrapped in the big man's coat.

Ujedski would wait at Jan's house caring for Stefan until he staggered home from the shipyard at midnight. Then she would bid Jan a hasty "good-night" and slink off through the trees to her hovel. For her late vigil she demanded more rubles—for could any one expect her, an old woman in dire want, to sacrifice herself for nothing? . . . It was only in this way that Ujedski was able to bleed Jan for enough rubles to save her hut from the ravages of the tax collectors.

With the coming of winter the brown fields became splashed with tan and crimson leaves, the river swirled mud-hued, the skies became overcast, the rain, cold and drenching, flooded the streets. And all the little white houses of Galt became drab and dirty.

The rain streamed into Jan's house, pouring through the chinks and openings in the thatch; and the wind, whipping down from the snow-covered Loras, pierced him to the marrow. Jan had deliberately withheld five rubles from the tax money with which to buy Stefan a winter coat. To make up this loss he was now obliged to give up his Sundays and remain at the shipyard.

There were to be no more trips to the river with Stefan, no more rapturous Sundays on the flowered heights.

It stabbed Jan to the heart when Stefan, in his innocence, begged: "Please, big papa, take me up the hill."

Jan appealed to Ujedski.

"Will you please take Stefan up the hill when the rain stops?" he asked her.

"Up the hill!" retorted the beldam. "I'm too busy sewing on his buttons to bother taking him up the hill!"

Jan was silent.

There were to be no more wonderful days for his boy. Instead, Ujedski began exacting a daily routine of menial tasks from him. She acquired some sheep, and she made Stefan drive them through the streets to crop the fresh tufts of grass. He cared for the geese in the narrow back yard. When he was old enough she sent him down the street after bags of lentils and jars of honey, as she had sent his mother before him. She threatened to claw him if he told Jan.

At night when the weary giant dragged himself home from the shipyard he lay down beside Stefan, ignorant of these hardships, and slept till sun-up.

Those were long winter nights of weariness and pleasure—weariness in forcing his great body beyond the point of endurance, and pleasure when he returned to the boy he loved, to feel his tiny body snuggle warm against his own, to hear the sweet, childish breathing, to feel the beating of the baby heart near to his own.

In those moments Jan knew the greatest pleasure that life held for him. Stefan was his own son, flesh of his flesh, heart of his heart. At midnight Jan would lift the little sleeping form upon his great chest and enfold it with his arms until he could hear the little heart beating close to his. He clung to his boy passionately, tremulously, and tears sprang to his eyes. He would take the tiny hand in his and hold it tightly through those early morning hours.

Outside, the rain would lash the

house and icy winds steal through the chinks. In those hours before the dawn, when life is at its lowest ebb, Jan, sorely needing sleep, would lie awake, thinking of the little man's mother, and how passionately he loved her, and how she went away. He thought of the terrible struggle that faced him. Fear for the future of Stefan would clutch him by the heart. "They're making it tough for us, little man," he would breathe, "but we're going to keep right on having our fun." Then after awhile he would drift into slumber from sheer exhaustion. But at sun-up he was dressed and off to the shipyard for another day. With the morning would come new hope after the misery of the night.

To meet the growing exactions of Ujedski, and to buy Stefan more warm winter clothes, Jan held out more of the tax money. This was at an inopportune time, for when he was short fifteen rubles, Captain Pasek presented himself one evening at Jan's door and demanded the full month's taxes.

Thirty rubles was the amount of the tax. It was the twelfth of January, and the payment was two days overdue. Jan had but fifteen rubles on hand. The remaining fifteen rubles he had drawn from the pewter cup two weeks before to purchase Stefan's clothes. It sometimes happened that Pasek called a week or so after the tenth of each month. Counting on this, Jan had spent the money, hoping to replace the amount from his wages Saturday night. He could but offer Pasek the fifteen, which he did with obvious nervousness.

Captain Pasek shook his head.

"I cannot accept partial payment," he explained. Then it came over Jan that the Captain's delay each month had not been carelessness, but a trap, subtly planned and cunningly sprung.

A sensation of terror came over him, but he conquered it. "I will have the full amount Saturday night," he offered.

"This is the second time you have been short," returned the Captain. "Last month you were able to make up the full amount the same day I called. I will give you until morning to make up the other fifteen rubles. Otherwise the government must take action."

When the Captain had gone away, Jan went at once to Ujedski and told her the whole story. The Jewess shook her head. "I am sorry, Jan," she said, "but with me needing all the rubles I can get, I can't be lending to anybody."

Jan left her and went to the Construction House. The shipyard officials listened to him, but told him that they heard such stories every day, and that to make an exception in his case would be to start a troublesome precedent. They were sorry, but could do nothing for him. Jan strode from the room with its wall of blue prints. What he feared most had at last come upon him.

He went from the works to Madame Ballandyna. Ballandyna, who was a cobbler and had six mouths to fill, had no money, he knew, but Madame Ballandyna might have some rubles from her own work that she would loan him in his extremity. In the street little Elsa and Lela and Ula were playing. He passed them, went through the gate, and knocked at the door. Madame Ballandyna greeted him. She listened while he told of his misfortunes in simple, tragic words. She was sorry she had nothing to lend. The few rubles she earned were to buy clothes for her children.

Jan went to see Madame Tenta. She, too, was obdurate. Of course, she had the rubles, but wasn't she a woman, unable to earn anything herself? And how did she know Jan would be able to pay her back? No, indeed, she couldn't be taking such chances—she a widow with several children dependent upon the few poor pieces of property her husband had left her. Besides, hadn't she made a great sacrifice when Jan bought the house, and wasn't it asking a great deal now for her to advance money to him on the house? She would like to know that!

In the morning Captain Pasek, in

his gay uniform, was waiting to see Jan. He had come early, to be sure, but that meant nothing; he would wait until seven o'clock if Jan wanted more time. But Jan was ready to see him. He said he had been unable to raise the needed fifteen rubles. If the Captain would only wait until Saturday—

Ah, no, Jan did not understand the machinery of the government. If the government gave him until Wednesday morning to pay his delinquent taxes that was not Saturday evening, and such irregularity could not be permitted by a government that did everything with precision.

So Captain Pasek smiled quite affably, made some notes in his tax record, handed Jan another odd-looking legal paper with fine print, and went blithely on his way.

Jan remained staring after him a long while, dumbly, after the manner of wild beasts. Stefan was playing on the floor, and he came over to his father and pulled at his coat.

"Come into the house, big papa," he called, "and get all cosy." It was beginning to rain, so Jan closed the door and picked up Stefan in his arms.

He had lost the house.

So he became a *kormorniki*—a homeless toiler—and went down to Ujedski.

Chapter XXI.

In the bare little whitewashed room that had once been Jagiello's, Jan now spent the hours from midnight until sun-up sleeping beside his boy. When Ujedski had first shown him the room and told him that it had been Jagiello's he had secretly kissed the portals. Though he did not know it then, this was the very room in which she had sinned. By what a curious decree of fate her child, as sweet and innocent as the white daturas in her withered garden, now slept upon her pallet with its white cover and the embroidered yellow rose! . . . The rose, with its large, fluted petals, was a never-ending delight to Stefan. When he awoke in the morning it greeted him with all its intricate golden stitches; and at night it was the last thing he gazed upon before Ujedski blew out the candle. The walls were still ornamented with pictures from the Nagi-Aaros newspaper: the shepherd leading his sheep through the pass at sunset, the face of a woman, a saint, and the blood-red Battle of Grunwald. In the early morning hours when Jan could not sleep, his eyes were inevitably attracted to the horrors of this battle picture: the dying peasant soldiers, the streams of blood, the new day revealing the tragedy of a night. It fascinated him. His eyes returned to it again and again. It seemed to cry out to him: *"Comrade, you're needed!"* The last thing at night before he blew out his candle his tired eyes sought the picture, and in his exhaustion its horrors flared poignantly.

Over the bed still hung, in graceful festoon, the flimsy red paper balls, strung on a bit of blue ribbon, festive, garish. There was no garden now save the hardy daturas, for since Jagiello had left, the giant mulleins and bright blue chicory had died. A few honeysuckle vines remained, and as in days gone past, bees and humming birds infested them in spring. But the picture of the Battle of Grunwald dominated the room, as a general governs his army, and its horrors at length dominated the soul of Jan. The picture expressed the rebellion that now began to stir within him. What right had the government to confiscate his house because he had been a few days late in paying his tax? Why should the world crush him when all he asked was opportunity for his boy?

The picture of the still, empty house the night that Jagiello had gone away was yet vivid in his memory. The horror, the loneliness, the incredible unreality of it all drove in upon him like a sickening blow . . . And why had Jagiello gone away? He had conjured up a thousand reasons, and each reason gave rise to untold speculations, until at length his brain, weary from countless conjectures, throbbed and

palpitated in sheer exhaustion.

Then one day Jan discovered the truth.

He had ventured to show Ujedski Jagiello's farewell note, and the Jewess had laughed. "Why did she go away?" Jan asked.

Ujedski shook her head, but Jan, sensing that the beldam knew more than her nod indicated, seized her by the arm. "Tell me!" he demanded, "why did she go away?" Ujedski protested ignorance; Jan's grip tightened. "You know!" he cried, "you know!" The beldam confessed. Her words were carefully chosen:

"A few days before Jagiello went she came to me and said that people were talking about her, and she was afraid you would find out some things. She said she would run away before she would have you know." Pressed to tell more, Ujedski dilated upon the "things." Jan uttered a cry of pain, his hands tightened into knots, and his voice became husky: "Mother of God, why didn't she tell me? I would have forgiven her! I loved her!"

After the first shock of the amazing truth had dimmed, Jan's thoughts returned to his boy. He loved Stefan with every instinct of his nature, and he feared for what might happen to him in the years to come. Often at night the Jewess in the next room heard him kissing the tender cheek of his son. The lad lay peacefully sleeping, with his sweet, even breathing, his soft, smooth skin with its fragrant aroma . . . And then at length something in Jan's head would snap, a sharp, excruciating pain would rack his brain, and a million bright stars would swim into his vision. His body was protesting its burden. He would spring upright upon his pallet of straw, clutching his head in agony. This terrific throbbing in his head—would it never cease? Would it continue to increase until it became the tramping of wild horses, thrashing, never-ending? . . . His brain was obsessed with his failure. Struggle as he might he could not get ahead. Each day he sank deeper into the mire; each day he was farthest from his ambition: to give Stefan the opportunity to be a Somebody. But as he went down, so too must Stefan go with him. Who in all the world would care for the lad if anything happened to him? Would he not become as a cork upon the waters, at the mercy of every wave, tossed about haphazardly, to live or to die, friendless, a victim of circumstances, a human soul adrift? There was that fearful throbbing in his head again, beginning far off, like the beat of the sea, growing louder and more violent, attaining the volume of thunder, rumbling, echoing, dinning in his ears like the firing of guns, crashing, mounting louder and louder, a great discordant wave, a gigantic reverberating mass, bursting upon him, overwhelming him . . . !

After an attack Jan would drop back upon the pallet, exhausted, streams of perspiration flowing down his face, his breath coming in heavy chokings, his hair matted over his forehead, a wild light flaming in his eyes . . .

One February morning about two o'clock he awoke from a fitful slumber in the throes of horror-laden thoughts. He had been dreaming of Jagiello, and he had seen her face, pinched and pale and frightened, calling to him. His dream had changed, and he was at work under the Huascar. Stefan had been gathering rusty nails beside him. Suddenly the mighty hull had become a living thing, had reared itself into the skies above him and come crashing down in all its terrific power, with a roar as of worlds rent asunder! His boy! He awoke with a start. His face was twitching with the terror of the dream. What a ghastly reality! God, his boy! He clutched the bed clothes. His hand felt the soft, tender little face, peacefully asleep. Ah, it was only a nightmare! Thank God! He took the little fellow's body in his arms, and pressed him against his chest with passionate, frenzied ardor.

He could no longer sleep. And how he needed sleep! By and by he got up and went to the window. The night

was black and silver; the cold February sky was spangled with stars. A biting wind blew in from the Baltic, cooling his hot face. He sat down near the window and continued looking out a long time, thinking about Jagiello, about Pasek, about Ujedski, about his boy. After a while, suffering from exhaustion, he threw himself upon his pallet.

But he could not rest. He was too fatigued. The terrific strain of the night toil was telling upon him. He was a giant, yet his muscles could endure just so much overpowering labor. Already his fine straight shoulders were bent, his gait was attaining a shuffle, the lustre was going from his eyes . . .

Where would it all end?

Presently he drifted into sleep, and another dream came to him. He was striding through a black forest with Stefan upon his shoulder. On every hand was blackness intolerable. The trees loomed like cathedral spires, oppressive, awe-inspiring. Suddenly out of the forest leaped a wild beast, straight at Stefan! Jan tried to run: his feet were riveted to the spot. And the beast was driving straight for the boy's throat! . . . His great body writhed and quivered, his huge fists opened and closed convulsively . . . Ah, now he had his hands upon the throat of the beast; now he was tearing it piecemeal; now he had wrung the life from its body and thrown it aside . . .

He awoke with a guttural shout, his arms heaving. Perspiration dripped from his forehead. His veins were swollen and purple. He panted like a wolf . . . There lay his boy safely beside him. Then it was only a dream! Ah, what a relief . . . !

It was almost dawn. At sun-up he would have to return to the shipyard with its gruelling task. If he could only steal an hour's sleep! . . . A third time he threw himself upon the pallet, and a third time he dreamed a dream. Now it was a bloody field that he saw, a wide scarlet meadow, and the wild flowers that reared among the grasses glistened with blood. Suddenly the field was filled with warring soldiers with sad, white faces, and eyes flowing with tears; and their legs or arms were missing, but they were fighting still, fighting valiantly . . . !

Suddenly Jan awoke.

It was bright morning.

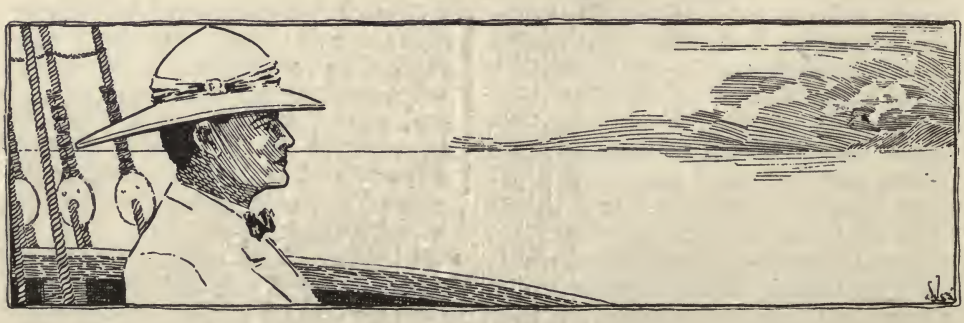
The sun poured through the little window. Outside, the heavens were opalescent. How peaceful everything was! How tranquil the sunrise after the horrors of the dawn! Red, red the sun, flashing upon the picture of the Battle of Grunwald, dyeing scarlet the streams of blood from the expiring soldiers . . . !

The legions were calling:

"Comrade, you're needed!"

Little did Jan dream that morning what his tribute to the maw of war would be.

(To be continued.)



Indian vs. White Man

By N. K. Buck

THE GAME of cards was over just as we saw a horseman approaching around the hill.

"Here comes Harry," spoke up one of the party. "I hope he knows whether the reserve is open or not. Unless it's already fixed it's all off until next year, and we might as well go home and work for a living."

"That's right," responded another; "this business of playing sooner while those fellows in Congress begin to get ready to start in to do something had its drawbacks. There's plenty of good placer gold over there on the bar if those Indians would just let us alone with our claims."

By this time the horseman had arrived in camp and delivered his message.

"Got a wire from the Senator saying the bill got through the committee and would probably pass. I thought as long as this was the last day I might just as well come out and do what I could to hold down the claims. If she passes, all right; and if not we'll know to-morrow. How are the Indian police by this time?"

"They're getting pretty fresh," was the reply. "They fire us off every time they catch us and pull up our stakes."

"Well," interrupted Bill Hanly, the recognized leader of the camp, "I'm going over and hold down my claim, and any Indian policeman that tries to run me off stands a good chance of getting hurt." Bill had a reputation that justified us in believing what he said, and so we all felt pretty safe in following his lead and all crossed the river to the reservation side.

Soon after we got over, the Indians came in sight, headed for the upper bar a mile away. We could see them talking to the boys, who one by one struck out across the river.

Finally the captain of the squad came up to Bill, who began telling the Indian what he thought of him, using a combination of Chinook, Nez Perce and Colville languages, but the only words that really meant anything were as near plain English as Bill could use.

The captain sat on his horse while this was going on, without moving. He watched Bill every instant, but there was never a movement of his face to tell what he thought about it. When the harangue was ended, the captain got slowly off his horse. Bill pulled the gun hanging at his hip and said: "Don't you come near me, you redskinned siwash, or I'll blow you to kingdom come."

"There are some things you don't know," began the captain in a low voice. "One of the things I was taught at Carlisle was not to bite off more than I could conveniently masticate. That's what you've done now."

I think the thing that got next to our nerves was the fellow's English when we had expected to hear jargon. He had Bill backed off the map for use of the mother tongue.

"You are 'way off about this opening business. The agent told me when I left that Congress had thrown out that part of the bill. We have orders to keep the white men on the other bank of the river and we propose to do it. It's foolish of you to resist. If you shoot me, it wouldn't get you anywhere. There are at least fifty witnesses here besides the Indians in my squad. You couldn't possibly escape. As sure as you carry out your present intention you will be tried, convicted

and executed by hanging until you are dead, dead, dead."

All the time the Indian was speaking he was looking at Bill with an eye that seemed to go through. When part way through his speech he began to walk slowly toward Bill, who in the meantime tried to smile, but somehow it didn't work. He gave a quick look to one side—to see what encouragement he could get from the boys, but he got mighty little. We all looked pretty blank—some frankly scared—some just foolish.

At any rate, Bill didn't waste much time looking around, but brought his eyes back to the Indian's as if they had been jerked back. The captain kept right on talking and walking nearer.

"As I said before, it's foolish to raise a row. It wouldn't pay. Juries can't be bought like they used to be, and the money you get from your mine won't help much after the sheriff gets through."

Still he kept slowly coming nearer. Once or twice Bill's pistol hand twitched, and I inwardly dodged, although not in range of either of them. Bill didn't shoot, though, and as for the Indian, if he had any gun I didn't see it.

"Now," went on the captain, "it would be a whole lot better to quietly surrender and come with me to the agency without any more grand-stand play. At any rate that's what you are going to do. I am coming over there and you are going to give me your gun; then you are going to come with me."

Bill's eyes seemed to stick out an inch. His hand raised half way up with his finger on the trigger as the Indian came closer with that same slow step. The Indian neither stopped nor interrupted his talk.

"Now don't do that, after I've taken pains to explain just what would happen. You would only mess things up horribly. Think how it will feel when the rope tightens; it won't last long, to be sure, but it will be mighty uncomfortable for a short time."

Bill's hand dropped, then raised, then dropped. Meanwhile they were within arm's length of each other. I expected to see them grapple, but they didn't. The Indian didn't speed up his motions a bit. He slowly reached out his hand.

"You will kindly place your revolver in my hand," he finished. They were looking into each other's eyes only three feet apart. There was no snap in the Indian's eyes now, but a steady, cold, hard look that seemed as though it might be weighed with a scale or cut with a knife. I couldn't see Bill's eyes.

The Indian had stopped talking. No one else spoke. The tension was something like I never experienced before nor since. I remember beginning to count slowly in my mind, as though expecting something to happen at a certain count.

One, two, three—those fellows were still standing there as though they were petrified stumps; four, five, six—it seemed as though something must happen when I got that far; seven, eight; Bill's pistol hand came slowly up again. I caught my breath. The pistol was thrust out toward the Indian with finger on trigger. The Indian's hand closed on the pistol and Bill's hand dropped to his side.

It was over; the Indian had won; Bill had lost—lost his nerve along with some other things.

"Come," said the Indian, "get on my horse!" Bill did so, with the help of a couple of the Indians; he couldn't have mounted alone. The captain turned to the rest of us.

"Gentlemen, I have been asked to inform you that the reservation is not open to white settlers and to request you to withdraw."

We withdrew.

A Peaceful Pirate

By Della Phillips

ENTERING the bay of San Diego, California, during the first year of the Panama-California Exposition, the first object to catch the eye was the queer old hulk of a vessel at anchor there. Every sightseer inquired about it, and gazed with renewed interest when informed that it was the historic old Chinese junk, "Ning Po," famous smuggler from the Yellow Sea, and the oldest ship in the world still able to do service.

In 1912 a party of tourists traveling in China saw the old ship, then in the hands of rebels against the Chinese government, and were so struck by her unique appearance and interesting history that, upon returning to America, they succeeded in raising the sum of fifty thousand dollars for her purchase. In 1913 she appeared in American waters, and has been on exhibition continually, having spent the year 1915 in San Diego Bay. Her next journey will be through the Panama Canal, en route to Boston, stopping at the principal cities on the way for exhibition purposes.

This old reprobate of a ship has a history of a kind that can hardly be surpassed by any other vessel in the world. Over a century and a half of smuggling, piracy, slave-traffic, fighting, mutiny, murder and riot make up her record. Her uneven decks and huge camphor wood ribs have been crimsoned with the blood of some of the most desperate outlaws of the Orient as well as with that of their helpless victims. During her long and varied career, almost enough blood to float her has been shed upon her decks.

She was built in 1753 in Fu Chau, and modeled after the Chinese idea of a sea monster. The open bow represents the mouth, bulging portholes the eyes, masts and sails the fins, and the high, fantastically carved stern the tail. A dragon contorts his scaly length on each side of the stern.

It is easy to be deceived concerning the age of old furniture and Oriental rugs, but this old ship speaks for herself. Odor of camphor wood and the spicy fragrance of beams which, when scraped a very little, yield a spicy aroma of nutmeg, are mute testimony of a bygone era of shipbuilding. One has only to step aboard this ancient vessel to realize that she has all the antiquity she claims. Her one hundred sixty-two years of service bespeak themselves in her rude staunchness of construction, and in the indestructibility of the material of which she was made. There is an air of integrity about the old ship in spite of her villainous record; for she was worthily built, not for smuggling and piracy, but for peaceful commerce.

If one can keep this fact in mind, the Chinese characters over the cabin door signifying "Peace and Contentment," do not seem quite so ironical.

As a Chinese merchant ship she was called Kin Tai Foong; but, being the fastest and best equipped vessel afloat in Chinese waters at that time, she soon developed into a smuggler and slaver. It was then only a step to piracy, and she became a terror to shipping along the coast, attacking even defenseless villages. When one of the frequent rebellions or outbreaks occurred, the big pirate would take a hand in the game. Her lurid history is briefly as follows:

1796. Engaged in rebellion against the emperor.

1806. Seized for smuggling and piracy.

1814. Captured and set on fire at Nanking.

1823. Seized for smuggling silk and opium.

1834. Confiscated by British under Napier for smuggling and for carrying slave girls to Canton.

1841 (cir.). Captured by Chinese government and used seven years as a prison ship for pirates and smugglers.

1861. Seized by rebels in Taiping and converted into a transport because of her size and speed. Retaken by "Chinese" Gordon, in command of the imperial forces against the Taiping rebels. Gordon changed her name to Ning-Po, after the city of that name.

1861. Wrecked in a typhoon.

1911. Captured by rebels in the battle of Hankow.

1912. Sailed from Shankhai, June 6th.

1912. Wrecked in typhoon, June 12th, and again September 26th of the same year, off Kyushi.

1913. Arrived at San Pedro, February 19th.

Such a history naturally raises the question: How could the old junk hold together so long, and during so many vicissitudes? When one is once aboard her such wonderment ceases.

Built almost entirely of camphor and ironwood, she is yet more durable than many modern ships. Ironwood is proof against the toredo, a little boring worm of the ocean so destructive to most woods. Indeed, it would be a hardy worm that would endeavor to penetrate ironwood.

The seams and cracks of the vessel are plastered with a cement of a sort that English speaking races have sought for in vain. Intermixed with cocoa-fibre, this cement does not crack with the motion of the vessel, and is as good to-day as when first applied. The secret of its making remains with the Chinese who discovered it, and its iron consistency and durability have had ample testing in the struggles of the old craft.

The huge mainmast is of ironwood, and its weight is estimated at twenty tons. Some of us were inclined to doubt this statement until we were allowed to contrast a stick of our heaviest wood with one of ironwood of similar size. The difference was startling. The weight of the ironwood made us realize the fitness of the name.

The men of a party of sightseers were invited to whittle a souvenir from the mast. Surprised at such a liberty, they tried to take advantage of it. Their pocket knives would not even dent the hard surface.

Ninety feet in length and nine feet in circumference is this big stick of timber. A great strip of mahogany braces the vessel amidships, to keep her from straining herself apart there. From this mast one huge sail, crisscrossed by bamboo spreaders, extends to the stern. The boom for this sail weighs five tons, so it can be readily seen how strong a mast must be to sustain such a weight.

The thick ribs are placed only two and one-half feet apart, and the heavy beams and timbers are so ponderous that the caretaker estimates that there is sufficient wood in this old hulk to build six ships of modern construction.

The camphor wood ribs and the outer sheathing of logs are all paired. That is to say, a tree of the right curve was selected, whip-sawed in halves, and a half used on either side of the ship, thus preventing the slightest discrepancy in shape and symmetry.

No bolts were used in the ship's construction. Instead, sharp-pointed iron spikes, about one foot in length, were driven slantingly into the wood. Just why they were driven in this manner is not known, but probably for greater security. With the rude tools in use when the ship was built, it is difficult to see how this could be done at all. The rough decks are full of these spikes.

With the exception of the ribs and sheathing, the old boat resembles a crazy-quilt in construction, odds and ends of wood being pieced together as cleverly as a woman fits irregular

scraps of material into her patchwork. All is neatly and carefully spiked and cemented together, but the joining is plainly visible.

Another striking feature of this ancient craft is that she has nine watertight compartments—a fact that may surprise even some seaman who considers this phase of shipbuilding as a comparatively new invention.

True to the Oriental way of doing things, in direct opposition to the Occidental, this craft was navigated from the stern; and the captain stood on the sea-monster's elevated tail to direct the vessel's movements.

The rudder, a cumbersome affair, weighing two tons, was not fastened to the vessel, but was attached to a special windlass by cables—two that held it upright, and two more that passed from the rudder stem down underneath the vessel from stern to bow. Here they were fastened, thus holding the rudder to the vessel. On coming to anchor, the crew slacked up on the bow-lines, and by means of the windlass lifted the rudder clear of the water. The steering was done by means of two tillers, six men at each tiller.

A great coil of split bamboo rope lies near the mainmast. This rope is stronger than a steel cable of like thickness because of its great tenacity.

The old wooden anchor and great mahogany windlass for hoisting it are very interesting objects. Very rough and ungainly does this anchor appear, contrasted to the steel affairs of today; but it was no doubt durable and served its purpose well.

The walls of the officers' quarters are decorated with panels from the Chinese classics; and over the door of the mandarin's, or commander's cabin, are characters denoting tonnage and date of the vessel's construction.

Within are compact little bamboo stools, a bamboo cupboard, and the much-used sedan chairs, in which the officers were conveyed about the decks.

Tiny, raggedly fringed curtains of cocoa fibre are looped back from the cabin entrance, and a queer old raincoat of the same material hangs near the door. The dragon flag, Oolong, designed over three thousand years ago, is draped across a side wall.

Back of the officers' quarters and mandarin's cabin is the old smuggler's chamber of horrors. In this dungeon dark compartment there was originally only one very small entrance, and the compartment itself a deep well of darkness extending clean to the hold.

Finding it impractical to show visitors such a ventless, rayless place, the exhibitors of the ship sawed a large section out of the thick wall, and put floorings across the deep chasm. Even then the way amidst the thick blackness of the gruesome chamber cannot be found without the aid of a lantern. By means of its feeble rays one may perceive on its outer wall the marks of the shelves that once had been there—shelves where the prisoners were placed until they either divulged the secret of their wealth or treasure to the outlaws who had captured them or died of starvation and lack of air in that horrible place. They were literally laid on the shelf, with the prospect of dropping to the depths below if they became restless in their narrow beds.

After looking at this place, beheading knives did not appear so forbidding to me. In fact, it was something of a relief to think that the blades were keen and the headsman sure in his stroke. It was his profession, handed down from father to son; and the fact that he lost his own head if he failed to sever his victim's at the first stroke, made him marvelously accurate.

The boys to whom this honored (in China) business is to descend, practice on turnips to acquire skill. A face is marked on the turnip. It is grasped by the tail; and the knife descends in an endeavor to cleave it through in just the right place.

One of the villainous looking cutlasses in this exhibit has a history of its own, bearing the name of Kang-how, a noted pirate who carved his way to fame with this blade. A shield made of rattan, and iron cane,

whose great resilience was calculated to turn the thrust of even these murderous weapons, and a long iron speer for picking up severed heads, also graced this collection.

Somewhere amidships, below decks, and on two sides of a large square opening into the hold, are the sailors' sleeping quarters. No loftier than the upper berths in a sleeper, they appear to be, and not more than twice as wide, yet these two lofts were the only sleeping accommodations for the entire crew. The sailors must have been wedged in like sardines, and if one fell out of bed he would, of necessity, have plunged into the bilge water below. However, the distance was not as great as that for the shelved prisoners. The only ventilation in this place was such air as might struggle down from a small opening in the deck above.

From the misty, dim interior of the old ship, redolent of the smell of camphorwood, we at last emerged on the upper deck that was warm and bright in the California sunshine; on the day we visited her; and here too are many things of interest. Just forward of the mainmast, a weazened, rusty little gun draws the attention. This kind of gun was being made thirty-six hundred years ago—so old is civilization in China; and this particular speciman was actually disintegrating with age. The little thing is barely three feet long, offering an almost comical contrast to the big guns on one of the warships anchored a short distance away. Yet, in all probability, this gun, estimated to be four hundred years old, did much execution in its day.

It was on this deck that the one hundred fifty-eight prisoners whom the Chinese government found too expensive to feed, were beheaded some time during the seven years the Ning-Po was used as a government prison ship for smugglers and pirates.

Here also are shown some of the modes of torture that were practiced in China. Kee Long is the wooden cage in which persons accused of piracy or crimes against the government were suspended without food or water until death came.

Over against these mute records of Chinese cruelty and barbarism, ever stand the ingenuity, antiquity and durability of Chinese inventions. They were using the compass in 1432 B. C., another invention belonging supposedly to the Caucasian race; and were also the inventors of the capstan, whose rusting iron bands litter the decks of the old Ning-Po.

Of the seven years that the old junk served as a government prison ship, but little is known except the wholesale execution of the prisoners, for the Chinese are ever secretive about government affairs, but she was again taken by rebels, and alternately used as a smuggler and a pirate from 1864 to 1910. The last time her ancient guns were unlimbered in military service was four years ago in the rebellion against the Manchus.

Seemingly the very elements conspired to prevent the old junk from entering a peaceful career. She was wrecked in a typhoon when she first sailed from Shanghai bound for an American port, and had to put back to Shanghai for repairs.

It would appear that reformation is a difficult matter for ships as well as men, for when she again sailed forth in September of the same year on her way to a career of respectability, another typhoon pounced on her off Kyushi.

The Chinese crew, in league with the elements, one might suppose, mutinied during the storm, being desirous of taking the old ship back to her career of infamy. She was now a floating hulk, without sails or rudder, but good forces were at work, as well as evil, and the mate and three loyal Chinese rowed three hundred and twenty miles —a story in itself—to Shmidzu, from which a cruiser was sent to tow her in. The mutinous crew was sent back to China in arms, and a white crew signed on. On December twenty-second, 1912, she again sailed and arrived at San Pedro, February nineteenth, 1913, hav-

ing made seven thousand miles in fifty-eight days.

Somehow, one cannot help feeling glad that the old ship, so staunchly and worthily built, has at last found a peaceful port, and the career of respectability for which she was originally designed. Boarded now only by hordes of tourists and curio-hunters, she is still able to stand up bravely under the strain, for there has been enough wood sawed out of her partitions to furnish souvenirs for all. The most intrepid of the curio hunters can never carry off the iron-wood masts nor dismantle a vessel so ironly built.

SYMBOLISM

Now when the spirit in us wakes and broods,
Filled with home yearnings, drowsily it flings
From its deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
Mixed with the memory of the loved earth things:
Clothing the vast with a familiar face;
Reaching its right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
Stare from the blue; so shows the cottage light
To the field laborer whose heart desires
The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the housewife long parted from at dawn—
So the star villages in God's great depths withdrawn

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,
Though there no house fires burn nor bright eyes gaze:
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways:
By these the soul unto the vast has wings
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

A. E.



The Prophecy

Lora D. Patterson

"SHE SURE is a wonder, alright. She told me that I had been married once and was going to be married again, and it's all straight!" said Mamie Taylor, as she arranged the piles of embroideries which were to be placed on sale that morning. "Why don't you go and see her, Ethel," she said to her assistant.

"I did, on my way home from work last night. I heard all you girls talk so much about her and you know I had never been to a fortune teller before."

"Well, did she tell you anything worth while?"

"She told me that I would marry within a year. She didn't say he was exactly rich, but she said I would wear diamonds and have my own automobile, and within three years we would travel abroad. But don't think for a minute that I believe it, because they have to tell people something to make them think they are getting their money's worth and in your case she just happened to strike it."

"But think of the fun you will have watching to see if there isn't some truth in it."

"What's going to happen in a year isn't bothering me now, and I am out my fifty cents. I wish I had it in a pound of French mixed."

After finishing her twelve cent lunch in the cafeteria and having thirty-five minutes left of her noon hour, Ethel Freeman walked up Stockton street and feasted her eyes on the beauties of the shop windows. Hesitating a moment on the corner she decided to walk through Union Square. The question came to her, which she had often thought of before: "How do all those men live who sit for hours on those benches?" She had often been tempted to ask one of them, but had never had the courage.

She walked slowly along, observing the many idlers, when suddenly her ankle gave way, and just as she was sinking to the ground she felt two strong arms around her and heard a manly voice say: "Are you hurt? You had better sit here for a minute."

Regardless of the twinge of pain and the embarrassment of the situation, she grasped the opportunity of learning the reason of his presence there.

"Why are you sitting here?" she asked.

"I was just listening to the city and looking at the people."

"Listening to the city," she said inquiringly.

"It is quite evident that you were raised here. You see, I live on the desert, and when I am there I listen to the silence as I listen to the noise here."

"You live on a desert," she said with much surprise.

"It was a desert when I first went there to live, but now it is turned into hundreds of thriving farms. Did you ever live in the country?"

"Oh, goodness, no. I have had lots of bad luck, but that is one thing I have escaped."

"If you have never lived in the country you have missed a lot in life."

"My mother lived on a ranch when she was a girl, and she said that they were either starving to death because it was a dry year or if the next one was good they had to pinch every penny to pay back what was borrowed the year before."

"A good deal of truth in that, but it is not that way where I farm. We

never depend on the rain. We have irrigating ditches and turn the water in whenever we want it."

"But how do you get water in a desert?"

"Far up on the Colorado a damn was made, and it is brought down from there."

"Oh, you live in Arizona?"

"No. I live in California, on this side of the river."

"I think I read a book about that country once. Isn't that the Imperial?"

"No, I am across the mountain from the Imperial, and it is called the Palo Verde Valley. This place was government land once, just like the Imperial Valley was, but we think it is far greater."

"Do tell me about it, and how you came to go there."

"Well, I guess I was sort of born for a farmer. When I was a youngster I finished the little country school and Dad sent me into town for a business course, but being shut up in an office didn't suit me just right, so I took a job as foreman on a ranch. But all the time I was set on having a ranch of my own. I saved my money, yes, nearly every cent I earned, but I might have gone on doing that until I was fifty and then not had enough to buy one. You know, good California land is worth an awful lot of money these days. Just about that time the government threw open the Palo Verde Valley, nearly a million acres of land as level as that sidewalk. So I started out with a good horse and a couple of pack mules, and was one of the first settlers there. I homesteaded on one quarter-section and took up another under the Desert Act, and I stuck it out until I had my Patent on both. Lots of hard work and those hot summers were terrific, but it's mine now."

Looking at her watch, Ethel said she had only five minutes in which to get back to work, and limped hurriedly away.

Left so suddenly, George Thomas sat motionless for a minute. This charming young woman had left his life as swiftly as she had come into it. He did not know her name, where she lived or where she worked. Other loungers in the park had seen her fall, and then had observed them during the chat which had followed. If he followed her, what would they think—— But every second he sat deliberating she was further from him. He sprang to his feet and started in the direction she had gone. He caught sight of her about to cross the street. A woman with two small children blocked his way. He fairly pushed them from him and made for the crossing. The street car started, and there followed the long line of automobiles which made it impossible for him to pass. His eyes fairly searched the street for her. Did she go straight down Stockton street or had she turned to her left on Geary. He thought possibly the latter. He hurried along, looking ahead of him or searching every entrance of the big buildings with his quick glance. When he reached Grant avenue he realized that she was lost to his sight.

How he was to find her was his next thought. During the week that followed, he fairly patrolled the shopping district. At nine o'clock in the morning he watched the entrances of office buildings and the shops, and again from five to six in the evening he scanned the scores of faces that came out, but his search for the one he was looking for was fruitless. Then he resorted to the supposition that she had gone down Stockton street, but his efforts to find her there were just as unsuccessful. Every day at noontime he had taken his place in Union Square, hoping that she might retrace the steps of that day he had first seen her. After seven days he had given her up as lost.

* * * *

Five minutes from Union Square to Market street was an easy walk, but with an aching ankle Ethel doubted if she could make it, so as she was about to cross the street she turned to see the Stockton street car at her side. She quickly mounted, and was at

Market street in less than two minutes.

The busy hours of the afternoon did not prove good treatment for a sprained ankle, so for a week Ethel rested in the lounging room at noontime, instead of taking her usual stroll. One day, after her recovery, her woman's curiosity together with the spirit of flirtation, led her back to Union Square that she might see—why, she didn't even know his name—so she decided to call him her farmer friend.

"But why even think of him," she thought. "Madame Wanda told me that I would marry a man who could afford to give me luxuries, so why even waste a thought on this poor young tiller of the soil."

It was seldom that Ethel indulged in a flight of fancy. Maybe Mamie Taylor was right. The fortune-teller might give you something to look forward to, even if it never did materialize. In other words it was fifty cents worth of hope.

Ethel had no sooner stepped inside of Union Square, when much to her astonishment she beheld her chance acquaintance of a week ago hurrying towards her.

"Where on earth have you been. I was about to give you up as lost." Then seeing her look of surprise, he continued: "Don't look at me like that. I am not really crazy. You left me so quickly that I was a minute getting my senses back, and when I started to follow you the crowd simply swallowed you up. And I have spent nearly every minute since looking for you, and now that I have found you—"

"But," said Ethel, with a look of amusement, "I don't think you found me. I walked right in here and found you."

"Were you really looking for me," he said as he bent towards her with a very tender look.

"Why, you conceited young man. I've never as much as given you a thought since I left you."

"Then please do me the favor to give me one now that you have found me. Don't think me bold and forward, but I would really like to know you. My name is George Thomas, and I live in Blythe, Riverside County. I have kinfolk in Oakland who are so stylish that I don't bother them much. They think I am only their poor country cousin, but I'll show them some day. Won't you dine with me tonight and go to a show afterwards."

"I really can't to-night." All that Ethel could think of was the plain little suit and hat she was wearing. She could not think of going to a cafe or theatre dressed as she was, even if she were bold enough to accept the invitation from a stranger.

"Another engagement, I take it." Jealousy was evidently raging within him, but perseverance was his motto. "Then perhaps to-morrow night you will do me the honor, or will you allow me to call."

"Yes, I think that would be nicer, don't you?"

This really was an event in Ethel's life. She had had many responsibilities, and always denied herself many things. She knew the other girls in the department pitied her because she did not have a beau. Of course, George Thomas was not a city bred man, that was plain to be seen. She thought of Carrie Hopkins' young man who waited for her so often; so well dressed and clean cut. But nevertheless, thinking of the comparison, Ethel had never known such ecstasy. To imagine that she could bustle into the dressing room, powder her nose and fluff up her hair and say she had an engagement.

Scarcely had a month passed before this chance friendship had ripened into love. The girls teased her about this suitor and asked her if he was the rich man Madame Wanda had predicted would come into her life.

"No, only a poor farmer, but I wouldn't trade him for all the rich men in the world."

Ethel often thought of the rich man, the diamonds, the automobile and the trip to Europe. But what were these when she could boast of the love of

her big farmer boy. She had come to look upon country life in a more kindly manner than when she had first met him. She would often picture to herself the acres and acres of alfalfa and the waving grain fields George had told her of, and she could see cotton growing and also the beautiful orange groves.

One night as he met her for dinner he suggested that for memory sake they walk to Union Square and sit on the bench where they had first met. He took from a little box a diamond ring, which he slipped on her fourth finger.

"George, why did you get me such a big one. A little one would have done just as well," but he made light of the remark and said nothing was too good for her.

Her last Saturday at the store, George was waiting anxiously at the door for her at six o'clock. As she came out, he led her to the edge of the sidewalk and waving his hand towards a very neat little runabout, said: "How do you like it, Ethel. I bought it for you."

"But, George, where did you get the money?"

"Say, dearie what do you suppose I do with seven cuttings of alfalfa a year off from three hundred and twenty acres of land."

Her right hand closed over the diamond on her left fourth finger; then she looked at the automobile. She stood deep in thought for a minute, then her eyes sparkling with delight, she said:

"George, do you think we will ever go to Europe?"

"You just better believe we will."

FROM MANHATTAN

Oh, that the world, steel-bound, stone-clad, might be
Eased of its groaning heaviness with one
Swift-moving thought; the centuries undone
Of man's devising; that it might shake free
Its weary burden of humanity,
And rise, no longer subject to the sun
Among the spheres which even courses run,
Flaming, superb, through the uncharted sea
Of infinite space; its gaping wounds made whole;
Its barren hills new garmented with green.
Thus should it pass, and growing less and less.
Fade into darkness like an unleashed soul,
Forever free, forever lost, unseen:
A drifting star of untold loveliness.

JAMES NORMAN HALL.



Love and the Raid

By Olive Cowles Kerns

IT IS STRANGE what changes can occur in just one short year. Here I am now in San Jose, Texas, when a year ago to-day I was in Milford, New Hampshire, mourning for the dearest father that ever a girl had. Then my cousin Howard's letter came urging me to come here to teach the little village school and live with him and his wife in their cozy brown bungalow, and I accepted gladly. Howard is a lieutenant in the United States army, and I thought it would be interesting to live right on the Mexican border near a real encampment of cavalry. Besides, I could not bear my old home after father's death.

I had very few possessions when at last I was ready to start. The most valuable of them, the miniature of my mother painted on ivory and surrounded with pearls, I strung on a velvet ribbon and tied securely around my neck, where it was hidden under my blouse. Not for worlds would I part with that.

Texas was exceedingly interesting to me; the bunch grass, the mesquite, the vastness of outlook were all so different from my little tucked up New England town. San Jose was a good deal like many other little towns we had passed through—little boxlike houses, stores of one story in height, a white school house, a little red brick depot. It was all so strange and new to me.

The first person I saw when I got off the train was Howard, slim and straight as ever, his dark skin in sharp contrast to his light hair and prominent blue eyes.

"Welcome home, Marcia," he exclaimed. "Come on, I have a friend who will take you and your luggage up to the house. You see, public conveyances are scarce here."

I followed him around the corner of the depot and saw a little runabout with a big brown man at the wheel. He sprang out when he saw us, and came forward, cap in hand.

"This is Mark Hamilton, a particular friend of ours. My cousin, Miss Marcia Glynn, Mark," Howard said, introducing us, and Mr. Hamilton pulled off his glove and shook hands heartily with me in true Western fashion. He looked directly at me, and I noticed that his eyes were brown with little golden specks in them like sunlight on running water.

"It's good of you to trust yourself with me and my little machine here," he said pleasantly, "but I think we shan't break down in that short distance."

I laughed. "I hope not," I said.

Howard stowed away my suitcase and Mr. Hamilton, after helping me in, cranked up the little car and got in beside me. Soon we were whizzing by the little box-like houses and turning a corner went down a street parallel to the river. At the end of it was Howard's brown bungalow facing the river and near by a collection of tents.

"Oh, the camp!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, our doughty protectors," he said. "There are about two hundred of them all anxious for Villa's scalp.

"Is he supposed to be anywhere near here?" I asked with a thrill of pleasurable excitement.

"He's like a mosquito. You never can tell where he is, but you can hear rumors of his buzzing," he laughed. "The soldiers aren't worried much about him. The officers all sleep at home except one. They take turns

commanding the camp."

We drew up in front of the bungalow, and a lady, the prettiest person I ever saw, came down the steps to meet me.

"Howard's wife," I thought even before Mr. Hamilton named us to each other. "What a raving beauty! No wonder he is wild over her."

She was tall and blonde, and the sunshine made her hair glitter as though it had been sprinkled with diamond dust.

"Here's your traveler, Mrs. Snow, safe and sound," said Mr. Hamilton. "I brought her along, as I happened to be at the station."

She gave him a quick, rather peculiar look; I couldn't classify it, and held out a white hand to me.

"I am so glad to meet you, Miss Glynn—I suppose I should say Marcia." Her smile was dazzling and she put her hand through my arm, drawing me toward the open door. At the threshold she turned and looked over her shoulder at Mr. Hamilton, who was busy cranking up his car. He had put my luggage on the porch.

"Coming in Mark?" Her voice held a certain soft note that made me look at her quickly.

"Can't stop this time, Angelica. Got to see a lot of cattle to be shipped tomorrow morning. So it's good-bye to you and Miss Glynn for to-day. I may come to-morrow, though, may I not, to see how the traveler stood her journey?" He flashed a smile at me, and Mrs. Snow, murmuring an assent, drew me into the house.

She was hospitality itself, and fussed over me very prettily. As for me, I could not keep my eyes from her beautiful coloring. She was like a tall, fair lily. She showed me to a sweet little room, all delicious shades of pinks and creams, and left me to my own devices after informing me that dinner would be ready in an hour, at seven.

"We dine at night like civilized people," she said, "but the aborigines here have theirs at noon. They're so funny. I know you'll almost die when you become acquainted with them. They think I'm awfully queer because I have a Mexican girl to cook and don't do my own work."

She went gaily out, leaving me alone to wonder what kind of person she really was. I was half dazzled by her beauty, but somehow I had a slight feeling that she was not absolutely sincere in all her words and acts —that queer sidelong glance she gave you after she had made a statement. Well, I didn't dislike her, and that was something.

The next day Howard took me to see my future domain, the school house, where I was soon to begin my work. It was a bare little place, absolutely devoid of pictures or any other beautifying thing, but I began immediately to plan how it could be made more comfortable.

"I think I shall be safe here in spite of the bandits," I said, as we started home. "Mr. Hamilton told me about the soldiers."

"Yes, you'll have ample protection," he smiled. "By the way, Marcia, isn't Angelica just the loveliest woman you ever set eyes on?"

"She certainly is beautiful." I said sincerely.

"I'm glad you like her," he said. "She doesn't fit in here very well—she's so much above every one here—and I was afraid she'd be lonely. That is one reason I wanted you to come."

When we reached the house, Mark Hamilton was sitting in the porch swing, and Angelica, looking perfectly lovely in her white dress, reclined in an easy chair. We heard the murmur of their voices as we came up the walk, but neither was speaking as we mounted the steps. Mr. Hamilton rose and gave me the swing, seating himself on the porch railing near me. I looked at him more closely than I had before, and instinctively I liked him. He was so big and brown, and his eyes were frank and kindly.

"Do you ride, Miss Glynn?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied eagerly, before I thought.

"It's too warm to ride here in August," Angelica put in coldly. "You know that, Mark." She flashed a look at him half resentful, half haughty. He flushed, but threw back his head and looking at her from under half-closed lids, answered lightly:

"Oh, I didn't mean in the heat of the day, I assure you." He turned to me. "Will you ride with me to-morrow evening, Miss Marcia? I have a horse that would just suit you, I know. Just spirited enough, but not too lively."

I looked at him a moment before answering and met his eyes with their dancing lights. Suddenly I decided that I would, although I had a feeling that Angelica was not pleased about it.

"I wonder why?" I thought.

I told Mr. Hamilton that I would go with him right after dinner the next evening, and he arose to go seeming much pleased.

"I suppose new girls are something of a treat to him," I said to Angelica, watching Mr. Hamilton crank his little runabout.

She shrugged.

"He's a great man for the ladies—always chasing after every new face. He tires of them just as quickly as he becomes interested in them."

"Perhaps some of them tire of him," I retorted.

"Perhaps," she assented languidly, "but you wouldn't think so if you could see how they chase him. Any one Mark goes with becomes a laughing-stock in time." She gave me one of her peculiar side glances and went into the house, leaving Howard, who all this time had been quietly smoking, to talk to me. He threw his cigar away, saying in a low tone:

"It's queer, Marcia, but she doesn't like Mark at all. I can't understand it, he's such a likable fellow, but she simply can't see it."

I had my doubts. Did she or did she not like Mr. Hamilton? I puzzled over this until I fell asleep at last in my creamy-pink room.

I rode with Mr. Hamilton the next evening and had a glorious time. The horse he brought for me was a bright bay named Prince Charlie, and he was surely a prince among horses. How I enjoyed it! I almost forgot my sorrow. Indeed, one couldn't help it with Mark Hamilton, he was so full of information about the country and had such a humorous way of talking about the people he knew that I caught myself laughing like a silly school-girl. When he lifted me from my horse at Howard's gate, he held my hand a second longer than was strictly necessary, and asked me when I would go again.

"Oh, not for a long time," I decided, suddenly remembering what Angelica had said about the love-lorn girls. I did not want to become a laughing stock just yet. Besides, my school began the first of September, and I must prepare for that. So I put him off. He continued to come to Howard's, though, and sat talking on the veranda two or three times a week. Then one evening he appeared on horseback, leading that beautiful Prince Charlie.

He slid from the saddle and tied both horses to the hitching post, then came up the walk and stopped in front of me, as I sat on the steps, making a low bow with his wide sombrero in his hand. He was dressed in a suit of khaki, and had a bright red handkerchief around his neck, from which his throat rose, brown and muscular. He had not an ounce of superfluous flesh; he was just big and strong, and involuntarily I admired him. Then I remembered the girls and shut out the admiration.

"Well," I inquired, "did you wish to see Howard? I'm sorry, but he and Angelica went over to Captain Brewster's to dinner."

"So much the better," he answered, "but why didn't you go? Hadn't Brewster enough food to go around?"

"It wasn't that," I laughed. "I had a headache. School was tiresome to-day."

"Prince Charlie will cure you. Come—I dressed up in cowboy rig on purpose for your benefit." He held out

his hand and helped me from the step. I ran in and changed my skirt and soon we were galloping over the smooth, sandy road.

"I'm going to take you past my own little domain," he said, turning into the road that led south down the banks of the Rio Grande. "It's covered with nice, fat cattle that I want you to see."

"Were you a cattle man before you came here? Howard said you had only been here three years."

He looked away. "No," he said evasively. "I was engaged in other work in California, but cattle always appealed to me so I came here where the fat ones grow."

He seemed unwilling to say more about his life before he came to Texas. I wondered if he had any relatives. He never spoke of any.

"It must be lonesome down here, away from your people. They live in California, do they not?" I inquired at the risk of seeming inquisitive. But I did so want to know more about him. Here I was roaming over the country with a man I had only known a few weeks. It was true Howard thought the world of him, but even he knew nothing definite of Mark Hamilton's past or of his family.

"My brother lives in California," he answered, looking straight into my eyes, rather proudly. "He's the only relative I have." Then his expression softened. "I *was* lonely, Marcia, before you came."

My heart missed a beat, and I felt my face flushing, so I turned away and pointed with my whip to a low white house ahead of us. Two tall cottonwood trees stood beside it, and bushes fringed a little creek that ran across the road.

"Is that your house?" I asked with interest.

"Yes, that's it. It's not very beautiful, but it is comfortable. I have a great big porch, as you can see, and a real fireplace. I built it myself with the help of my foreman. But I wanted you to see the cattle. Look over there."

He pointed to the acres of pasture land behind the house and the barns, and I saw hundreds of red cattle in the distance and two moving black specks that I took for cow-boys.

"It's wonderful!" I cried.

"Do you like it?" he asked eagerly.

"I certainly do.'

I was entirely sincere. The little white house, nestled between its tall cottonwoods, the gently sloping, cattle covered land appealed to me. It seemed to me as if I were coming home after a long absence, and I caught my breath in a sigh almost of longing. Mark leaned over and laid his strong brown hand on my saddle-bow.

"Marcia," he said, "you were meant for this country. Here's where you ought to stay all your life. You belong in that little white house, its owner and mine. Will you take us, Marcia?" His hand closed over mine and I felt it trembling. I looked at him startled. He was sincerely asking me to marry him, not flirting with me, but I could not believe it yet. I must have more time to be sure of him, and then—— I withdrew my hand.

"I can't answer yet. I haven't known you long enough. Besides, you may be mistaken when you think you want me," I said.

"I'm not mistaken. I love you, Marcia." His voice made me tremble all over. I longed to lay my head against the shoulder so near me and tell him that I loved him. For I did, I knew it all at once. But I would not do it. Prudence told me to wait. I shook my head and turned my horse around.

"All right, little girl. I won't bother you about it, but I'm glad you know," Mark said, following me. "Now for the gallop back to town."

I was glad Angelica and Howard were not in when, after bidding Mark good-night, I slipped into the house. I went to my room and lay most of the night thinking of Mark and what I should ultimately say to him. My cheeks burned even there in the darkness as I pictured the moment when

I should tell him and he would take me in his arms, strong and protecting and tender.

At breakfast, Angelica from her place behind the coffee percolator, looked at me sharply.

"You're rather pale, Marcia. What is the matter?" She broke open a roll and I noticed that her hand trembled. "Howard, doesn't she look pale?"

Howard, thus appealed to, leaned forward and looked at me with his kind, near-sighted looking eyes.

"It's her school," he said. "Stay in to-day, Marcia. It's Saturday, anyhow. You and Angel can chat together and take it easy. As for me, I've got to go to cavalry drill this morning. The bandits are getting a little bit near, they say, but there's no danger. They wouldn't dare to cross." He rose from the table, kissed Angelica, who turned a cool, pink cheek for the caress, and strode out, leaving us together.

Angelica, linking her arm through mine, led the way into the living room and drew me down beside her on the comfortable couch. She crossed one pretty slippered foot over the other and leaned back against a blue cushion that set off her wonderful coloring to perfection.

"I received a letter yesterday from a friend of mine in California," she said, taking a letter from her belt, where it had been folded. "It's in answer to one I wrote asking about Mark Hamilton. She knew something about him, too, something I never dreamed of." There was almost triumph in her tone. She had effectually aroused my interest, and I sat up.

"Why should you try to find out things about Mr. Hamilton?" I asked coolly. "Surely, what he wants us to know he will tell us himself."

Angelica laughed scornfully, with a sidelong look at me from her strange eyes.

"Not this, dear Marcia," she cried. "It's the last thing he would tell us. Did you ever hear of a man's having two wives? Well, that's what your Mr. Hamilton has been trying to do. You don't care to be number two, do you?"

"What are you saying?" I cried angrily.

"Don't ruffle your feathers, Marcia, but just listen and thank your lucky stars you found out in time."

I sank back stupefied while she opened the letter and read it. Mark Hamilton had a wife in California whom he had deserted. The writer had an intimate friend who had attended the wedding. That much I realized.

"But is she telling the truth?" I urged, desperately, my lovely castle falling about my head in ruins.

"She has no reason to lie, for she doesn't know why I enquired. She was awfully surprised to find out that he was here because they had not known where he was for over three years. Now, Marcia, brace up. Don't let any one see that you care, but if I were you, I'd cut him dead. I'd never speak to him again." She looked eagerly at me.

"I can't believe it," I muttered, standing up and vaguely putting my hand to my head, which ached dully.

"It's true, girl," cried Angelica angrily. "You were a little fool to fall in love with him, but then, all women do it," she added bitterly.

Then suddenly I knew her secret.

"You love him yourself!" I cried; "you, Howard's wife. How do I know that you are telling me the truth?"

She did not deny my accusation, but threw the letter at me.

"Read it yourself, if you think I did not read it correctly," she cried, and swept from the room, leaving me with the letter in my hand.

It was as she had said, and I was forced to believe it at last. Throwing the letter down, I went to my room and buried my face in the pillows of my bed. I burned from head to foot with shame. I would show Mark Hamilton that he could not make a fool of me. Presently pride came to my aid, and I rose, bathed my face and went in search of Angelica, whom I found in the porch swing.

"Angelica, I am sorry I spoke to you as I did," I said. "Please forgive me and think no more of it. As for Mr. Hamilton, he is nothing to me, and I am grateful to you for finding out about him before—before it was too late."

Angelica made room for me to sit beside her in the swing, scarcely glancing up from the elaborate centerpiece she was embroidering.

"We are all apt to say things we regret when we are angry," she said, calmly. "As for Mark Hamilton, ignore him. He'll soon take the hint and stay away."

Mark came the very next day, and I heard Angelica coolly tell him that I had a headache and could not see him. The day after that he went with a carload of cattle to San Antonio and was gone a week. When he returned he came to see me again, but I had seen him down the trail and scribbled a hasty note which I gave to Angelica to give to him. I merely told him that I did not care to see him any more, and that he probably would not have to search long to find my reason. The murmur of their voices reached me where I stood with clenched hands in the middle of my room, but presently he was gone. My heart seemed dead and cold within me like a lump of ice; but a deep resentment took the place of all other feeling when I thought of Mark Hamilton.

The winter slowly passed and spring came. Still I taught in the little white school-house and had only seen Mark once. I passed him on the street without recognition, my head held high. He had paused as if to speak to me, but seeing my manner, he passed me with a head held as high as my own. How my truant heart beat! I resolved to conquer the feeling if I died for it.

I was very lonely now. Every night I listened to the bugle blowing taps and wondered if we were as safe from the Mexicans as Howard seemed to think. One night—shall I ever forget it?—I was sitting as usual by my window, occupied with the sad thoughts that were becoming habitual to me. I longed for my mother—for her ready sympathy, but she was gone from me now. I got up and took her little ivory miniature from its velvet case, gazing at it long and earnestly. Then I hung it on a nail by my dresser where I could always see it, and sat down again by my window.

Leaning my head on my arms, I gazed pensively out into the moonlight, across the river toward Mexico, then toward Mark's ranch farther down and almost on its bank. I wondered if he were as unhappy as I was. Somehow, I did not wish him ill.

A clock in the next room struck three, slowly and musically.

Suddenly I sat up. A horseman was crossing the river, and I strained my eyes to see what kind of person he was. Was he Mexican or American? I sprang to my feet. There were others behind him, a whole string of them, riding apparently with caution. They reached the bank and made a dash for the camp. I heard shots and shouts, but waited to see no more, and rushing to Howard's room, pounded on the door with all my might.

"The Mexicans, Howard, the Mexicans!" I cried breathlessly. "Quick, they are surprising the camp!"

Howard sprang from bed, and in another moment he was beside me, rather sketchily dressed, cramming the loads into two revolvers. He gave one to me and the other to Angelica, who by this time had come running from the bedroom, her face white with terror.

"They are burning the town!" she gasped. "The bank and the hotel are in flames."

Howard ran back to see. I heard him exclaim: "By Jove," and he came dashing back.

"Quick, help me barricade the door," he shouted. "Ten or twelve are headed right for this house, and we haven't a moment to lose."

He sprang to the big couch and barricated the front door with it, putting the heavy library on top, and Angelica and I piled on chairs, books, anything we could find.

"That will hold them a minute while we make a dash out the back door. Got your revolvers? Don't hesitate to use them if you get a chance," he said. "I'll see you safe and come back." He seized Angelica's hand and we all dashed out of the back door and made for the barn a few yards away, bent almost double and keeping in the shadow to avoid detection.

We could hear the trampling of their horses' hoofs in the road in front of the house—they were on the porch. Now they began pounding on the door. We crept along like shadows or Indians until we reached the dry creek-bed behind the barn, its banks high enough to conceal a man walking upright.

All of a sudden I stopped. My mother's miniature! I had left it behind and the bandits would take it. They should not have it—I would die first. What sacrilege for their blood-stained hands even to touch it!

Howard turned around.

"Come along, Marcia, you're almost safe. See that clump of cotton-woods —you and Angelica can hide there while I go back and get a shot at the devils."

But I was running back toward the house as fast as I could. I could hear the Mexicans talking excitedly on the front porch, but it evidently had not occurred to them to try the back door, or else they were having some kind of an altercation. I had no time to wonder at them, but ran across to the door, and leaving it open behind me, sped to my room and snatched my treasure from its nail.

The blows on the door recommenced, and just as I, with my heart in my mouth, was flying toward the dining room door, a panel splintered. I was seen! My heart stopped beating, but I made a dash for the back door and ran into a tall man in a sombrero with a bandana handkerchief knotted around his neck. Without a word he caught me in his arms and ran out of the door and toward the barn.

I struggled desperately, but stopped abruptly when Mark's voice said:

"Be quiet, Marcia, if you want to save your life. My car is back here." Then I insisted on using my feet, and we had almost reached the friendly shelter of the barn when the bandits came swarming around the house and saw us! Mark turned and faced them, revolver in hand.

"Hurry, Marcia, start the car, and I'll hold them at bay," he cried.

In an instant I was in the little car and had run it across the bridge which spanned the dry gully just behind the barn. I stopped and Mark backed toward me, firing all the time. Once I turned and fired my revolver at a horrid dark man who was creeping upon Mark from the side. Suddenly Mark made a dash and was beside me. The bullets spattered around us like hail, falling with little vicious spurts to right and left. One of them hit the back of the car, but luckily none of them hit our tires or us.

"I got one that time," I heard Mark cry triumphantly, but I hadn't time to look. Then something hit my left arm, and a great pain made me cry out. One of the shots had found a mark, at least. I set my teeth and increased the speed, and soon we were out of range and whizzing over the road toward the north at a pace that exceeded all the speed limits I had ever heard of.

Then in the gray dawn when the terrible tension was relaxed and we were out of danger, everything turned black before me, my hand fell from the wheel and I fainted.

I struggled back to consciousness at last, through a black fog, and lay for a moment with my eyes closed. Then I realized that the car had stopped and that I was in Mark's arms. I felt his breath on my cheek, and then—he kissed me.

That brought back my recollection effectively, and I struggled away from him and sat up.

"Don't touch me. How dare you?" I cried, angry at myself and him. I realized that my arm throbbed and beat with pain and vaguely felt it

with my hand. It was neatly bandaged with Mark's handkerchief. I glanced up and met his eyes looking miserably at me from his white face, thinner and more gaunt than I had ever seen it before.

"What has changed you, Marcia?" he asked. "I felt once that you were almost won, but now, apparently with no reason, you seem to hate me. What have I done, dear? Tell me, and I will do all I can to atone."

"You know very well. What I can't understand is how you dare to speak to me, knowing that you have a wife in California."

My voice trembled, and I could hardly restrain the tears that threatened to fall and cover me with disgrace.

"A wife in California!" His voice held stupefied amazement.

"Yes," I cried. "Angelica received a letter from a woman in Midvale who knew all about it. No doubt you thought no one would ever know it here."

Mark took off his hat, the big Mexican sombrero, and ran his fingers in a puzzled manner through his thick brown hair, the hair that I had often longed to touch. I caught my breath in a sob. With a sudden movement he drew my head to his breast. His face was against my hair.

"Don't hate me just yet, little girl," he whispered; "I'm not married, never have been and never shall be except to you, sweetheart, if you will have me."

I raised my head and looking into his eyes I knew he spoke the truth.

"But that letter?" I faltered.

"It was not about me. Don't you remember that I told you that I have a brother in California!? Well, he married a girl and six months later deserted her. That's the reason I have never spoken of him. He's living with another woman in Sacramento, and his wife has a divorce. Do you believe me, sweetheart?"

He bent and kissed me, and this time I did not protest.

"Did you ever love any one before, Mark," I asked, thinking of Angelica.

He smiled. "I never loved any one but you, Marcia. You are the first, last and only one, dear."

Then we turned the car around and started back.

Mark and I were married soon after that, so I am writing this on the big porch of his little white ranch house. I am wonderfully happy, but I often puzzle over one question to which I can never find an answer. Had Angelica loved Mark or not? Mark apparently neither knows nor cares.

COMPENSATION

This wild, bitter pain than the thing that men call
The best, the truest, the highest of all
That life can give? Is this what they prize,
Permission to suffer, to agonize?
To yearn for a voice, to look for a face,
To stretch aching arms and clasp empty space?
To count life the same have you friends or have none,
But miss with a madness of longing just one,
Only one! Is it worth it, I say,
This torture called Love? Yes! We made up to-day!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

The Story of the Miracle

Told in California

By Otto von Geldern

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(Continued from last month)

(SYNOPSIS—A number of prominent characters in the old pioneer town of Sonoma, Northern California, drop into the hotel's cheerful gathering room, during the evening hours, and swap tales, experiences and all that goes to make entertaining conversation. The subject of miracles starts a discussion, joined in by the old Spanish padre, lovingly christened Father Sunday. The judge, or Jux, as he was nicknamed by his cronies, begins a story based on a recent dream, in which a supposed miracle was wrought. He dreamed that he had died, and that his soul wandered in space, visiting celestial palaces, hearing rhythmic harmonies and scenes of soul-stirring splendor, grandeur and beauty. He visited the Palace of God, where all spoke in whispers, but none there had seen Him. He failed to find his name in the record of the dead. Later he was conducted to the Realm of Satan. His satanic majesty entertains Jux in his library, where he shows himself to be an astute philosopher of negation. No trace of Jux' record on earth is found in hell. Thereupon the archangel Gabriel is sent from celestial headquarters to adjust the difficulty with Satan. A discussion arises between the two as to the just disposal of this soul. Not finding any clause in the corpus juris of the other world applicable to this case, Satan suggests to Gabriel that they shake the dice for the possession of this unfortunate soul. Reluctantly, Gabriel agrees to one throw of three dice, the highest number of points to decide. Satan has the first throw and shakes eighteen; Gabriel follows him and throws nineteen. That is the Miracle, and the soul is saved. Father Sunday is asked to give his version of a Miracle, and he agrees to do so. He tells his friends that God is not only the Light, but that God is Love—the great sacrificing Love of the Universe. His miracles surround us everywhere, and they are wrought for the benefit of His creatures on every day of their lives. To prove to his friends that it is possible to throw nineteen with three dice, Father Sunday tells them the Tale of Ancient Rome.

Chapter IV.

A Tale of Ancient Rome.

I AM going to take you back to the time of Nero, eighteen hundred years ago, when this tyrant held sway as the fourth emperor of the great Roman empire.

"History depicts him as the most cruel, revengeful, remorseless and lecherous of men; one who knew neither scruple nor hesitation in considering any crime, no matter how revolting, to gain an ambitious end or to satisfy a foul desire. It is difficult to believe that such blood-thirsty demons in human shape ever existed, but there is no reason to doubt that this man combined within his nature all the vices that accompany cruelty, treachery and lust.

"The great lesson taught by the life of such a character is this, that whenever power and authority are placed

into weak hands, and wherever weak minds govern, the catastrophe is inevitable; and the greater the authority the more calamitous will be the resulting upheaval.

"But even in a case like that of Nero, we should not be too hasty in our condemnation. He was a mere boy when the purple of imperial power was cast upon him by elements ready to make him what he readily became, because he was unripe to form opinions of his own. He was the result of a cruel system which fostered the aggrandization of a large faction or clique of idlers and iniquitous seekers after wealth and carnal pleasures to the exclusion of everything else.

"Rome had seen the beginning of its end, although it continued its existence for three more centuries. Powerful as it had been, this mighty mistress of the world was slowly beginning to crumble before that greater power of which I have spoken to you. Remember, my friends, that this power of love is certain to rule the world in the end in spite of all the tyrants that were ever born of woman.

"A lowly Nazarene had brought these glad tidings, which were heralded by the star of Bethlehem on the holy night, and this humble and mighty messenger was ignominiously put to death by the Romans thirty-two years before the events took place that I am now narrating.

"A holy structure built of ethics, morality and faith had been founded on a solid rock, an edifice which stands to-day as firmly as ever. The vicissitudes of centuries and the calumnies heaped upon it by its innumerable enemies have not been able to shake a single stone from its foundation.

"The golden seed having been put into the earth, the plant grew. It was nourished with floods of tears and with the most precious blood—and it had to grow. Those in sorrow and in perplexity turned to it and plucked from it the blossom of hope. And so there were many followers. But there was at that time only a handful, comparatively speaking, who had the temerity to acknowledge the authority of the church and to seek its teachings in the open. You have been taught in your history how those who dared to do so were persecuted, tortured and killed.

"Horrible methods of death were invented by the tyrant and his sycophants for these early martyrs who were willing and ready to lay down their lives for their faith.

"Lions devoured them; racks and pinions distorted their writhing bodies. Men and women were turned into living torches to shed light on still other excruciating cruelties too horrible to relate.

"But the demons were reckoning without the host. Christianity is not a weed to be stamped out, but a vigorous tree, spreading new limbs and branches with tender blossoms, in spite of all the cruel efforts to exterminate it. It appealed to many and many who were sorrow-laden and full of trouble, and those who joined the humble band of the lowly were not only from the common people, or the uncultured who had suffered most, but not infrequently from the very ranks of the noblest of Roman aristocracy.

"Many of these young noblemen were put to death, for no mercy was shown to those who abetted these accursed fishmongers, as they were called, because they recognized each other by the ridiculous symbol of a fish.

"There was one, however, for whom the cruel monster Nero had a fond affection, one whom he had sought out time and time again in order to shower his royal favors upon him.

"Do not think this strange, for inconsistent fancies are not rare in this world so full of inexplicable motives. Even in a tyrant an extreme of violent hate may alternate at times with an extreme of equally strong affection.

"The name of this young aristocrat was Auriga, and he was known as the most noble chariot racer of the Circus Maximus.

"Physically perfect, it was a pleasure to behold him. He was brave, he

was daring, he was intelligent. His manners were courteous, amiable and elegant, for he had been drilled in a school where politeness and faultless behavior were considered the prime necessities of a young noble.

"A change of heart had come over him. Perhaps the sensual court life and the voluptuous idleness of the daily routine had satiated this youth to the fill. He probably realized, as all stronger characters will, that a life without a content is not worth living, and that there must be an end to the round of profligacy, if one spark of manhood is to remain in the human breast.

"I am not going to repeat to you the story of the last days of Pompeii, for you are all familiar with it and have wept over its pages, but I want to say to you, that in this case, too, the love of a pure woman, the noblest of passions, conquered within him all desire for wealth, power and worldly achievement, and when the crisis came, this young man, Auriga, the favorite of Nero, became a follower of the lowly, for the sake of the Christian maiden Senoiande, for whom he cherished a pure and unselfish affection.

"Clandestinely his visits were made to the hidden places of worship, to the secret alleys and by-ways, and even to the fornices, the abodes of the fallen. The golden truth had to be sought by the devout within the charnel vaults of the city and in the very midst of its defilement and contamination.

"But the spies of the emperor discovered them in the end, and many a community of these harmless and earnest worshipers was brought before the blood-stained tribunal to be condemned to the torments of the most agonizing death. And in one of these secret places of hiding, where an altar had been raised to the glory of the Unseen, amidst environments unclean, they found Auriga, the young noble, the best-beloved of Nero.

"To find him there in this forbidden company, with the proof of his so-called guilt established beyond denial, gave a great delight to many who knew him and who had been dependent upon his generosity for years, and for the following reason:

"Those in high favor of the mighty have many enemies. Let the tide of fortune turn, and the men and women who were at one time oversmooth and profuse in their flattery, will face about very readily and malign and slander with the same avidity with which they fawned before.

"Perhaps I ought not to say this to you, for the reason that we should be ever ready to look for some condonation even in those who do us evil; but it is human nature to take the part of the one who is suffering; in this case the one who, reaching the brink of a precipice, is pushed over into the abyss by an old friend of his days of plenty.

"This is symbolized by the Judas kiss of betrayal, and it would show a weakness of character to attempt to condone such treachery.

"This great evil is the product of a frivolous world falsely devoted to carnality and pleasure; those who seek its preferment are scaling a ladder. The lucky ones on the upper rounds will step deliberately on the fingers of others clinging to a lower rung, regardless of the pain they may inflict; and the greedy ones below, if they possess a grip of sufficient strength, will snatch away a predecessor and hurl him to the bottom. If he break his neck, what of it? It is all in the race, in the race for worldly ambition.

"Slay him! that is the cry. Destroy him—that means, take from him thy favors and bestow them upon us who are so much more worthy of them. This ingrate failed you. We knew that he would, and did we not tell you so?

"And such was the natural outcome in this case. The climbers were fully prepared to pull Auriga out of their way and they were successful. When Nero heard through his vile mouthpieces that his friend had been found a worshiper among those whom he detested more than his blackest slaves

his wrath was unbounded.

"'Auriga, the noble of Rome! Impossible!' he cried, his face distorted with rage and his body in a horror-foreboding attitude.

"'What base ingratitude has been returned for all my imperial favors so willingly granted to one whom I loved better than a brother. My court seemed empty and joyless to me when he was absent, and when he came his smiles and genial bearing filled me with unreserved delight.'

"'And while I grieved his absence in melancholy verse expressive of my longing for him, he preferred the favors of a Christian wench to those of Rome, the mistress of the world!'

"Dire vengeance occupied his ferocious mind. He swore that he would exterminate the whole accursed Christian race; that he would search for the last one of these whimpering, moaning, sniveling vipers, and if it should take the light of burning Rome to find him. The vermin were to be crushed forever by his imperial heel. His ferocity had been goaded to the highest degree of intensity and it knew no bounds.

"I will leave a scene of this kind to your own imagination, to picture it to yourselves as vividly as you may wish, because it is difficult for me to give you an adequate description of a tyrant mad in his fury. My early education has not been conducive toward perfecting me in drawing mental pictures of horror and depravity.

"I will pass over all these details very quickly and take up at once the outcome of Nero's rage.

"'Auriga is to die. He is to be slowly tortured to death before the eyes of Senoiande, who is to be a witness to the pangs and the pains of her lover from the beginning of his agony to his last breath. To her, however, a punishment worse than death has been dictated by imperial decree. She is to become a slave of the lowest order of slaves, an inmate of the fornix, of the vault that contains living death in its most repulsive form.

"When Auriga was informed of the decision of the tribunal he was overcome with grief. Not that he feared death with all its tortures, for willingly would he lay down his life to save that of Senoiande, but the cruel decree made death to her more preferable than life.

"In all perplexities we begin to think intensely; that is, we search with the light of hope, be it ever so stunted and flickering, for some method by which we may avoid or overcome the threatening avalanche.

"Auriga in his confinement gave himself to such thought, and the end of all his deliberation was one conclusion. An audience with Nero, that was it. He would plead to him, not for his life but for her death. He would humiliate himself before the tyrant to seek a favor. He had never sought one before; favors were always granted to him before he asked them. But now he would ask the only one; he would beg of Nero to let Auriga and Senoiande die together.

"He still possessed gold. This is a very peculiar metal. It not only shapes itself readily into trinkets and ornaments, but it also lends itself to making useful articles. For instance, it makes the best kind of a key. A little thin key of gold will fit any lock, and doors will open to this instrument even though they be rodded with steel bars as thick as an arm. It is a very precious metal this yellow gold. It required thirty pieces of silver to betray the Redeemer; one small piece of gold would have done the same thing.

"Understand me, my friends; I do not wish to imply that in the hands of the righteous gold may not be a precious metal, indeed; it may become a medium of great good and carry blessings to those who give it and to those who accept it. It depends entirely on the spirit in which it is offered and on the mental attitude of those who are willing to take it.

"Auriga's gold paved the way to Nero's court. He accomplished that which he desired, to be permitted to speak once more to his august master, his one-time imperial companion, and

to bid him farewell forever.

"Nero would not deny him this last request. He had just lost Burrhus, one who had been very close to him also, and this death somewhat relaxed the temper of his hardened soul.

"Let him humble himself before me; it will give me the gratification of seeing him crouch and lick the dust, and of hearing him beg miserably for a life that I would have been willing to shelter with my own body, had the occasion arisen. Thus Nero.

"And so it came to pass that Auriga was permitted to enter, for the last time, the court of the mighty ruler of the Roman empire.

"It visibly affected Nero, the cruel fiend, to see before him and at his feet the former companion of his pleasures. The love he had borne him for so long had not been entirely obliterated even by this act which Nero, from his viewpoint, considered the blackest of treacheries.

"Then came Auriga's passionate plea for *her*. He made no attempt to shield himself. In a fervent statement he declared openly his faith in the suffering Nazarene, whose teachings of love had softened the atrophy of his heart; and he told the Emperor and his court that he had found at last the great spiritual stimulus for which his soul had thirsted during many years of frivolity, until this change came upon him as a divine revelation. He admitted his affection for Senoiande, whom he loved more than all else on earth; more than his people, more than his life and more than his Caesar.

" 'Her God is my God, and whither she goeth I shall go, if thou, O, Nero, wilt not hold her from me.'

"He called back to mind, with tears choking his voice, their friendship of the olden days, when Nero, himself a boy, cherished a tender and pure affection, and he built upon this the hope that the emperor would grant him the only favor ever asked, the one last wish—to let them die together.

"The court was silent and in deep thought. The culprit had pleaded—not for his life, but for the death of a person as insignificant as a house fly, a female, who under any other circumstance or condition would have met this fate, anyway.

"Generosity was never more easily purchasable than by granting the demand of this pleading idiot, who asked as a favor what both deserved as a punishment. Let him have her and let them cross the Stygean river together. Lamenting misery loves company; away with them to the Tartarus. Grant them their wish in thy great humanity, noble Nero!

"Nero, unlike himself, sat upon his seat of state resembling a statue. If emotions filled his stone heart at that moment, his features gave no indication of them. His ugly, cruel face remained immobile and his glassy stare was riveted to a distant point; his flabby cheeks were deathly pale and his lips compressed.

"At last he spoke, but the tone of his voice did not betoken a spark of sympathy. It was as icy as his exterior. His words were as cruel javelins hurled to inflict pain.

"What he said was that this conspirator had betrayed his state. His crime had been weighed in a balance by a duly constituted tribunal; he had been found guilty of sedition and the death sentence had been imposed upon him. All had been regular and the incident ended.

"The case of this traitor did not concern the girl; her life was not in jeopardy; may she live—within her proper environment—for all eternity.

"Now came this fallen noble and asked that she die with him, and—under the laws of Rome—that cannot be.

"After being silent for some time, Nero spoke again and said—and he said it slowly and deliberately, as if in deep thought:

" 'But it is my imperial prerogative to recognize this case from another point of view and that is—that both may live.'

" 'Thus have I cogitated: it lies within my power to let him die or to

let him live, and neither mental inclination hath as yet obtained the mastery over the other. I shall therefore abide by the deed of *chance* to make a decision that I, myself, feel unprepared to render.'

"Those of the court who witnessed this strange behavior of their emperor felt intuitively that it would be dangerous to dwell on this subject any longer, or to suggest discussion, and so they silently acquiesced.

"And thus it all came to pass. Auriga is to consider his person a stake to be gambled for; he is to raffle for his life, with whom? with the man who executes the sentences of death, as an antagonist.

"If he win back his life—this gift of God which is held so cheaply—he may share it with the Christian girl under one condition, that both leave Rome for foreign lands forever. If he lose, his life is forfeited to the State, and the tribunal's sentence is to be executed in all its diabolical cruelty." . .

"It has taken some time, my dear friends, to get to the point of my story, and I crave pardon for wearying you, but it seemed necessary to me, in order to make the lesson an attractive one, to dwell briefly on the characters involved, and also on their environment, which may have been incorrectly drawn because of my lack of knowledge in historical detail.

"I shall rely somewhat on my own imagination in describing to you a method of casting dice in Rome as a state function to which the public had access. The cubes then in use were much larger than those in the custody of the keeper of the inn dedicated to the antlers of the elk, but in all other respects they were the same."

Jux smiled significantly.

"They were put into an urn, which was agitated for a few moments, and were then spilled from above into a masonry pit, some ten feet deep and six feet in diameter, on the stone floor of which they rolled about until they came to rest. The result was read from the upper edge of the pit, which was encircled by a highly ornamented stone railing.

"The same plan of procedure was followed in this case that you have so interestingly described, Jux, in the story of your Satanic friend. The prerogative of the first throw was held by the state official, and it was agreed that the highest number of points shaken at one single cast of three dice should decide the question of the life or the death of a human being.

"The events preceding the ominous day of this trial by chance are unnecessary to this narrative.

"Auriga's heart was filled with joyous hope, and his prayers, combined with those of the pure maiden Senoiande, were fervent and frequent.

" 'God help Thy humble servants so that they may be permitted to continue to labor in Thy field; to bring Thy heavenly balsam to bleeding wounds and Thy manna to those who are hungry of soul. But let Thy will be done. If death is to be the sequel, then give us strength and fortitude to meet it for Thine own sake, and take us to Thy heavenly garden and plant these wilted flowers in Thy field of eternal peace.'

"The sombre day arrived and the solemn hour brought the participants to the pit that yawned upon them like an open sepulchre.

"Many of the morbid had gathered there to witness this struggle between a fair youth on one side and horrible, grinning death on the other. It promised an interesting excitement.

"There were few preliminaries. The chief executioner of the tribunal's decisions prepared the dice for the first throw. They were placed within the urn, and after rattling them about, he cast them to the floor below. They rolled about for a few moments and finally came to rest, each with its six uppermost—just as in your case, Jux—eighteen.

"The suspense depicted on the countenance of the prisoner gave way to an expression of hopeless woe and despondency. The hope that had buoyed up his spirit left him for the moment, and he felt like one stunned

and stricken to the earth. Defeat, torture and the grave for him; and for her . . .

"The probability of casting the same number was so far removed from him that it seemed needless to make the effort. But while grief, prosternation and bitter disappointment were filling his heart, his soul was suddenly quickened by that implicit faith in an almighty power; and the thought flashed upon him, kindled by a new spark of hope:—the same throw and we will try again—to win.

"The dice, having been recovered, were replaced within the urn which was handed to Auriga. He held it to his heart for one brief moment, and with a fervent prayer he threw the dice violently into the pit below.

"And here happened the great miracle.

"Two of the dice rolled about the stone floor and came to rest with their sixes uppermost; the third one, by reason of the violence with which they had been thrown, was cleft in twain, in such wise as to leave a six and a one, and these two numbers now settled themselves into position alongside of the two sixes already lying there. So that there were in reality nineteen, three sixes and a one.

"When this remarkable coincidence, as it was called, was brought to Nero's ears, it must have softened his stone heart for the moment. He said sternly: 'Auriga hath won. Nero is beaten.'

"Now, my good friends, you will probably adhere strictly to your view of such things, and you will call an occurrence of this kind a coincidence, but I shall cling to my belief in a divine intercession, and I want to impress upon your minds this great lesson: that if it be God's wish to have recourse to a miracle, it lies within His power to do so without violating a single law of nature about which you are always concerning yourselves so seriously and know so little. These laws are His laws and He will not break them; on the contrary, He will substantiate them by the numerous miracles wrought in His infinite wisdom on every day of our lives for the benefit of His children whom He loves.

"And as for you, my dear friends, keep a clean and sane mind in a clean and healthy body, and—leave the rest to Him."

* * * *

After Father Dimanche had completed his narrative there was neither applause nor visible sign of approbation, but a long silence indicated that the story, which he had drawn extemporaneously from his imagination, had not failed in impressing his hearers.

No one laughed; the frame of mind at the moment appeared not to be propitious to boisterous humor.

The Father laughingly broke the stillness himself by saying:

"Now, landlord, after this long story of mine with which I have afflicted our friends, I, too, would like something to refresh my parched palate. A glass of your renowned Burgundy will find within me a most thankful appreciation.

"Come, Dry-dock, let us enjoy a glass of wet wine; your dry wines suggest to me the barrenness of a desert without an oasis.

"And why so silent, my friends? What is the matter with you, friend Naphtali; have you taken cold? Your eyes appear to be running."

The astute Naphtali replied, with a pronounced disappointment in his tone, and accompanying his remarks by certain inimitable gesticulations peculiar to his own:

"I taught I vould learn about miracles someting; but I vont to tell you, Fadder Sunday, dot I am shust as wise before as I vas now."

That broke the lull, and all seemed to desire to talk at once; finally, they separated into groups of three or four, seating themselves around small tables to indulge in an individual discussion of the evening's entertainment which had given them so much food for thought.

Later on, Jux complimented Father Sunday, and in the name of the assembled citizens of the free State of Cali-

fornia, he thanked him for his kindness and for his interest in their daily affairs. He admitted gracefully that in this particular argument he had been worsted.

"But, there is one thing I want you to tell me, Father Sunday, and that is this: where did you ever learn so much about dice as to know that the six and the one are immediately opposite to one another? Even my rather intricate technical knowledge of the various apparatus of this kind, as deposited in the archives of the Elkhorn Saloon, never led me as deeply into details as that."

"It shows you," answered the Father, "that I am not a dreamer."

The end of the evening's gathering had arrived, and the adjournment was general. A post-pioneer town was fast asleep at ten post meridiem. The "better halves" were at home and alone, and it was dangerous for the "lesser halves" to extend the absence from the respective nuclei of their domestic felicities beyond a certain hour. On several occasions when this had happened, the more determined ones of the post-pioneer wives appeared in person, under the leadership of the "equation of time," and like the women of Weinsberg in 1140, took away their tardy treasures by some rather energetic muscularity.

And now the guests of the inn dispersed, and it did not take them long to find the modest little homes that sheltered and protected their families. They walked through the lonesome streets, in groups at first and then alone, until one after another had disappeared.

But Jux, the dreamer, he remained out in the stillness of the night, alone with it in meditation, until sleep should take him to his abode later on.

It was then somewhat after ten o'clock on a cool, clear night in the early January, Anno Domini, 1867. There was no moon, but the sky was brilliant. The air was so clear that the heavens appeared to be ablaze with countless stars.

Look, gentle dreamer Jux, this dome of sparkling resplendence covered ancient Rome, with all these precious jewels in position as you see them now.

Let us gaze at it in wonderment, and let it inspire us all with its overpowering grandeur.

While Pegasus droops its wings behind the western mountain range, the roaring Lyon is slowly appearing in the east. The northern heavens are somewhat obscured by a range of low hills on which the forefathers of the hamlet sleep in hallowed earth. Looking in that direction and to the left, immediately over God's acre, there stands the symbol of California, the great Bear, emblazoned in lines of burning gold on the eternal sky.

And immediately opposite, how beautiful the southern canopy. On such a January night a diadem of the most brilliant jewels embraces like a mighty aureola a part of that glorious galaxy which is stunning to the senses in its expansive display of magnificence.

Starting with Capella (the gem of Auriga), the eye seeks involuntarily the circular sweep downwards to Castor and Pollux, to Procyon and to the great burning jewel Sirius; following the river Eridanus to Cetus the whale, the curve ascends through Aries to Perseus in the Milky Way. And within this embrasure shine out its denizens, the daughters of Atlas:

"The bashful, twinkling Pleiades
Leading the weeping Hyades,"

while below, in all his majestic splendor blazons forth the great Orion, the gigantic huntsman, the son of Neptune.

One look into the depth of such a sky, and the over-awed human mind will realize the insignificance of mortal man, and with deep emotion it will awaken to a solemn recognition of this fact: that, as in the smallest flowret that our feet may crush on earth below, so there above us in all its vastness, it lies, spread out for all eternity—the Miracle.

(*The End.*)

Sunk

By Ralph N. Varden

SHE WAS an old battleship whose day of power was long past. At the great naval review held to celebrate the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, you might have seen her in one of the proudest stations of the Fleet; but when the Great War broke out hers was the least of the Battle Squadrons, and she herself a neglected unit at the very tail of British Sea Power, almost ready for the ship-breaker's yard. War brought her to life again and to a glorious end. Being one of the ships concerned in the much discussed Test Mobilization of the Third Fleet which took the place of Naval Maneuvres in 1914, she was unusually ready when war broke out: full complement on board, guns' crews less rusty than usual, and showing a remarkable turn of speed for a lady of her years, though slow as a dray compared with her younger sisters. In company with others of her age and kind she made part of that strange squadron, a motley of ancient and modern, headed by the greatest ship in the world, which won renown at the Dardanelles. Written off by the callous Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as "of no military significance," she yet told her tale of shelling sound and fury to the Turkish enemy in such a fashion as to make it signify some considerable damage to him, and to show that even the tail of our Sea Power had a good deal of nasty sting left in it.

One morning in May, 1915, she entered the Straits, the last of five battleships in line ahead told off to support an advance of the troops on shore. With their guns trained on the European side they turned their backs, as it were, upon the Turkish batteries on the Asiatic shore, and when the latter began to bother them our ship was ordered to take station somewhere off Kum Kale and enfilade the Turkish position with her 12-inch guns. Steadily all day the booming of the guns sounded across the water and went echoing up the Hellespont: and, as if to prove that this was something more than Battle Practice at last, a spout of water would rise now and then not a cable's length ahead and others of the same round about. Rarely, and even then without great effect, did enemy shells fall aboard; but they came near enough to keep the ship's company awake and lively all day. In the soft evening light the guns of this enfilading ship looked like long gray pencils, but where the lead should have been there came ever and anon a red tongue that flashed and vanished: and after the red tongue a great cloud: and after the cloud a voice of thunder: and far up the Asiatic shore the shell found its mark. Then sunset came and put an end to the noisy day's work; and the ship took her night station under the lea of the European shore, put out her torpedo netting anew like a great steel skirt, and lay awaiting the return of day. Darkness gathered about her with that sudden descent which surprises men from the north used to the long twilight of summer, and long before midnight land and sea were lost to view under the heavy cloak of a black starless sky.

The officer of the watch, a Royal Naval Reserve lieutenant from the Orkneys, peered into the night and listened to the low gurgle and murmur of the tide running strongly through the torpedo netting and making the ship swing slowly to her anchor. And as he listened an old Orcadian rhyme came into his head:

"Eynhallow frank, Eynhallow free,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the sea;

With a roarin' roost on every side,
Eynhallow stands in the middle of the tide."

So he stood: in the middle of another tide with a roarin' roost on every side, and a ship under his feet which seemed as firm as the Eynhallow rock itself. Little did he think that before dawn she would prove but a frail refuge. As little did he realize that the campaign on which he was engaged was but the latest link in a long chain of stirring events that had made the Hellespont famous from the most distant times. Had he been of a reflective turn of mind he might have conjured up before him the whole matchless pageant of history that lies folded in those narrow waters: the Trojan scene: the oft-repeated passage of that great sea-river by conquerors from East and West: the glory of Byzantium and its decay: the prowess and cruelty of the Ottoman Turks: and all the lore of those waters on ancient memory. But he was a simple seaman from the merchant service, drawn into the service of the King at war, and no such high historic thoughts came to distract him from the duties of his watch.

Presently he was joined by another officer who come up from below for a breath of night air. They talked together for a while, recalling the incidents of the day's work, speculating upon the old theme of Ships vs. Forts, pitying the "poor devils ashore" who were never out of fire, and wondering when Achi Baba would fall. They talked "shop" because there was nothing else to talk about; and though the subjects never varied they never seemed to lose their zest. In every ward-room of the motley fleet assembled round the snout of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the same kind of talk might be heard, varied a little in each ship, and always flavored with the expressive service slang so beloved and so little understood by the Gentlemen of the Press who accompanied them. The officer of the watch and his companion continued their conversation in low tones for a while, and then stood for a moment silent. With a "Good night: I'm going to turn in," the latter had set his foot on the topmost rail of the steel ladder and was about to descend when a sudden exclamation arrested him. He turned.

"What's that?" said the officer of the watch in a sharp whisper.

"Where?"

"Over there," he pointed to the shore on the port side.

"I can't see a thing."

They strained their eyes, peering out into the night. They listened intently, but heard nothing except the murmuring tide now sounding its eerie accompaniment to the inaudible movement out of sight. They strained their ears; but neither sight nor hearing but some other uncanny sense was awake in them hinting of something about to happen.

The officer of the watch spoke again:

"I can't see a thing and I can't hear anything; but I swear there's something moving out there." He pointed again to the European shore.

"Troops, perhaps?"

"Can't be; we'd have been warned."

They waited again in silence. How long they stood tense, neither could afterwards say: each second was a long agony of suspense. The eddying tide whispered and bubbled beneath them. A faint stirring of the night air caressed their faces. But to their anxious questions no answer came. In the deep shadow under the land there was a secret, holding life or death perhaps, a moving threat hidden in the night? But what it was? or whence? or why? they could not tell.

Suddenly the officer of the watch clutched his companion's arm.

"A destroyer. Look!"

Just where a gully dipped to the sea there was a patch where land and water met that was faintly luminous. It was not light: merely less black than the rest: but the contrast was enough to give the eye an impression of light. With bursting pulses the watch-keeper saw a long, low, black

shape pass stealthily across the patch.

"Shall I challenge? It may be one of our 'Beagles' coming back from the Narrows. They went up towards Chanak, two of them, after dinner. I saw them."

"No; it can't be. They'd never come like that. You've had no signal from the Flagship?"

"No."

"Then it's der Tag for us, old man! Keep your eye on him, and I'll tell the skipper. You'd better pass the word foi 'Action Stations' to the port battery. We must be quick about it, and quiet; otherwise our number's up."

He went to rouse the captain. The officer of the watch made his preparations, watched his orders being swiftly and almost noiselessly carried out, and turned again to peer through the darkness. Two minutes passed. He inflated his "Gieve," and as he tucked away the tube, a faint splash was heard in the darkness away on the port-beam.

"God! A torpedo," he exclaimed.

He waited for the torpedo to strike —another long suspense: but within thirty seconds the splash was answered by a roar from the 4-inch port battery of his own ship. Tongues of flame leapt from the muzzles, lighting up the night, and the shells whistled to their all but invisible mark. But before they could fire another round, the torpedo struck. The ship quivered, a tremor running through every plate and rivet: her stern shivered like the hind-quarters of a dog coming out of water. Then she was heaved upwards by some monstrous power beneath. A great spout of water rose, and a great flame leapt out of the ship's belly with a deafening roar, sending its licking tongues high in the midnight sky. And all this was simultaneous: the quiver, the heave, the spout, and the flame were all blended in one vast, hot, terrifying chaos. A second explosion followed, rending the ship to her very vitals. Guns, boats, men, all were flung into the air like leaves in a whirlwind: one of the steamboats was seen spinning like a blazing top a hundred feet up in the air. The great ship herself reeled over to port, hung awhile with her decks steep aslant, and then plunged with a terrible hiss and roar to the bottom. The spot where she had been was thick with men and debris, the awful flotsam of a torpedoed battleship now lit up by a searchlight's occasional gleam. The risk to other ships was too great at first to permit anything more than a momentary and fitful use of their welcome beams by the destroyers and auxiliary craft hastening to the rescue. Death might still lurk in the dark corners of the land on either side. And so, until the screening patrols had swept the strait, a wholesome caution shrouded the life-saving operations in gloom. Even without the pall of darkness the night was eerie enough. The cries of the injured men suffering agonies in the ice cold water rang hideously through the still air; and though the work of rescue was well and quickly done as the picket boats and trawlers nosed their way about, death was too often too quick for them; and of those that lived, even with all the dispatch and skill of the rescuers, many a survivor suffered the tortures of the damned in a desperate struggle with the freezing cold and the still more freezing fear that in the confusion and darkness he would not be picked up.

Two hours later the last search-light had swept the eddying surface, the last picket boat had returned. The sudden danger had passed, leaving a wreck in its track; and the

"Waters of Asia, westward beating waves
Of estuaries, and mountain-warded straits,
Whose solitary beaches long had lost
The ashen glimmer of the dying day,
Listened in darkness to their own lone sound
Moving about the shores of sleep . ."

II

The following evening four officers sat at a bridge table in the deck smoking room of an auxiliary lying

in Mudros harbor. A burly merchant captain, wearing the woven stripes of a lieutenant commander in the R. N. R. —the "tea-cosy" decoration, as a facetious merchant skipper once called it; his chief engineer, a good Scot, in great demand all over the harbor for his inexhaustible stock of yarns; a lieutenant commander, R. N., rescued ten days before from a torpedoed battleship, and now awaiting "disposal"; and a King's messenger in the uniform of the Volunteer Reserve—as well-mixed a foursome as ever played a hand. The call of war had brought them together from their vocations of peace and had dumped them temporarily in the good ship Fauvette, which was wont in happier times to ply a busy trade between London and Bordeaux. They had hardly dealt the cards for a second game when a movement on deck disturbed them, and before they could rise to ascertain the cause a troupe of strangely clad youngsters appeared at the door.

"May we come in, sir?" said one of them, who was, in sober truth, a "thing of shreds and patches."

"Make yourselves at home, boys," said the skipper, waving a chubby hand round the room.

A signal man entered with his pad, and handed it to the skipper.

"Gad! Of course," he cried, "you are the stowaways we've been expecting all day. Well, what's it like being torpedoed?"

There was silence. None of these midshipmen was adept at public speech in the presence of unknown superiors. So for the moment the skipper's question remained unanswered. As they settled in a group in the corner of the smoking room they presented a fine study in motley. Every stitch on their backs had been borrowed from willing lenders. One waddled in the blue overalls of a benevolent but too burly friend; another looked like an example of record promotion, for there were three gold stripes half concealed under the folded cuff of a sleeve that was a hand's-length too long for the wearer; a third wore the tweeds of a war correspondent, who had doubtless exacted "copy" as interest on the loan of his clothes; and the rest of them, in various ways, completed the picture of incongruity. But for all that they had passed through one of the greatest ordeals of war, they showed but little sign of strain or fatigue, and only asked whether they might have something to smoke and whether they could write home. Their needs were supplied; and the skipper repeated his question:

"Come on and tell us what it's like being torpedoed."

"It's always the same," broke in the lieutenant-commander at the card-table. "A frightful din: and a bit of a shake an' a heave, and then you're in the water. Your 'Gieve' does the rest. That's all there is to it."

"*I wish to God it was,*" said a new hollow voice at the door. "I was on watch when the damned thing struck us, and I was in the water among the bodies for a hell of a time; and if that's all you know when your packet sank, you're lucky. Damned lucky!" he repeated slowly in a dull voice.

The figure in the doorway was at once familiar and strange, like that of a strong man grown suddenly wizened. He was visibly shrunken; and as he walked unsteadily across the room and sat down on a swivel seat, he talked continuously but almost incoherently, half to himself and half to the watching group. The contrast between him and the unscathed midshipmen was very strong and unexpected. He and they had come from the same ship, passed through the same night of alarm and been hauled out of the same cold waters by the same rescuing hands. The experience had set no mark upon the boys: yet in the grown man it had wrought such a sea-change as made one almost fear to look at him. His tanned cheeks were still brown, but it was a bloodless tint; and the lines that seamed his face gave him a sepulchral look. His eyes alone were bright—too bright. The softer quality that makes the human eye so expressive was gone, and there remained a vivid stare as

of eyes straining to see the invisible. There he was, in our company, but certainly not of it; for his brain was working and wandering whither we could not follow, and the words that came from his lips were the half-automatic expression of an absent mind. "Gimme a cig'ret," he said with the husky, slurred articulation of a drunken man: and he sat puffing and biting the end of it into pulp. Then he would grip the short arms of his seat, start up and look downwards between his knees, and then sit down again with a look of shamed annoyance. He was clearly struggling hard to get away from something, and we were powerless to help him.

We tried to distract him. The steward brought a tray loaded with sandwiches and drinks, which he refused. We were getting a little uneasy about our strange guest; the doctor whom the skipper had sent for was long in coming, and each renewal of our efforts to divert the patient failed. We gave him the "Bystander" and "Punch" but he was beyond the reach of Bairnsfather and George Morrow; we tried to draw him into a game at the table—poker, bridge, patience, anything—but he remained immovable.

At last the doctor, a thick set bearded Fleet Surgeon, came and took charge, and reversed our procedure. Where we had been gentle, almost timid, he was rough. Where we had coaxed, he ordered. Where we had fumbled and faltered with the unknown he acted with the confidence of experience. After a rapid examination and cross-examination, in the course of which he drew more from his victim in five minutes than we had extracted in an hour and more, he hustled him below and packed him into a bunk with various aids to sleep which he did not specify. Then the Fleet Surgeon returned to the smoking room.

"You're a bright lot," he said: "why didn't you put him to bed at once? He's absolutely done: but if he can sleep he will be all right soon. Never seen a man quite so worn out."

"Do you mean to say that he's only tired? He looked like going off his chump."

"So would you if your nerves had been living on shocks without any solid support. What he went through has got such a hold on him that until he's had a good twenty-four hours' sleep as a preliminary and a course of feeding up and regular sleep without any work to do after that, he won't quite know where he is. But I bet he's sitting up and taking nourishment this time tomorrow. He was on the verge of being a bad case, but we've caught him just in time."

The doctor was right. Our patient slept till midday next day, took a light meal and slept again till sunset. Then he awoke and dined; but in an hour he was asleep again. Clearly he had been put to bed at the psychological moment. By the following afternoon he was taking the air in a deck chair, and ready—perhaps a little too ready for his health—to talk about the sinking of his ship.

When the explosion occurred he was thrown clear of the ship on the starboard side. He was half-stunned, but his swimming waistcoat kept him afloat. The rest must be told in his own words:

"I don't know how long it was before I realized where I was: but it was long enough to let me get pretty cold. You know what the water's like. I picked up two men close by me, still swimming, but pretty nearly done. Neither of them had belts on. One, I knew by his voice, was a ward room steward. They hung on to me for a while, the "Gieve" keeping us all afloat so long as we made a bit of an effort ourselves. We could hear the picket-boats going about, and sometimes a searchlight picked us up; but nothing came near enough to rescue us. And before long one of the fellows hanging on to me began to groan and his teeth chattered. I told him to keep moving: but it was no good. He slipped off, and I never saw him again. That was bad enough; but when the other fellow's teeth began the same game, I got the creeps; but I couldn't save

him, and after a few moments he went too.

It was a ghastly feeling. The sudden silence, and the cold creeping right into me made me want to give up too, when suddenly I thought I had touched bottom. I tried to walk, but the thing I touched slipped away, and I realized with a shudder what it was. And after that I swear I must have touched a dozen of them before I was picked up. That's what knocked me out. But, I say, let's chuck it. I must get away from it."

He passed his hand over his face. The old troubled look came back: and for the moment I could see that, like Orestes pursued by the Furies, his spirit was haunted by the ghosts of the men whose bodies his feet had touched in the dark waters of the Hellespont. He had indeed suffered a sea change, and the war was over for him.

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Duality of the Bible," by Sidney C. Tapp, Ph. B.

In his latest book, "Duality of the Bible," Sidney Tapp, the Kansas City philosopher, has followed the lines of thought which individualized his previous writings. During the years which he spent as a practicing attorney, the author became convinced that practically all crime, insanity, degeneracy and disease resulted directly or indirectly, from sex abuse, and originated in the sex brain.

These observations, reinforced by further research, resulted in his series of books, of which "Duality of the Bible" is the fourth. The basis of the theory is that sex being the fundamental principle of organic existence, the sex impulse is the parent of other impulses.

Man is considered as a dual nature or existence. Spirituality is non-sexual as opposed to carnality which is sexual. Love and charity are recognized as the products of spirituality, while the base passions, greed, envy and hate, are considered as being the offsprings of carnality or sexuality. Thus as spirituality increases the noble impulses increase in a like ratio, while carnality with its attendant evils decrease conversely.

"Duality of the Bible" is a book of many angles. In the manner of its presentation it is unique, radical, revolutionary. The author cannot hope for its universal acceptance, neither need he fear its universal condemnation. To some it may appear as the asceticism of the early centuries of Christianity, to some as a work on sociology, to some as a treatise on metaphysics, to some merely as a morbid idea. The magnitude of the subject, its many ramifications, its endless possibilities, tend to controversy in an age in which scientific research and discussion are uncensored.

In submitting his book to the public the author says:

"The purpose of this book, and of my other books on the Bible, is to produce a pure and clean race; to empty the insane asylums, hospitals and jails, to produce a stronger race physically and mentally, and a pure race spiritually. Christianity in its purity, as Christ taught it, will do this, and the purpose of my books is to educate the race in its purity."

While the thought is old, the manner in which the author has presented it is so unusual as to create interest.

Sidney C. Tapp, International Biblical Society, Kansas City, Mo.

"The Pan-German Unmasked," by Andre Cheradame, with an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer, O. M.

M. Cheradame is a diplomat of practical experience, but he is chiefly known as one of the few far-sighted individuals who have for many years

foreseen and prophesied the German aggression and its consequences in the present stupendous war. His prophecies, reiterated at frequent periods in the past, have been fulfilled with uncanny precision in the events of the last two and a half years, and his "Pan-German Plot Unmasked," completed before the recent important occurrences in the Balkans, forecasts with equal fidelity the German "peace trap," or the menace of "the drawn war," foreseen by him long before the recent proposals had emanated from Berlin, and which he regards as the most dangerous and sinister card in the hands of the Central Powers.

The book goes to the root of the whole matter, and exposes the basic causes and purposes of the German war of conquest—a catastrophe which has been slowly developing in accordance with certain very definite and inexorable principles. The entire upheaval is revealed as the logical fruitage of the long and carefully prepared Pan-German plot for world dominion, and the author, who has made an almost lifelong study of this phenomenon, shows us just what significance it has for the rest of the civilized world —including neutrals.

The central and almost indisputable contention granted, it is marvelous to note how all other problems fall into proper place. The book gives the key to the world-war—and at its touch all doors to a clear understanding of many perplexing issues are flung open as if by magic, and the distinct and common object of all the Allies, in its political, territorial and spiritual aspects, is at once revealed.

$1.25 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Wildfire," by Zane Grey.

Wildfire is a wild stallion which is finally captured by a man who has put his whole soul into the pursuit of this magnificent creature. A girl chances upon the spot where the captor lies wounded after his successful pursuit, and she wins the affections of both man and horse. She is the daughter of a man whose pride in his horses is almost greater than his love for her. She rides Wildfire in her father's race and beats his favorite. The stallion becomes the center and cause of human loves, jealousies and crimes. The girl is kidnapped and a terrible fate is upon her when Wildfire, ridden by his captor, runs the greatest race of his life. Those dramatic scenes take place against the dramatic background of Colorado canyons.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

"An Adequate Diet," by Percy G. Stiles, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Physiology, Harvard University.

A brisk survey of the eternal diet problem is furnished in succinct form. The author covers the field ranging from the instincts of animals in eating to the gourmet dining in lavish freedom of taste. Somewhere across this field lies the diet that affords the best results to the average man, and the author endeavors to approximate this point through scientific study and practical experiment.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

Another of John Masefield's earlier works has just been republished. This is "Lost Endeavour," a stirring story of adventure, dealing with pirates and buccaneers and life on the seas in a day when an ocean trip was beset with all kinds of dangers and excitements. Those who have enjoyed "Captain Margaret" and "Multitude and Solitude" will find this tale equally exhilarating.

Parker in California.

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose novel, "The World for Sale," was published last autumn, has gone to California, where he expects to spend the rest of the winter, working on his next novel, which will appear serially in Harper's Magazine.



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To Jack London

By George Sterling

Oh, was there ever face, of all the dead,
In which, too late, the living could not read
A mute appeal for all the love unsaid—
A mute reproach for careless word and deed?

And now, dear friend of friends, we look on thine,
To whom we could not give a last farewell,—
On whom, without a whisper or a sign,
The deep, unfathomable Darkness fell.

Oh! Gone beyond us, who shall say how far?
Gone swiftly to the dim Eternity,
Leaving us silence, or the words that are
To sorrow as the foam is to the sea.

Unfearing heart, whose patience was so long!
Unresting mind, so hungry for the truth!
Now hast thou rest, O gentle one and strong,
Dead like a lordly lion in its youth!

Farewell! although thou know not, there alone.
Farewell! although thou hear not in our cry
The love we would have given had we known.
Ah! And a soul like thine—how shall it die?



Entrance to the present Jack London farm residence, Valley of the Moon.

—See page 411.



Sizing up new prize short horn stock, Jack London farm.

See page 411.



Cruising up the wide reaches of the San Joaquin River, California. (1914.)

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The late Jack London.

A Study of Jack London in His Prime

By

George Wharton James

AT THE beginning of the year (1912), Jack London was thirty-six years old. In those thirty-six years he has managed to crowd the experiences of a country lad on a farm, a street newsboy, a schoolboy, a member of a street-gang, a boy Socialist street orator, a voracious reader of books from the public library, an oyster bed patrol to catch oyster pirates, a longshoreman, a salmon fisher, able to sail any kind of a rude vessel on the none too smooth waters of San Francisco Bay, a sailor before the mast, seal hunting in the Behring Sea, a member of the Henry Clay debating club, a strenuous advocate of the Socialist Labor party, a student in the Oakland high school, a freshman in the University of California, a gold seeker in the Klondike, a driver of wolf-dogs over the snows of the frozen North, stricken with scurvy, one of three who embarked in an open boat and rode nineteen hundred miles in nineteen days down the Yukon to the Behring Sea, an orphan compelled to support his widowed mother and a nephew, a short story writer, a war correspondent, a



On the Snark's lifeboat, Solomon Islands, South Seas, 1908. Mrs. London is laughing at the amateur photographer's efforts to get a "good" picture.

novelist, an essayist, the owner and worker of a magnificent estate of over a thousand acres, the builder of the "Snark," which he navigated through the Pacific and the South Seas to Australia, and taught himself navigation while in actual charge of the "Snark" on the high seas; the planter of two hundred thousand eucalyptus trees on his estate; the engineer and constructor of miles of horse trails or bridle-paths through the trees, on the hillsides and in the canyons of his estate; and now the builder of one of the most striking, individualistic, comfortable and endurable home mansions ever erected on the American continent. He has a list of thirty-one books to his credit, seven of them novels, one of them being one of the most popular books of its time and still selling by the thousand, another a book of social studies of the underworld of London that ranks with General Booth's "Submerged Tenth," Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives," William T. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," and surpasses them all in the vivid intensity



Aboard the "Roamer," in the confluences of the Sacramento and San Joaquin River, California (1915).

of its descriptions and the fierce passion for the downtrodden that it displays. His "War of the Classes," "The Iron Heel," and "Revolution," are bold and fearless presentations of his views on present-day social conditions, and what they are inevitably leading to, unless the leaders of the capitalistic class become more human and humane in dealing with the working classes. His "Before Adam," one of the best and most comprehensive of books on authropology, whether written by English, French, German or American, sets before the reader a clear and scientifically deduced conception of the upgrowth of the human race prior to the historic era when Adam and Eve appear.

His books have been translated into German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish and Russian, and wherever men think and talk and read, Jack London and his stories, his novels, his social theories are talked about, praised, abused, lauded and discussed. In Sweden he is the most popular foreign author. There Cali-



Jack London and Mrs. London aboard the U. S. S. Kilpatrick at Galveston, Texas, at the time that vessel sailed to Vera Cruz, Mexico, with General Funston and troops to handle the Mexican disturbances. Spring of 1914. London was acting as a war correspondent should trouble ensue.

fornia is known as Jack-London-Land.

Who, then, shall say that he has not lived? For good or evil he has made a profound impression upon his generation. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written, pro and con, about him and his work by critics of every school, country and type. Thousands buy and read his books and swear by him and his ideas; other thousands borrow and read and fiercely assail him.

Hence it seems to me it cannot fail to be more than usually interesting to take a close look at the man, seen through the eyes of one who is proud to call him friend, and who thinks he knows and understands him as well as any other living man.

One day while being favored by Luther Burbank to watch him at work in his "proving gardens," he explained that often one particular seed out of a batch grown under exactly the same conditions would develop into something so much ahead of the others as to be startling in its advancement. To watch for and capture these naturally developed and superior types was one of the most interesting and important phases of his great work.

Remembering this, and recalling London's vast and varied achievements with his rude early environment, I asked him one day: "Where did you come from? What are you the product of?" and here is his answer:

"Have you ever thought that in ten generations of my ancestors 1,022 people happened to concentrate in some fashion on the small piece of protoplasm that was to eventuate in me. All



Mrs. Jack London on a morning ride over the Valley of the Moon ranch.

the potentialities of these 1,022 people were favorable in my direction. I was born normal, healthy in body and mind. Many a life has been ruined by inheriting a tendency to a weak stomach, or liver, or lungs. In my case all were perfectly strong and vigorous. Then, too, you know that in a row of beans, all grown from the same seed, you will find one pod that surpasses all the others, and in that pod one bean that you may call 'the king bean.' It is so in humanity. All the accidents of environment favor the particular bean; they all favored me. Most people look upon the conditions of my early life as anything but favorable, but as I look back I am simply amazed at my chances, at the way opportunity has favored me. As a child I was very much alone. Had I been as other children, 'blessed' with brothers and sisters and plenty of playmates, I should have been mentally occupied, grown up as the rest of my class grew, become a laborer and been content. But I was alone. Very much so. This fostered contemplation. I well remember how I used to look upon my mother. To me she was a wonderful woman with all power over my destiny. She had wisdom and knowledge, as well as power in her hands. Her word was my law. But one day she punished me for something of which I was not guilty. The poor woman had a hard life, and all her energies were spent in chasing the dollar that she might feed and clothe us, and she was worn out, nervous, irritable and therefore disinclined to take the time and energy necessary to investigate. So I was punished unjustly. Of course I cried and felt the injustice. Now, had I had companions, it would not have been long before I should have found them, or they me, and we should have engaged in some fun or frolic, and my attention would have been diverted. I should soon have 'laughed and forgot.' But it was not so. I thought, and thought, and thought, and my brooded thought soon incubated. I began to see differently. I began to measure. I saw that my mother was not as large as I had thought. Her infallibility was destroyed. She had seen all there



Jack London enjoying himself among his guests after doing his regular morning stunt of one thousand words in one of his popular stories.

was to see. Her knowledge was limited, and therefore she was unjust. I can well remember that I absolved her from any deliberate intention to hurt me, but henceforth I decided for myself as to the right and wrong of things.

"This contemplative spirit was fed by the accidents of the environment of childhood. I was born in San Francisco January 12, 1876, and for the first three and a half years lived in Oakland. Then my father took a truck farm (which is now a pottery) in Alameda, and I was there until I was seven years old. It was on my birthday that we moved. I can remember the picture as if it were but yesterday. We had horses and a farm wagon, and onto that we piled all our household belongings, all hands climbing up on the top of the load, and with the cow tied behind, we moved 'bag and baggage' to the coast in San Mateo County, six miles beyond Colina. It was a treeless bleak, barren and foggy region, yet as far as I was concerned, fate favored me. The only other people of the neighborhood were Italians and Irish. Ours was the only 'American' family. I had no companions. I went to the regular, old-fashioned country school, where three or four of us sat on the same bench, and were 'licked' as regularly as could be, 'good or bad.' My spirit of contemplation was fostered here, for I had no companions. I was a solitary and lonely child. Yet I was a social youngster, and always got along well with other children. I was healthy, hearty, normal and therefore



One of the last photographs taken of Jack London, 1916. He is seated in his study, reading part of the manuscript of one of the stories which was later contributed to this issue of Overland Monthly.
—Photo by Louis J. Stellmann.

happy, but I can now see that I lived a dual life. My outward life was that of the everyday poor man's son in the public school: rough and tumble, happy go lucky, jostled by a score, a hundred, rough elements. Within myself I was reflective, contemplative, apart from the kinetic forces around me.

"From here we moved, in less than a year, to Livermore, where I lived until I was nine years old. We had a rude kind of a truck farm, and I was the chore boy. How I hated my life there. The soil had no attractions for me. I had to get out early in the frosty mornings and I suffered from chilblains. Everything was squalid and sordid, and I hungered for meat, which I seldom got. I took a violent prejudice—nay, it was almost a hatred—to country life at this time, that later I had to overcome. All this tended to drive me into myself and added to my inward powers of contemplation.

"Then we moved to Oakland, where my real, active life began. I had to fish for myself."

Certainly he had if the following story, related by Ninetta Payne, the aunt and foster-mother of Charmian, his wife, be true:

"After school hours he sold newspapers on the streets, and not infrequently did battle to establish his right to route. An instance of the kind, told by an old neighbor of the Londons, is illustrative not only of Jack's grit and courage at thirteen, but of a certain phlegm and philosophic justice in his father. Jack had borne innumerable affronts from a sixteen year old boy until patience was exhausted and he resolved to fight it out. Accordingly at their next encounter the two fell to blows, Jack, cool and determined, as one predestined to conquer, and his antagonist swelling with the surface pride and arrogance of the bully. For more than two hours they stuck to it manfully, neither winning a serious advantage over the other.

The neighbor watcher thought it time to put a stop to the pummeling and ran to the London cottage, where she found the old man sunning himself on the doorstep.

" 'O Mr. London,' she cried, 'Jack's been fighting for hours! Do come and stop it!'

"He composedly returned: 'Is my boy fighting fair?'

" 'Yes, sir, he is.'

"He nodded, his pleased eyes twinkling. 'An' t'other one—is *he* fighting fair?'

" 'Yes—leastwise it looks so.'

" 'Well, let 'em alone. There don't seem no call to interfere.'

"That this placidity did not argue indifference was seen by the father's appearing a few minutes later on the field of action. He did nothing, however; only pulled steadily at his pipe and looked on, one of a motley ring of spectators. Jack's opponent was getting winded and bethought him of a subterfuge. He gave a blow and then threw himself on the ground, knowing that Jack would not hit him when he was down. The latter saw his little game, and when it was thrice repeated, struck low, with a telling punch on the chin of his falling adversary.

"There was a yell of 'Foul blow!' from the two younger brothers of the vanquished pugilist, and the older, an overgrown boy of fifteen, sprang red-hot into the circle and demanded satisfaction. Jack, panting and holding to his swollen wrist (that last blow of his had strained the tendons), pranced into position, and fired back the answer: 'Come on! I'll lick you, too!'

"It was observed that his father forgot to smoke during the spirited tussle that ensued, though he said never a word, even when Jack, dripping gore and sweat, drew off victorious from his prostrate foe, only to face the third brother, a lad of his own age. Him he downed with a single thrust of his fist, for his blood was up and he felt cordial to himself and invincibly confident in his strength to overcome a host of irate brothers.

"Then it was that John London, bright of eye and smiling, took a gentle grip of his son's arm and marched him in triumph from the field.

"Between school hours and work, Jack found time to pore over books of history, poetry and fiction, and to nurse the secret wish to become a writer. He was graduated from the Oakland grammar school at fourteen, and a few months later drifted into an adventurous life 'long shore. Here he shared the industries and pastimes of the marine population huddled along the water-front, taking his chances at salmon fishing, oyster pirating, schooner sailing, and other bay-faring ventures, never holding himself aloof when comrades were awake, but when they slept turning to his book with the avidity of a mind athirst for knowledge."

Yet in spite of his general camaraderie he was a solitary youth. Speaking again of his mental and spiritual isolation from his fellows at this time, London said:

"I belonged to a 'street gang' in West Oakland, as rough and tough a crowd as you'll find in any city in the country. Yet while I always got along well with the crowd—I was sociable and held up my end when it came to doing anything—I was never in the center of things; I was always alone, in a corner, as it were.

"Then it was that I learned to hate the city. I suppose my father and mother looked upon it as childish prejudice, but I clearly saw the futility of life in such a herd. I was oppressed with a deadly oppression as I saw that all the people, rich and poor alike, were merely mad creatures, chasing phantoms. Now and again my inner thoughts were so intense that I could not keep them to myself. My sympathies and emotions were so aroused that I would talk out to a few of the gang that which surged, boiled and seethed within me. There was nothing of the preacher about me, but a spirit of rebellion against the hypnotism that had fallen upon the poor. They had it in their own hands to remedy the evils that beset them, yet they



Mrs. Jack London. (Jack London's favorite picture of his wife.)

were obsessed by the idea that their lot was God-ordained, fixed, immovable. How that cursed idea used to irritate me. How it fired my tongue. The boys would listen open mouthed and wide eyed, but few of them catching even a glimmer of the thoughts that were surging through me. Then men would be attracted to the little crowd of boys, hearing the tense, fierce voice assailing them. Thus, little by little, I was led on—urged at the same time by the voice within—to harangue the crowds on Oakland streets, and became known as the Boy Socialist.

"Doubtless it was all crude and rude, illogical and inconsequential, but it was the most serious matter to me, and has had much to do with shaping my later thought and life. At the same time the hopelessness of arousing my own class so smote me, and the heartlessness of the moneyed class so wounded me that I begged and urged my father and mother to let me go to sea.

"Accordingly, when I was seventeen, in the fall of 1893, I was allowed to

ship before the mast on a sailing schooner which cruised to Japan and up the North Coast to the Russian side of the Behring Sea. We touched at Yokohama, and I got my first seductive taste of the Orient. We stayed in Japan three weeks. While we were on the high seas the captain tried to pay the crew in foreign coin. We refused to take it, as there was a discount on it which meant considerable loss to us. He insisted. We rebelled, and for a time had a real mutiny on board, and if the captain hadn't finally given in, there's no knowing what might have happened to me, as I was just as forward in protesting as any of the others, though I was the youngest sailor aboard."

That Jack not only resented injustice from the captain, but from his messmates, the following incident, related by Mrs. Eames, clearly shows:

"Our sailor man one day sat on his bunk weaving a mat of rope yarn when he was gruffly accosted by a burly Swede taking his turn at 'peggy-day' (a fo'castle term, signifying a sailor's day for cleaning off the meals, washing up the dishes, and filling the slush-lamps), a part of which disagreeable tasks the man evidently hoped to bulldoze the green hand into doing for him.

" 'Here, you landlubber,' he bawled with an oath, 'fill up the molasses. You eat the most of it!'

"Jack, usually the most amiable of the hands, bristled at his roughness; besides, he had vivid memories of his first and only attempt to eat the black, viscous stuff booked 'molasses' on the fo'castle bill of fare, and so indignantly denied the charge.

" 'I never taste it. 'Tain't fit for a hog. It's your day to grub, so do it yourself.'

"Not a messmate within hearing of the altercation but pictured disaster to this beardless, undersized boy.

"Jack's defiant glance again dropped to his mat, and he quietly went on twisting the yarn. At this the sailor, both arms heaped with dishes, swore the harder, and threatened blood curdling consequences if he were not obeyed, but Jack kept silent, his supple hands nimbly intent on the rope strands, though the tail of his eye took note of his enemy.

"Another threat, met by exasperating indifference, and the incensed Swede dropped the coffee pot to give a back handed slap on the boy's curled mouth. The instant after iron hard knuckles struck squarely between the sailor's eyes, followed by the crash of crockery. The Swede, choking with rage, made a lunge at Jack with a sledge-hammer fist, but the latter dodged, and like a flash vaulted to the ruffian's back, his fingers knitting in the fellow's throat-pipes. He bellowed and charged like a mad bull, and with every frenzied jump, Jack's head was a battering ram against the deck beams. Down crashed the slush lamp and the lookers-on drew up their feet in the bunks to make room for the show; they saw what the Swede did not—that Jack was getting the worst of it. His eyes bulged horribly and his face streamed blood, but he only dug his fingers deeper into that flesh-padded larynx and yelled through his shut teeth: 'Will you promise to let me alone? Eh—will you promise?'

"The Swede, tortured and purple in the face, gurgled an assent, and when that viselike grip on his throat loosened, reeled and stumbled to his knees like a felled bullock. The sailors, jamming their way through a wild clutter of food and broken dishes, crowded around the jubilant hero of the hour with friendly offers of assistance and a noticeable increase of respect in their tone and manner. Thence on Jack had his 'peggy-day' like the rest, his mates risking no further attempt to take advantage of his youth or inexperience."

On his return to California he felt, more than ever before, his need for study. He joined the "Henry Clay Debating Society," and entered into its work with a fierce zest that his companions were unable to understand. Reflection while doing solitary duties on the high seas had led him to see also that he had better seek to know



The author on horseback rounds over his extensive land holdings, Sonoma County, California.

the ideas of the leading men of thought. Surely somewhere he would find the explanation of the inconsistencies and inhumanities of life. As he himself says in his "What Life Means to Me.":

"I had been born in the working class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and the charnel house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

"I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the market place. Labor had muscle and muscle alone, to sell.

"But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more

he sold of his muscle the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

"I learned further that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle and to become a vender of brains.

"Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought, and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a Socialist."

He had long been a Socialist without knowing it, but now he was conscious of his real affiliations. This led him into a singular experience. The "Henry Clay" had planned for an open debate in which London was to take an important part. When the time arrived Jack was nowhere to be found. Coxey had left Oakland a few days before with his army of the unemployed. The sudden impulse had thereupon seized Jack to follow. The result of this experience has been told with graphic power by London in his "The Road." I suppose no book of his has been so severely criticised as this. It has been stated again and again that he took this trip for the purpose of making sociological studies. The fact is, he was a mere lad, worked to death, because he was forced to do the work of men to earn enough to keep the family going. He had no idea at the time of making an investigation or writing so far as "The Road" was concerned. Curiosity, adventure, freedom—all these, but study, as Professor Wyckoff did, never entered his imagination.

When he discovered his gift of writing, here, however, was a wonderful mine of personal material ready made to his hand. It had never before been handled as he could handle it. For the first time he exposes the innermost life of the tramp.

In effect he says: "This I was, and what I was the . . . hundreds of thousands of tramps and hoboes that daily walk this country *are*." His is no fancy picture. It is a stern setting forth of facts, and whether I approve of London's method of getting the facts or not, I have sense enough to perceive the importance of them to me and to every other decent and law abiding citizen. Here is this vast army of lying, thieving, prowling, festering manstuff. What are we doing, intelligently and wisely, to break it up and change its individual elements into useful citizenship? Personally I am grateful to London for giving me the inner facts, and I will not quarrel with his conscience if he is able to reconcile it with doing what he did *on my behalf*.

There is more, however, to the book than I have indicated. As a reviewer in the Los Angeles Times wrote:

"The book is valuable also in other ways. London is a powerful and virile writer, and he has both material and manner in the present case. The chapter telling how a tramp steals a ride on a railway train is as thrilling and breath-bating as a fragment from Dumas—it is a veritable novel of adventure put in a score of pages. London's record of his experiences in the penitentiary is another chapter, where the material of a report on prison condi-



Jack London inspecting one of the vineyards on his ranch, Valley of the Moon.

tions, a melodrama and a novel are condensed into a sharp, incisive short story, all done with fine literary skill."

That penitentiary experience is one that every American ought to read and ponder. We pride ourselves on our Constitution and our deference to law. London shows that the tramp has no rights according to the Constitution, and that the law is ruthlessly trampled upon by men who are sworn to uphold it. He was arrested, thrust into prison, brought before a magistrate, refused his inherent right to plead guilty or not guilty, compelled by threats of severer punishment to keep silent while he was being sentenced contrary to law, and then illegally, by brute force, exactly as if he were in Russia and being sent to the mines of Siberia, was marched to the State penitentiary and compelled to serve out his sentence.

Personally I have no hesitation in saying that the Court which so sentenced him and the officers who knowingly carried out the sentence are more dangerous to this country and subversive of its high ideals than all the tramps and hoboes that can be found in a day's journey.

To London, however, this was but one more experience, adding to his store of knowledge and giving more grist for the literary mill that he felt sure at some time soon would be set in motion. He returned to California mainly on the brake-beam route of the Canadian Pacific. Arrived here, he plunged into securing an education with his characteristic energy and determination. But his tramp experiences had not lessened his zeal on behalf of "his class." More than ever he resolved to help ameliorate their hard condition. Like William Morris, and fired with the same passion for humanity, he placed himself at the disposal of the Socialist Labor Party, and they sent him here and there to speak on their behalf. Fearless and bold to the last degree, he refused to obey the policeman set to enforce a newly passed ordinance prohibiting public speaking on the streets. He was ar-

rested. But when the case came to trial he defended himself with such dignity and logic that he was immediately acquitted.

This, however, was only a part of his life. His deepest need and cry now was for an education. And how earnest he was to secure it. For awhile he attended the high school in Oakland; then, to hurry up matters, took a three months' course at Anderson's Academy. But the private school was both too tedious and too expensive, so he determined to prepare himself for the university by private study. In "Martin Eden" he thus tells of his reply when urged to go to a night school.

"It seems so babyish for me to be going to night school. But I wouldn't mind that if I thought it would pay. But I don't think it will pay. I can do the work quicker than they can teach me. It would be a loss of time, etc. . . . I have a feeling that I am a natural student. I can study by myself. I take to it kindly, like a duck to water. You see yourself what I did with grammar. And I've learned much of other things—you would never dream how much."

With all his preparation for the University, the pressure of life and its needs was so great that he was able only to attend during his freshman year. It was during this time that he began to attend socialistic meetings in San Francisco and came in personal contact with some of the leaders. In "What Life Means to Me" he tells of his experiences: "Here I found keen-flashing intellects and brilliant wits; for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed members of the working class; unfrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation of Mammon worshipers; professors broken in the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

"Here I found also warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetness of unselfishness, renunciation and martyrdom—all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble and alive. Here, life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to be alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents; and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world-empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and all my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm human, long-suffering and maltreated, but to be rescued and saved at the last."

* * * *

In "Martin Eden" he tells us somewhat more in detail one of his first meetings with the Socialist leaders. The "Brissenden" of "Martin Eden" is based upon George Sterling, the poet, who in those days was warmly stirred with earnest desire to help improve the condition of his fellow-men. With him he visited some of the leaders in San Francisco. Here is part of London't description of that meeting:

"At first the conversation was desultory. Nevertheless, Martin could not fail to appreciate the keen play of their minds. They were men with opinions, though the opinions often clashed, and, though they were witty and clever, they were not superficial. He swiftly saw, no matter upon what they talked, that each man applied the correlation of knowledge and had also a deep-seated and unified conception of society and the Cosmos. Nobody manufactured their opinions for them; they were all rebels of one variety or another, and their lips were strangers to platitudes. Never had Martin, at the Morses', heard so amazing a range of topics discussed. There seemed no limit save time to the things they were alive to. The talk wandered from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book to Shaw's latest play, through the future of the drama to reminiscences of Mansfield. They appreciated or sneered at the



The half finished patio of "Wolf House" before the ruinous fire.

morning editorials, jumped from labor conditions in New Zealand, to Henry James and Brander Matthews, passed on to the German designs in the Far East and the economic aspects of the Yellow Peril, wrangled over the German elections and Bebel's last speech, and settled down to local politics, the latest plans and scandals in the union labor party administration, and the wires that were pulled to bring about the Coast Seamen's strike. Martin was struck by the inside knowledge they possessed. They knew what was never printed in the newspapers—the wires and strings and the hidden hands that made the puppets dance. To Martin's surprise, the girl, Mary, joined in the conversation, displaying an intelligence he had never encountered in the few women he had met. They talked together on Swinburn and Rosetti, after which she led him beyond his depths into the by-paths of French literature. His revenge came when she defended Maeterlinck, and he brought into action the carefully thought out thesis of 'The Shame of the Sun.'

"Several other men had dropped in, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, when Brissenden waved the red flag.

" 'Here's fresh meat for your axe, Kreis,' he said, 'a rose white youth with the ardor of a lover for Herbert Spencer. Make a Haeckelite of him—if you can.'

"Kreis seemed to wake up and flash like some metallic, magnetic thing, while Norton looked at Martin sympathetically, with a sweet, girlish smile, as much as to say that he would be amply protected.

"Kreis began directly on Martin, but step by step Norton interfered, until he and Kreis were off and away in a personal battle. Martin listened and fain would have rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that this should be, much less in the labor ghetto south of Market. The books were alive in these men. They talked with fire and enthusiasm, the intellectual stimulant stirring them as he had seen drink and anger stir other men. What he heard was no longer the philosophy of the dry, printed word, written by half-mythical demigods like Kant and Spencer. It was living philosophy, with

warm, red blood, incarnated in these two men till its very features worked with excitement. Now and again other men joined in, and all followed the discussion with cigarettes going out in their hands, and with alert, intent faces.

"Idealism had never attracted Martin, but the exposition it now received at the hands of Norton was a revelation. The logical plausibility of it, that made an appeal to his intellect, seemed missed by Kreis and Hamilton, who sneered at Norton as a metaphysician, and who, in turn, sneered back at them at metaphysicians. *Phenomenon* and *noumenon* were bandied back and forth. They charged him with attempting to explain consciousness by itself. He charged them with word-jugglery, with reasoning from words to theory instead of from facts to theory. At this they were aghast. It was the cardinal tenet of their mode of reasoning to start with the facts and to give names to the facts.

"When Norton wandered into the intricacies of Kant, Kreis reminded him that all good little German philosophies when they died went to Oxford. A little later Norton reminded them of Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, the application of which they immediately claimed for every reasoning process of theirs. And Martin hugged his knees and exulted in it all. But Norton was no Spencerian, and he, too, strove for Martin's philosophic soul, talking as much at him as to his two opponents.

"'You know Berkeley has never been answered,' he said, looking directly at Martin. 'Herbert Spencer came the nearest, which was not very near. Even the staunchest of Spencer's followers will not go farther. I was reading an essay of Saleeby's the other day, and the best Saleeby could say was that Herbert Spencer *nearly* succeeded in answering Berkeley.'

"'You know what Hume said?' Hamilton asked. Norton nodded, but Hamilton gave it for the benefit of the rest. 'He said that Berkeley's arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction.'

"'In his, Hume's mind,' was the reply. 'And Hume's mind was the same as yours, with this difference: he was wise enough to admit there was no answering Berkeley.'

"Norton was sensitive and excitable though he never lost his head, while Kreis and Hamilton were like a pair of cold-blooded savages, seeking out tender places to prod and poke. As the evening grew late, Norton, smarting under the repeated charges of being a metaphysician, clutching his chair to keep from jumping to his feet, his gray eyes snapping and his girlish face grown harsh and sure, made a grand attack upon their position.

"'All right, you Haeckelites, I may reason like a medicine man, but, pray, how do you reason? You have nothing to stand on, you unscientific dogmatists, with your positive science which you are always lugging about into places it has no right to be. Long before the school of materialistic monism arose, the ground was removed so there could be no foundation. Locke was the man, John Locke. Two hundred years ago—more than that, even—in his "Essay concerning the Human Understanding,' he proved the non-existence of innate ideas. The best of it is that that is precisely what you claim. To-night, again and again, you have asserted the non-existence of innate ideas.'

"'And what does that mean? It means that you can never know ultimate reality. Your brains are empty when you are born. Appearances, or phenomena, are all the content your minds can receive from your five senses. Then noumena, which are not in your minds when you are born, have no way of getting in——'

"'I deny——' Kreis started to interrupt.

"'You wait till I'm done,' Norton shouted. 'You can know only that much of the play and interplay of force and matter as impinges in one way or another on your senses. You see, I am willing to admit, for the sake of the argument, that matter exists;



"Wolf House" before the destructive fire.

and what I am about to do is to efface you by your own argument. I can't do it any other way, for you are both congenitally unable to understand a philosophic abstraction.

" 'And now, what do you know of matter, according to your own positive science? You know it is only by its phenomena, its appearances. You are aware only of its changes, or of such changes in it as cause changes in your consciousness. Positive science deals only with phenomena, yet you are foolish enough to strive to be ontologists and to deal with noumena. Yet, by the very definition of positive science, science is concerned only with appearances. As somebody has said, phenomenal knowledge cannot transcend phenomena.

" 'You cannot answer Berkeley, even if you have annihilated Kant, and yet, perforce, you assume that Berkeley is wrong when you affirm that science proves the non-existence of God, or, as much to the point, the existence of matter. You know I granted the reality of matter only in order to make myself intelligible to your understanding. Be positive scientists, if you please, but ontology has no place in positive science, so leave it alone. Spencer is right in his agnosticism, but if Spencer——'

"But it was time to catch the last ferry boat to Oakland, and Brissenden and Martin slipped out, leaving Norton still talking and Kreis and Hamilton waiting to pounce on him like a pair of hounds as soon as he finished.

" 'You have given me a glimpse of fairyland,' Martin said on the ferry boat. 'It makes life worth while to meet people like that. My mind is all worked up. I never appreciated idealism before. Yet I can't accept it. I know that I shall always be a realist. I am made so, I guess. But I'd like to have made a reply to Kreis and Hamilton, and I think I'd have had a word or two for Norton. I didn't see that Spencer was damaged any. I'm as excited as a child on its first visit to the circus. I see I must read up some more. I'm going to get hold of Saleeby. I still think Spencer is unassailable, and next time I'm going to take a hand myself.'

"But Brissenden, breathing painfully, had dropped off to sleep, his



The ruins of the "House that Jack Built." Three years were spent in the keen enjoyment of its planning and construction. Fire destroyed it, 1913.

chin buried in a scarf and resting on his sunken chest, his body wrapped in the long overcoat and shaking to the vibration of the propellers."

While still at the University the Klondike gold excitement struck San Francisco. London was one of the first to yield to the lure. As Mrs. Payne writes: "He was among the few doughty argonauts who at this season made it over the Chilcoot Pass, the great majority waiting for spring. As charges were forty-three cents per pound for carrying supplies a distance of thirty miles, from salt water to fresh, he packed his thousand pound outfit, holding his own with the strongest and most experienced in the party.

"And here in this still white world of the North, where nature makes the most of every vital throb that resists her cold, and man learns the awful significance and emphasis of Arctic life and action, young London came consciously into his heritage. He would write of these—the terrorizing of an Alaskan landscape, its great peaks bulging with century-piled snows, its woods rigid, tense and voiced by the frost like strained catgut; the fierce howls of starving wolf-dogs; the tracks of the dog-teams marking the lonely trail; but more than all else, the human at the North Pole.

"Thus it would seem that his actual development as a writer began on the trail, though at the time he set no word to paper, not even jottings by the way in a note-book. A tireless brooding on the wish to write shaped his impulse to definite purpose, but outwardly he continued to share the interests and labors of his companion prospectors.

"After a year spent in that weirdly picturesque but hazardous life, he succumbed to scurvy, and, impatient of the delay of homebound steamers, he and two camp-mates decided to embark in an open boat for the Behring Sea. The three accordingly made the start midway in June, and the voyage turned out to be a memorably novel and perilous one—nineteen hundred miles of river in nineteen days!"

* * * *

It was on his return from the Klondike that he found himself as a liter-

ary artist. He wrote an Alaskan story entitled "The Man on Trail," and sent it to the Overland Monthly. Its vivid and picturesque realism won it immediate acceptance, and soon thereafter the author, "a young man, plainly dressed, of modest and even boyish appearance," entered the editor's sanctum with a second story, "The White Silence."

In less than six months his fame was made. As he says in "What Life Means to Me": "As a brain-merchant I was a success. Society opened its portals to me. I entered right in on the parlor floor. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naive surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. 'The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under their skins'—and gowns."

From that day to this, his power and popularity have never waned. Granted that some books and stories are less powerful than others—that is merely to acknowledge that he is human and is not always at the supreme height of invention and creation. But certainly his last volume of South Sea stories, published under the title "A Son of the Sun," shows no diminution of power either in observation, reflection or word picturing.

In appearance, London is a broad-shouldered fellow, with small hands and feet, standing five feet eight inches high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds stripped, with a flexible mouth over a strong, resolute chin. He has the look of an athlete, and his shoulders and aggressive movements clearly suggest that he is prepared physically to force his way through the crowd, taking his share of the jostle and giving as good as, or better, than he takes. While not defiant of his fellows, he quietly enjoys the comments sometimes made on his appearance. On one occasion I stood by him and we distinctly heard a passerby exclaim: "That's Jack London. He looks like a prize-fighter, doesn't he?" Jack looked at me and winked a clear wink of appreciation of the honor thus conferred upon him. In the copy of "The Game," which he described and sent to me, he wrote: "I'd rather be champion of the world than President of the United States." One of his proud moments was when, in Quito, Ecuador, he was mistaken by a group of small Spaniards for a bull-fighter.

He believes fully in keeping his physical frame in order. He is essentially a physical culturist. He swims, rows, canoes, fences, boxes, swings a sledge, throws a hammer, runs and rides horseback fifty miles a day if necessary. A year ago I called on him when he had just returned from a three months' driving trip, where he tooled a coach, with four-in-hand, over the steep and rough mountainous roads of California and Oregon. Baring his arm he bade me feel his muscles—biceps and lower arm—as he relaxed and then tightened them. They were like living steel.

He sleeps in an open-air porch with lights, books and writing material always at hand. Directly he awakens he begins either to read or make notes, always using a pencil for his writing. When breakfast time comes, if he has any intimate friends as guests whom he cares to meet, he rises and eats and chats with them for half an hour or so. His breakfasts are very simple. After breakfast he retires to his library, and nothing is allowed to disturb him until he has completed his daily "stint." This is never less than one thousand words, and he generally keeps at it until noon, making his work as perfect as possible and outlining what he will undertake on the following day. He never rewrites. In all my many visits to him I have never known him to deviate from his regular routine but once, and that was on the occasion of the visit of my Boston friend.

Many people, like myself, have wondered where he obtains all his in-



Another view of "Wolf House" ruins.

finite variety of plots for his short stories and novels. Month after month, year after year, he pours forth his stream of short stories, all of them good, though some are better than others. Not one, however, fails in human interest; it may not please you, but it grips you, fascinates you, compels you. For it is human, powerful and full of a robust life.

Where does he get the germ of these stories? Where do they come from? Are they pure pieces of fiction, or cleverly disguised stories of fact? If the former, one wonders at the fecundity of his brain; it becomes one of the marvels of genius; if the latter, one wonders equally at the marvelous genius of his observation.

That his imagination is a fertile and brilliant one there can be no question, and undoubtedly such a virile and creative mind as his finds far less difficulty in the construction of plots than most writers do. But here is an illustration which he himself gave to me, of his methods of taking a dramatic episode that had come to his attention and weaving an apparently entirely different story from it. We were talking upon this subject, and he took down from his book shelf "Wigwam and War Path," by A. B. Meacham. Mr. Meacham was superintendent of Indian affairs and chairman of the Modoc Peace Commission of which General Canby and Dr. Thomas were also members. It will be remembered that the Modoc Indians of the Klamath region in Southern Oregon and Northern California had long been insolent and on the war path. Meacham shows that their insolence and hostility were gendered by the wicked, cruel and murderous conduct of unprincipled white men. There had been several conflicts between the whites and the Indians, and finally it was decided to appoint a Peace Commission. One of Meacham's good friends was Frank Riddle, who, having married a Modoc wife, who was known as Tobey, was allowed to sit in council with the Indians. Tobey, though an Indian, was a woman of natural refinement, high integrity and deep devotion. She was loyalty itself. Having bestowed her friendship upon Mr. Meacham nothing could prevail upon her to betray him. Consequently when she learned that the leaders of the Modocs contemplated the treacherous murder of the members of the Peace Commission, she stealthily went by night and gave warning to Mr. Meacham, though she was well aware that by this act she signed her own death warrant. For she knew the Indians would reason

the matter out, and, if their plans were foiled, would know that some one had betrayed them, and that she was the only one who would be guilty of treachery to her own race. "Now," said Mr. London, "look at that woman. She was loyal to Mr. Meacham in spite of the fact that he was hated by her people. He was a representative of the whites who in every way had injured her own tribe. Yet she gave him a devotion that she knew would certainly bring a vindictive death upon herself.

"I intend to use that woman as the main character of a strong story. I do not know where I will place her, but in the South Seas, in the frozen North, in the sunny South, in Australia, somewhere, somehow, I am going to use that woman."

In "Martin Eden" he sets this idea before his reader in his own way, as follows:

"Martin began, that morning, a story which he had sketched out a number of weeks before and which ever since had been worrying him with its insistent clamor to be created.

"Apparently it was to be a rattling sea story, a tale of twentieth century adventure and romance, handling real characters, in a real world, under real conditions. But beneath the swing and go of the story was to be something else—something that the superficial reader would never discern, and which, on the other hand, would not diminish in any way the interest and enjoyment for such a reader. It was this, and not the mere story, that impelled Martin to write it. For that matter, it was always the great, universal motif that suggested plots to him. After having found such a motif, he cast about for the particular persons and particular location in time and space wherewith and wherein to utter the universal thing."

* * * *

While London is essentially and primarily an artist in his literary work, he is also a profound philosopher and humanitarian. Hence everything he writes has a distinct purpose. That purpose may not always be apparent to the careless and casual observer, but it is there, all the same. I doubt if he ever wrote a single thing in which some philosophy is not clearly taught or some humanizing influence deliberately interwoven. "The Call of the Wild" is a clear lesson in "reversion to type," for London is a firm believer in the doctrine of evolution. At least he accepts it as the best workable theory at present advanced by the scientists to account for the upward and onreaching tendencies of mankind. On the other hand "White Fang" is a marvelous story of the controlling and modifying influences—the civilizing and uplifting power—of love and tenderness, of the real spirit of humanity. "Burning Daylight" contains a dozen lessons. It shows how any great minded man can become a "master of finances" if he wishes to so limit himself, and then, with graphic power, it shows how such a one gradually becomes absorbed in his business until he is a mere money-getting machine. The fact that the hero, in spite of his millions, could not win his typewriter to marry him, is London's defense of the "workers" against a too-sweeping charge of money-hunger or unworthy cupidity, while his hero's return to sanity (as he regards it) comes when he deliberately throws away his wealth—that which has demoralized him and keeps him from winning the woman of his affections—and retires, a poor man, to the simple life of a rancher in the beautiful Sonoma Valley.

"Before Adam" is a scientific treatise in popular form on pre-Adamic evolution, and "Martin Eden" is a studied incitement to the highest achievement.

His various "Social Studies" are important philosophical and sociological presentments. set forth with a soul asurge and a brain afire with the rights of the common man. However much we may differ from London we cannot deny the fiery power. the tremendous forcefulness of what he says, and the graphic intensity of his convictions.

"The Iron Heel" is a lesson and a warning, based upon historic studies, and he is a short-sighted reader of the analyses of the causes of the decline of other nations who pooh-poohs the solemn and portentous prophecies of this book. The imaginary horrors depicted are to be averted only by changing our mental attitude toward certain of the social and economic problems of the day.

* * * *

All his short stories have also a fine purpose. Take his story of "The Nature Man." How full it is of the healthful and curative powers of pure air, pure, fresh vegetable and fruit food, the sunlight and a natural life. All the Naturopaths combined never wrote as strong a plea for their theories as this story presents.

In speaking with London one day about this phase of his work he exclaimed: "Certainly! I no more believe in the 'art for art's sake' theory than I believe that a human and humane motive justifies an inartistic telling of a story. I believe there are saints in slime as well as saints in heaven, and it depends how the slime saints are treated—upon their environment—as to whether they will ever leave the slime or not. People find fault with me for my 'disgusting realism.' Life is full of disgusting realism. I know men and women as they are—millions of them yet in the slime stage. But I am an evolutionist, therefore a broad optimist, hence my love for the human (in the slime though he be) comes from my knowing him as he is and seeing the divine possibilities ahead of him. That's the whole motive of my 'White Fang.' Every atom of organic life is plastic. The finest specimens now in existence were once all pulpy infants capable of being moulded this way or that. Let the pressure be one way and we have atavism—the reversion to the wild; the other the domestication, civilization. I have always been impressed with the awful plasticity of life, and I feel that I can never lay enough stress upon the marvelous power and influence of environment."

In spite, therefore, of the superficial criticisms London's work has encountered, I venture the prediction that this feature will more and more receive recognition, until he will be regarded not only as a master writer of fiction, but as a keen philosopher, ruggedly, but none the less earnestly, bent on helping upward and forward his fellow-men.

I suppose after "The Call of the Wild," "Martin Eden" is one of the most popular of London's books. This was originally published in the Pacific Monthly, a western magazine formerly published at Portland, but now absorbed by the Sunset at San Francisco.

The manuscript of this novel had rather an interesting history. London had had some dispute with the former editor of the Pacific Monthly, and he had vowed that they should never have anything more from his pen. Soon after his departure on the "Snark" voyage, his business agent happening to meet a representative of the Pacific Monthly in San Francisco, told him what a great story "Martin Eden" was and suggested that it would make a first class serial which he could use for pushing up the circulation of his magazine. He asked the price and rather gasped when told that the serial rights would cost $9,000. He then asked how much a week's option would cost. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply. He signed a check for this amount and took the manuscript. Before the end of the week he met the agent in San Francisco and paid the $9,000 for the story. It certainly made a great impression and was doubtless well worth the amount.

The unconventionality, the simplicity, the daring and the absolute audacity of Jack London, which in an academically trained man might be considered unpardonable and appalling egotism, is best illustrated in this wonderful book of veiled biography. Where else before has a man so dared to reveal himself before the world?



This photograph was taken the day Mrs. London first met Jack London (1900.) It was taken to illustrate a story he was at that time writing for Overland Monthly, the first magazine to recognize his genius and to publish his stories. The six stories of the first series were colored with his then recent experiences in Alaska.

Even Rousseau in his "Confessions," Jean Paul Richter in his varied books upon himself, Goethe in "Wilhelm," never so freely, so fully, so explicitly analyzed themselves, their ambitions, motives and inner characters as has Jack London in "Martin Eden." And it is more in the concluding chapters, where, with an artistry that is perfect in its illusion of simplicity and naivete he analyzes his successes and the effect they have upon the world at large, upon editors and publishers, upon his loving but ignorant sister and her irretrievably vulgar and commercial husband, upon the father and mother of the girl he loved, and finally upon her (all fictitious characters, of

course) that he reveals the independence of his genius, the solitariness of his methods and the influence of this shut-off Western World upon his soul.

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Let me here interject a few words to those literary aspirants who are finding difficulty in getting their efforts accepted by editors, and who imagine that Jack London leaped instantly into fame at his first endeavors. There never was a greater mistake made than this supposition. For years prior to the success of his Alaska stories he had been bombarding the magazines, just as he relates the story in "Martin Eden." First he tried poetry, but it all came back. He varied the forms, tried everything from couplets and limericks to sonnets and blank verse, but all were equally ineffective. Then he wrote plays, two-act, three-act, and four-act, but they had no better success. Then he tried the "society stunt," both in prose and verse, but he failed to catch the proper swing. Next he wrote Emersonian essays, and thundering philippics after Carlyle, occasionally varying his efforts with historic sketches and descriptions. But all alike failed, and a less resolute being would have been utterly and completely discouraged. This made his triumph all the more wonderful when it did come, especially as he seemed to leap into fame at a single bound.

London is most systematic in his method of work. "He devotes himself to his labors with care and precision, coining his time with miserly stint and observng a method of collecting and classification as amusing as it is effective. Across an angle of his study he stretches what he calls his 'clothes line,' a wire on which are strung batches of excerpts and notes fastened on by clothes' pins, the kind with a wire spring. A hastily scribbled thought and an extract bearing upon the same theme are duly clamped in their proper place, and the 'clothes line' usually dangles a dozen or more of these bunched tatters of literature.

"His plan of reading has also a like simplicity, with a hazard at economy of vital force. He does not read books consecutively, but collectively. A dozen volumes are selected on divers subjects—science, philosophy, fiction, et cetera, and arranged with regard to their relative profundity. Then he begins with the weightiest matter, reads it until his brain is a trifle wearied, when he lays the work aside for one requiring less effort, and so on all down the graded list, until at one sitting he has delved into each, always bringing up finally with the novel or poetry as the wine and walnuts of his literary feast."

London has been fiercely criticized and assailed for his intense and vivid pictures of the primitive, the rude, the savage, the uncontrolled in man. Some have said he has wildly exaggerated, others that nothing is gained by making such record, even if true. I take issue with both kinds of critics. It is impossible to exaggerate what man has done and the how of its doing. No man's imagination can go beyond what man has actually done. As London himself says in his "Burning Daylight," after describing a Klondike carouse on his hero's birthday: "Men have so behaved since the world began, feasting, fighting and carousing, whether in the dark cave mouth or by the fire of the squatting place, in the palaces of imperial Rome and the rock strongholds of robber barons, or in the sky-aspiring hotels of modern times and in the boozing dens of sailor-town."

It was not until I read London's stories on the Alaska Indians that my entire heart warmed thoroughly toward him. For thirty years I have studied the Indians of the Southwest, and by intimate association I have come to know them and love them. I have always resented what to me was a wicked and cruel attitude of certain Americans who declare "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." I have learned to appreciate their true worth, and to know the beauty and grandeur of their character when rightly understood.

As I read London's stories under

the general title of "Children of the Frost," I saw that he had gained the same opinion of the Indians that I had. He had penetrated below the rude exterior to the manhood within, and I have no hesitancy whatever in stating my belief that as a true interpreter of the Indian, Jack London deserves to rank with Fenimore Cooper, Major J. W. Powell, Lieutenant F. H. Cushing, Dr. J. W. Fewks, and Frederick W. Starr, whom I regard as the greatest ethnologists America has yet produced.

In one of our conversations the question arose as to which of his stories I liked best. I immediately turned the question upon him and asked: "Which do you like best?" He laughingly replied: "Guess." I replied: "I venture to assert that I can not only guess accurately, but that my judgment will be different from that of any critic who has yet ventured such an opinion upon your work." Then picking up this book, I opened to the last story in it, entitled: "The League of the Old Men," and exclaimed: "There is your best story. In it you have expressed the cry of an expiring people, and I know you could not have written it had you not felt it to the very depths."

Tears sprang into his eyes, and reaching out his hand, he gave me a warm handclasp and said: "You are right. Yet fewer people have seemed to appreciate that story than any story I have written, and my publishers report that a less number of that volume have been sold than any other of my books."

* * * *

London, like Joaquin Miller, was the victim of much and persistent misrepresentation. He is an avowed Socialist. Many newspapers do not like Socialists, and they seize every possible opportunity to spread unpleasant news about those who are known to profess that faith. Sometimes they are not very particular as to whether their assertions are true or not. In speaking of this several times, and then giving my personal impressions of London, people have said to me: "Why do you not make these things known?"

In order to help make them known, let me tell an experience I had a few months ago with a distinguished and well known Eastern writer and playwright. He had been an editorial writer on one of the foremost Boston dailies of high standing, was a university man of high ideals and academic standards, who a year or so before had become transplanted to the Pacific Coast and was then doing special editorial writing on one of the San Francisco papers. We dined together several times, and on one occasion the name of London came up. Naturally, I spoke of the things in London that pleased and interested me. To my amazement, my Boston friend opened up with a tirade, denouncing London from every possible standpoint. There was nothing good about him in any way.

Seeing that he was rabid, I decided to let him have his talk out and then quietly informed him that his tirade was nothing but a mass of prejudice, for, said I, "I refuse to accept this unjust and untruthful tirade as your judgment. Judgments imply knowledge. You have no knowledge, but simply a mass of erroneous beliefs gained from mendacious newspapers and other unreliable sources."

I happened to be planning to go up to Sacramento to see the Governor and thence to London's home at Glen Ellen the following day, and asked my editorial friend if he would not like to meet me and accompany me to see London and his wife. In his finest Bostonese he exclaimed: "But, my dear fellow, I have received no invitation."

Heartily laughing, I replied: "I have given you an invitation!"

"But," said he, "what about Mr. and Mrs. London?"

Again I laughed and said: "Let your New England conscience be perfectly at rest. I have invited you, and that is enough. You ought to know enough of me already to be sure that I should not invite you to any place

where you would not be welcome."

"That being the case," said he, "nothing will give me greater pleasure. I shall love to study him at first hand, and after your severe criticism upon my 'prejudice,' I am more anxious than ever to see Mr. London and find out what I think of him after close personal contact."

According to arrangement we met the next evening. On our arrival at Glen Ellen we found the cart waiting for us, and after a delightful drive through the cool twilight we entered the spacious yard, where gigantic live-oaks of a thousand years' growth, bid one enter and rest. When we entered the large, long room of the old ranch house, now used by the Londons until their new home is finished, we found Mrs. London seated at the Steinway grand piano immediately on our left, and Jack with outstretched hands and cheery voice bidding us welcome. This was the first surprise my friend experienced. Our simple and hearty meal—served specially, as we had come upon a late evening train—shook him up a little more. It happened to be Hallowe'en—a fact I had forgotten, but Jack and his wife and other guests were most wide awake to it, for they had announced that fun was to be free and fast that night. The other guests were a friend of Mrs. London's—the sister of one of California's proudest artists—a young architect of San Francisco, and a Socialist comrade of Jack's, who had just happened in as he was tramping across the country. These, with Jack and his wife, my editorial friend and myself, made the party total up to seven, with the Japanese helper, Nakata, now and again assisting in making eight. I was in the mood for fun, so we plunged in. First, we hung up apples from a point above and sought to make bites in them without touching the "bobbing and dodging things" with our hands. Then a large plate of white flour was brought, the flour mounded up about five inches high, and in the center on the top of it was placed a dime. The seven of us now commenced a march around the table, each taking up a table knife as we approached the plate and cutting off a greater or less mass of the flour as we willed. At first this was easy, but as we cut nearer to the center it became a more delicate and risky task. For the game consisted in continuing to cut until the dime rested on the merest pedestal of flour, ready to crumble at a touch, and whoever gave that final touch was then required to place his hands behind his back and fish out the dime from the flour *with his teeth.* It was also freely stipulated beforehand that there should be no "dodging" and wiping off of the flour from the face until the victor stood alone with unfloured face. The hope and expectation, of course, was that I, with moustache and full beard of black should fall an early victim, but somehow the Fates favored me. First the "Comrade" guest failed, then Mr. London, then the woman guest, then my editorial friend—and it must be confessed that his cheeks and closely trimmed sandy moustache and wisp of beard, even his eyelashes, did look excruciatingly funny all whitened up with flour in dabs and patches—then the architect and finally Mrs. London, leaving me the proud and unfloured victor.

This only paved the way for another game and greater fun. We all laughed until our sides ached, and when finally we retired it was way into the "wee, sma' hours."

Now, as I have elsewhere explained, as it is London's custom to stick rigidly to his work in the morning, my editorial friend and I would have been left to our own devices until after lunch, but, just before we went to bed I said to Jack: "Why not take a holiday to-morrow, and instead of waiting till afternoon for our horseback ride, let's all go out together in the morning." Somewhat to my surprise he consented, and the horses were duly ordered. No sooner was breakfast over than we were off—the whole party of us. And what a ride it was! Let me give you here a part of London't own description of his ranch on

which this wonderful ride took place.

"We let down the bars and crossed an upland meadow. Next we went over a low, oak covered ridge and descended into a smaller meadow Again we climbed a ridge, this time riding under red-limbed madronos and manzanitas of deeper red. The first rays of the sun streamed upon our backs as we climbed. A flight of quail thrummed off through the thickets. A big jack-rabbit crossed our path, leaping swiftly and silently like a deer. And then a deer, a many pronged buck, the sun flashing red-gold from neck and shoulders, cleared the crest of the ridge before us and was gone.

"We followed in his wake a space, then dropped down a zigzag trail that he disdained into a group of noble redwoods that stood about a pool of water murky with mineral from the mountain side. I knew every inch of the way. Once a writer friend of mine had owned the ranch; but he, too, had become a revolutionist, though more disastrously than I, for he was already dead and gone, and none knew where nor how. He alone, in the days he had lived, knew the secret of the hiding place for which I was bound. He had bought the ranch for beauty and paid a round price for it, much to the disgust of the local farmers. He used to tell with great glee how they were wont to shake their heads mournfully at the price, to accomplish ponderously a bit of mental arithmetic, and then to say: 'But you can't make six per cent on it.'

"Out of it he had made a magnificent deer park, where, over thousands of acres of sweet slopes and glades and canyons, the deer ran almost in primitive wilderness."

There are many springs, and these unite to make a stream which ever flows.

"A glade of tangled vines and bushes ran between two wooded knolls. The glade ended abruptly at the steep bank of a stream. It was a little stream, rising from springs, and the hottest summer never dried it up. On every hand were tall wooded knolls, a group of them, with all the seeming of having been flung there from some careless Titan's hand. There was no bed-rock in them. They rose from their bases hundreds of feet, and they were composed of red volcanic earth, the famous wine-soil of Sonoma. Through these the tiny stream had cut its deep and precipitous channel."

The arrangement for the purchase of part of the estate was made while London was away on the "Snark" trip. A crafty and cunning seller practically deceived Jack's agent by allowing to be inserted in the lease a clause entitling the owners of a brickyard nearby to excavate certain clays from a part of the ranch, which they needed for their business. But as they had to pay for it at a good price and soon found it the only profitable part of their business, Jack made a good thing out of it, so did not complain.

"This brickyard was close at hand," so he writes in "Burning Daylight, "on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek. The kilns were visible among the trees, when he glanced to the left and caught sight of wooded knolls half a mile away, perched on the rolling slopes of Sonoma Mountain. The mountain, itself wooded, towered behind. The trees on the knoll seemed to beckon to him. The dry, early summer air, shot through with sunshine, was wine to him. Unconsciously he drank it in in deep breaths. The prospect of the brickyard was uninviting. He was jaded with all things business, and the wooded knolls were calling to him. A horse between his legs—a good horse, he decided; one that sent him back to the cayuses he had ridden during his eastern Oregon boyhood. He had been somewhat of a rider in those early days, and the champ of bit and creak of saddle-leather sounded good to him now.

"Resolving to have his fun first and to look over the brickyard afterward, he rode up the hill, prospecting for a way across country to get to the knolls. He left the country road at the first gate he came to and cantered through

a hayfield. The grain was waist-high on either side the wagon road, and he sniffed the warm aroma of it with delighted nostrils. Larks flew up before him, and from everywhere came mellow notes. From the appearance of the road it was patent that it had been used for hauling clay to the now idle brickyard. Salving his conscience with the idea that this was part of the inspection, he rode on to the clay pit—a huge scar in a hillside. But he did not linger long, swinging off again to the left and leaving the road. Not a farmhouse was in sight, and the change from the city crowding was essentially satisfying. He rode now through open woods, across little flower-scattered glades, till he came upon a spring. Flat on the ground, he drank deeply of the clear water, and, looking about him, felt with a shock the beauty of the world. It came to him like a discovery; he had never realized it before, he concluded, and also, he had forgotten much. One could not sit in at high finance and keep track of such things. As he drank in the air, the scene, and the distant song of larks, he felt like a poker player rising from a night long table and coming forth from the pent atmosphere to taste the freshness of the morn.

"At the base of the knolls he encountered a tumbledown stake-and-rider fence. From the look of it he judged it must be forty years old at least—the work of some first pioneer who had taken up the land when the days of gold had ended. The woods were very thick here, yet fairly clear of underbrush, so that, while the blue sky was screened by the arched branches, he was able to ride beneath. He now found himself in a nook of several acres, where the oak and manzanita and madrono gave way to clusters of stately redwoods. Against the foot of a steep-sloped knoll he came upon a magnificent group of redwoods that seemed to have gathered about a tiny gurgling spring.

"He halted his horse, for beside the spring uprose a wild California lily. It was a wonderful flower, growing there in the cathedral nave of lofty trees. At least eight feet in height, its stem rose straight and slender, green and bare, for two-thirds its length, and then burst into a shower of snow-white waxen bells. There were hundreds of these blossoms, all from the one stem, delicately poised and ethereally frail. Daylight had never seen anything like it. Slowly his gaze wandered from it to all that was about him. He took off his hat, with almost a vague religious feeling. This was different. No room for contempt and evil here. This was clean and fresh and beautiful—something he could respect. It was like a church. The atmosphere was one of holy calm. Here man felt the promptings of nobler things. Much of this and more was in Daylight's heart as he looked about him. But it was not a concept of his mind. He merely felt it without thinking about it at all.

"On the steep incline above the spring grew tiny maiden-hair ferns, while higher up were larger ferns and brakes. Great, moss-covered trunks of fallen trees lay here and there, slowly sinking back and merging into the level of the forest mould. Beyond, in a slightly clearer space, wild grape and honeysuckle swung in green riot from gnarled old oak trees. A gray Douglas squirrel crept out on a branch and watched him. From somewhere came the distant knocking of a woodpecker. This sound did not disturb the hush and awe of the place. Quiet woods' noises belonged there and made the solitude complete. The tiny bubbling ripple of the spring and the gray flash of tree-squirrel were as yardsticks with which to measure the silence and motionless repose.

"'Might be a million miles from anywhere,' Daylight whispered to himself.

"But ever his gaze returned to the wonderful lily beside the bubbling spring.

"He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed

with oaks and madronos and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that threaded its way among the knolls. Here he found no passage out for his horse, and he returned to the lily beside the spring. On foot, tripping, stumbling, leading the animal, he forced his way up the hillside. And ever the ferns carpeted the way of his feet, ever the forest climbed with him and arched overhead, and ever the clean joy and sweetness stole in upon his senses.

"On the crest he came through an amazing thicket of velvet-trunked young madronos, and emerged on an open hillside that led down into a tiny valley. The sunshine was at first dazzling in its brightness, and he paused and rested, for he was panting from the exertion. Not of old had he known shortness of breath such as this and muscles that so easily tired at a stiff climb. A tiny stream ran down the tiny valley through a tiny meadow that was carpeted knee-high with grass and blue and white nemophila. The hillside was covered with Mariposa lilies and wild hyacinth, down through which his horse dropped slowly, with circumspect feet and reluctant gait."

I have quoted thus liberally from London's own descriptions that my readers might know something of the delight and charm of the place he has bought, and also of what my Boston friend was to enjoy.

Purposely I placed him next to London as we rode, and one can well understand what a delightful saddle companion he was. With that unusually keen power of observation of his, with an appreciation of beauty equal to his powers of observation; alive to the finger tips to every impression of joy or beauty; thoroughly informed on trees, plants, flowers, animals, birds, fishes and instincts, and gifted with unusual imagination, he fairly deluged my friend with his vivid and intense descriptions. It was needless for him to tell me how much he enjoyed it. I could tell by the rapid fire of question and answer, expression and reply, how eagerly he was taking it in. And it certainly was a morning ride fit for the gods, one of incomparable charm and exquisite delight.



The sleeping mountain lake on the London Ranch, Valley of the Moon.

Returned to the house, we had mu-

sic from voice, piano and Victrola, and Jack related a number of interesting stories in connection with his trip on the "Snark." But more than all, I wanted my friend to see the intellectual workings of London's mind, so I started arguments with him on sociological questions. I aroused him enough by antagonism to stimulate his natural eloquence. Naturally, my friend prodded him also, for he prided himself upon his wide reading of all the schools of sociology. When I had got the two head over heels into red-hot debate, I let them "go it," hammer and tongs, for I knew what the result would be. London's memory seldom fails him, and his reading was as four to one compared with that of the Eastern scholar. The result was the latter found himself utterly unable to hold his own, and yet in his defeat felt that peculiar consciousness of pride that only a well educated man can feel, viz., that it has taken a man wonderfully well equipped with natural endowment and extraordinary reading to be able to cope with him.

The day was gone all too soon. After a tasty dinner the cart was brought and as we rode out to the train I turned and asked: "Well, how is it?" And then, for an hour, I listened to the Boston man's superlative expressions of the situation, the gist of which was as follows: "Why, sir, that man's life is the most ideal life of any literary man I know. His home is as near to perfection as I have ever seen a home and his companionship with his wife is something wonderful. It does not require any intelligence to discover the secret of his immense capacity for work. He is living in an artistic atmosphere, every element of which is perfectly congenial. And think of that ride! What a joy and privilege to have been able to take it with him! I never heard any one who so thoroughly entered into the spirit of Nature and the beauty of things as did this man who has always been described to me as so rude and primitive as to be absolutely brutal." And a great deal more along the same line. And there, dear reader, you have it. Contact with London reveals him what my Boston friend discovered him to be. Whatever one's opinions of his sociological ideas, or of his literary work may be, his home life to-day is a very beautiful one, and his devotion to his wife, as also to his art, sincere and true.

Now let me attempt a description of the house that struck my Boston friend as so marvelously adapted to its requirements as a home and equally well fitted to its environment.

If in the building of a home the builders should express themselves, then Jack and Charmian London are building one of the most individualistic homes in the world. It is located on the London ranch in the Sonoma Valley—the valley of the moon, as the poetic Indian name suggests. Since his first land purchase he has bought two or three other adjoining ranches, until now the estate comprises about twelve hundred acres. Of this, nearly eight hundred acres are wild hillside and four hundred are under cultivation. With a glorious outlook on all four sides over fertile fields, with woods and mountain slopes, the house is being built on a knoll, with a most picturesque clump of redwoods at the back. Being out-of-door people, fond of water, the home is built around a patio, in the center of which is a water pool or tank of solid concrete forty by fifteen feet and six feet deep, fed by water from a cold mountain spring, and in which black bass will be kept, and where one may occasionally take a plunge—if he is brave and hardy enough.

Weeks have been spent upon the concrete bed which is practically the foundation of the house. Mr. London has here carried out an idea of his own, viz., that in an earthquake country as California, a house designed to be permanent should be especially guarded in its foundation. He reasons that a house built on a gigantic slab of concrete will move as a unit, and not one wall incline in one direction and another in the opposite direction when

the quake occurs. Anyhow the architect has supervised the putting in of a bed of concrete sufficiently deep, thick and strong to sustain a forty-story skyscraper on a sandy foundation.

The architect is Mr. Albert Farr of San Francisco, a man of knowledge, experience and imagination, and as soon as Mr. and Mrs. London laid before him their ideas, he went to work to materialize them. The house is built chiefly of five materials, all of which are local products—redwood trees, a deep chocolate-maroon volcanic rock, blue slate, boulders and concrete. The London ranch furnishes the redwoods which are to be used with their jackets on, the rough deep-red colored bark harmonizing perfectly with the rough rock of the foundation. The rock is used exactly as blasted. It is not quarried in the sense of being worked regularly. It is simply blasted out and some chunks weigh several hundred pounds, some merely a few pounds and some as much as a ton or more. Just as they come they are hauled and placed in appropriate places. The result is immensely effective and attractive. The first floor is already built so that the effect is definitely known, and can be properly estimated. This house is |—| shaped, the main portion being eighty-six feet wide, with two eighty-two feet wings. The concrete water tank occupies the center of the patio, or open court. Around the tank will be a five-foot strip of garden, and this is the only piece of formal or conventional flower garden on the estate. Balconies built of redwood trunks are to surround the court.

The steps leading to the second story and the second story itself are to be built of the great boulders or cobble stones found on the estate, also the outside chimneys, and a builder has been found whose artistic work in the handling of these boulders is a joy and a delight.

The rough tree trunks will form the architectural lines of the porte-cochere, pergolas and porches, while the rafters are to be hewn out of rough redwood logs and kept in the natural finish. A charming effect is to be obtained by interlacing the tree trunks in the gables and balconies with fruit tree twigs. The roof will be of Spanish tile, colored to harmonize with the maroon of the rock and the redwood.

The interior is to be finished after the same rustic and individualistic fashion. It is to be essentially a home for the two people who are building it —a workshop for Mr. London, a home for Mrs. London, and a place where they can gather and entertain their friends. Hence these three ideas have been kept distinctly in the foreground. Mr. London's workroom is on the second floor, and is to be a magnificent room, nineteen by forty feet, with the library, exactly the same size, directly underneath, and the two connected with a spiral staircase. These two rooms are entirely apart from the rest of the house, thus affording perfect seclusion to the author while engaged at his work. His regular habit is to get to writing directly after breakfast, and he never writes less than one thousand words, his regular daily stunt. If this requires five hours, six, nine or merely two, it is always accomplished, and then the rest of the day is given over to hospitality, recreation or farming.

The chief feature of the house is the great living room, eighteen by fifty-eight feet, and extending over two stories high, with rough redwood balconies extending around the second floor. Open rafers for ceiling and gables, and an immense stone fireplace, which will be fed daily with gigantic logs from the woods on the estate, will give it a cheerful, homelike, though vast and medieval appearance.

The entrance way begins between two gigantic redwoods—and then leads to the porte-cochere, a roomy place big enough for the handling of the largest touring cars.

Immediately from the porte-cochere one enters the large hall, which, except for massive, handsomely wrought iron gates, will be perpetually open, reaching completely from the front to the rear of the building. From

this hall three large guest rooms, the patio and the author's workshop are reached on the left hand side, and on the right a reception room, with coat rooms, toilets and all conveniences, a gun-room, the stairs and the large living room. One of the two large alcoves of the living room is to be especially arranged for Mrs. London's Steinway grand piano, a kingly instrument, which gives her intense pleasure, and which will assuredly afford great joy and entertainment to her guests.

Long ago Mr. and Mrs. London fully decided the question that city life had not enough compensations to offer for home life. So they are building with this thought in view—to make a home for themselves where they can welcome and entertain all the friends they desire. They both laugh heartily at the comment of a city lady who, visiting the growing house and not knowing that any one could hear her, exclaimed: "What fools they are! building such a glorious house where none can see it!" as if the chief end of building a home was for "some one to see it." The Londons have a right appreciation of values, and they know how to place things. The first requirement of a house is that it shall be a home for those who are to live in it—the appreciation of others is a secondary consideration. From this viewpoint the London house will be ideal.

It is to contain its own hot water, heating, electric lighting, refrigerating, vacuum cleaning and laundry plants—the latter with steam dryer rotary wringer—a milk and store room, root and wine cellar.

Its name is "Wolf House," a reminder of London's book plate which is the big face of a wolf dog, and of his first great literary success, "The Call of the Wild."

At present the Londons are living in a group of the old houses they found on the estate. It has been renovated, fixed over, added to, repainted and refurnished, and it makes a most comfortable home until the new one is completed. How long that will be Jack laughingly declares no one knows —as he stops building as soon as his money gives out. So he and his mate are enjoying the building more than most people enjoy such work, one reason, doubtless, being because of this element of uncertainty.

In my personal touches with London he reveals more and more of the philosophy that controls him. One day we were talking about what life is, and what its conflicts mean, and he said in effect:

"I judge my life largely by the victories I have been able to gain! The things I remember best are my great victories. Two of these were won when I was a very small child, and one was won in a dream. When I was about three years old we were moving from one part of Oakland to another. Up to that time I had not known fear, but this particular afternoon when I went into the house and saw the vacant rooms, the boxes and furniture moved here and there, and everything different, and suddenly realized that I was alone in the house, a deadly fear came upon me. I was in a room one window of which looked out into a yard where some of the folks were beating carpets, and with this horrible dread upon me, unable to call out, afraid, I suppose, to do so, I could only find relief in going to the window and looking out. I thought of running to those outside, but one look into the room, and realizing that I had to go through two rooms before I reached the outside door, effectually deterred me. For awhile I succeeded in beating down the fear. Then, suddenly, I realized that the carpet beating was stopped and the folks had gone somewhere, that I was entirely alone, and that it was twilight and night was speedily coming down with its dark pall. For awhile I was terror-stricken and I suffered more torture than even now I care to recall. But by and by I braced up and resolutely I determined to face the terror. Gathering myself together, bracing up my will, I sturdily walked through the rooms

to the outside, feeling the thrill of victory as I did so.

"My other childish victory was over a peculiar nightmare. I had lived in the country and was one day brought to town and stood on a railway platform as a railway engine came in. Its ponderous size, its easy and resistless onward movement, its panting, its fire and smoke, its great noises, all impressed me so powerfully that that night I dreamed of it, and when the dream turned to a nightmare was filled with dread and horror at what seemed to be the fact that this locomotive was pursuing me and that I could not get out of its way. For weeks thereafter I was haunted by this dreadful fear, and night after night I was run down. But, strange to say, I always rose up again after suffering the pangs of a horrible death, to go over it all again. The torture those nightmares gave me none can understand except those who have gone through a similar experience. Then one night came release. In the distance, as the mighty modern Juggernaut came towards me, I saw a man with a stepladder. I was unable to cry out, but I waved my hand to him. He hailed me and bade me come. That broke the spell. I ran to him, climbed to the top of the stepladder, and thereafter lost all terror at the sight of a locomotive. But the victory gained in climbing the ladder was as real as any I ever had in my waking life.

"Another victory was gained when I learned that fame didn't count, and another when I learned that I could do without money. To-day I could look upon the loss of all my income with equanimity, for I know I have strength enough to go out and earn enough for Charmian and me to live on healthfully and simply. Another was when I ceased to fear death, and one of my latest triumphs was the victory gained over my dread of death by a knife. I have always had a terror of being killed by cutting with a knife. Often have I faced death, in a variety of ways, but an open knife always gave me the horrors. After I got up from the hospital in Australia, when we decided to give up the Snark trip, I had a five weeks' growth of heavy moustache and beard. I went to a barber's, where there were eight chairs, took my seat and the barber began. After he had lathered me and taken off a part of my beard, I suddenly noticed that the hand that rested on me was shaking frightfully. I looked and saw the razor hand approaching me, but jerking, as if the man was in a fit. It barely touched my skin when he drew it back. At first I was speechless with fright. A panic seized me, and I wanted to jump up and rush out. Then I pulled myself together and asked what it all meant. I recalled to my mind the mental conflicts I had recently had while face to face with myself on the hospital cot. What did all my arguments and assertions as to the supremacy of mind over body really mean. Here was an opportunity to test them. I could dodge the issue by slipping into another seat. But I determined to test myself. Quietly looking up, I asked the barber: 'What's up?' He answered in effect that he had been out with the boys on Saturday night—this was Monday—and for the first time in his life his dissipation had produced the 'shakes.' In a hoarse whisper he begged me not to give him away, as that would mean losing his job, and places were scarce just then.

" 'Take your time,' I said; 'I'll give you a chance, but be careful.'

"Then for fully three-quarters of an hour I waited and watched that fellow—his hand shaking uncontrollably—bring that razor to my cheek, lip or chin, knowing that a moment's shake at the wrong time might mean the taking off of a piece of me.

"That I call a great victory."

As throwing small sidelights upon London's inner thoughts, the following may assist. They are the inscriptions written by his own hand in the various books he has sent me:

In the "People of the Abyss"; "Walk with me here, among the creatures damned by man, and then won-

der not that I sign myself, Yours for the Revolution."

In "Children of the Frost": "Find herein *my* Indians; I imagine they do not differ very much from *yours*."

In his "War of the Classes" he wrote: "Read here some of the reasons of my socialism, and some of my socialism."

In another copy of "The War of the Classes," knowing that I was a continuous student of Browning, he wrote: "God's still in his heaven, but all's not well with the world."

How suggestive this from "The Kempton-Wace Letters": "I'd rather be ashes than dust."

In "Tales of the Fish Patrol": "Find within these pages my youthful stamping ground, when I first went 'on my own' into the world."

In "The Sea Wolf": "Find here, in the mouth of the Sea Wolf, much of the philosophy that was mine in my 'long sickness.' It is still mine, though now that I am happy, I keep it covered over with veils of illusion."

The chief character in this book is Wolf Larsen. He is a wonderful conception, wonderfully drawn, a strong and impelling character, a human being devoid of all morality, all sentiment, save that of living solely for his own pleasure and interest. He is pictured as being neither moral nor immoral, simply unmoral, knowing no standard of right and wrong, recognizing no impelling duty save that of personal interest. He is the incarnation of materialism and selfish individualism, which, as London says above, was for a time his "great sickness."

Yet he is made the instrument for good. It would be immeasurably better for the individual, and therefore for the race, if all the "Sissies" and "Miss Nancys," the bloodless, superrefined, super-sensitive, super-civilized creatures of the Van Weyden type were compelled to undergo some such treatment as Wolf Larsen gave to him. In the Wolf's words they would learn to "stand upon their own legs" instead of walking upon those of their fathers. "The Sea Wolf" clearly teaches Jack London's philosophies upon this subject. Van Weyden, the scholar and dilettante, says of himself: "I had never done any hard manual labor or scullion labor in my life. I had lived a placid, uneventful, sedentary existence all my days—the life of a scholar and a recluse on an assured and comfortable income. Violent life and athletic sports had never appealed to me. I had always been a bookworm; so my sisters and my father had called me during my childhood. I had gone camping but once in my life, and then I left the party almost at the start and returned to the comforts and conveniences of a roof. And here I was, with dreary and endless vistas before me of table setting, potato peeling and dish washing, and I was not strong. The doctors had always said that I had a remarkable constitution, but I had never developed it or my body through exercise. My muscles were small and soft like a woman's, or so the doctors had said time and again in the course of their attempts to persuade me to go in for physical culture fads. But I had preferred to use my head rather than my body; and here I was, in no fit condition for the rough life in prospect."

There you have it: a dreamy, sensuous, half life he had lived, his body rusting and rotting for want of use. How could health of thought come from such a body? Half the thought that controls the world is diseased thought, rotten thought, born of diseased and rotten bodies. For thought to be strong and virile and pure it must come through strong, virile and pure bodies. The man who lives a lazy, selfish, self-indulgent life cannot think other than lazy, selfish, self-indulgent thoughts. And it was the mission of Wolf Larsen, cruel, horrible, terrible though it seemed at first to Humphrey Van Weyden, to show him the uselessness and inutility of his own life, the helplessness of it and to develop within him powers of usefulness, or self-reliance, of mental grasp. As you read of Van Weyden's treatment

your blood boils at times with anger and indignation, yet the ultimate outcome was good, in the highest degree good. It taught the hitherto useless and selfish man a sympathy with the hard and cruel work of others; it developed his body, his mind, his invention, his soul. See him there, as London pictures him, when cast ashore on Endeavor Island, with the woman he loved, struggling with the masts of the dismasted "Ghost" in order that he may get back to civilization. Day after day he grapples with problems of weight, levers, fulcrums, blocks and tackles, and little by little knows the joy of overcoming them. He learns what it is to really live—to live in active battling with the real problems that meet men and women in real life. So, in the end, one is forced to the conclusion that his experiences were good for him in every way. They had made a man of him—a real man, not a semblance of a man. A self-reliant, self-competent, self-dependent man, full of sympathy for his fellows, knowing the hardships and difficulties of their lives and realizing the joys of their triumphs. And to be a man is much. Welcome the teacher, hard though he be, that teaches us manhood.

So Jack London's book comes to me with the highest sanction. It teaches human puppets to be men through the strenuous endeavor of compelling life.

In his later books his humor asserts itself more than formerly. He is far more jolly, human and humorous than most of his readers conceive. For instance, when he was living at Wake Robin Lodge, where I first met him, he had a notice on the front door of his library or studio: "No Admittance Except on Business!" Then underneath, "Positively no Business Transacted Here." On the back door were these legends: "No one admitted without knocking." "Please do not knock."

Yet it cannot be denied that humor is a secondary or tertiary thing to him. He has been compelled by the hard knocks of life to be so deadly in earnest, and he has so thoroughly taken upon himself the burden of the downtrodden classes that, while he fully appreciates humor, can tell a good story and laughs as heartily as any man, the serious side of life is ever uppermost to him.

This is clearly seen in the concluding words of his compelling paper, "What Life Means to Me." He there says:

"I discovered that I did not like to live on the parlor floor of society. Intellectually I was bored. Morally and spiritually I was sickened. I remembered my intellectuals and idealists, my unfrocked preachers, broken professors, and clean-minded, class conscious workingmen. I remembered my days and nights of sunshine and starshine, where life was all a wild, sweet wonder, a spiritual paradise of unselfish adventure and ethical romance. And I saw before me, ever blazing and burning, the Holy Grail.

"So I went back to the working class in which I had been born and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. The imposing edifice of society above my head holds no delights for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crowbar in hand, shoulder to shoulder with intellectuals, idealists and class-conscious workingmen, getting a solid pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking. Some day, when we get a few more hands and crowbars to work, we'll topple it over, along with all its rotten life and unburied dead, its monstrous selfishness and sodden materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellar and build a new habitation for mankind, in which there will be no parlor floor, in which all the rooms will be bright and airy, and where the air that is breathed will be clean, noble and alive.

"Such is my outlook. I look forward to a time when man shall progress upon something worthier and higher than his stomach, when there will be a finer incentive to impel men to action than the incentive of to-day, which is the incentive of the stomach. I retain my belief in the nobility and excellence of

the human. I believe that spiritual sweetness and unselfishness will conquer the gross gluttony of to-day. And, last of all, my faith is in the working class. As some Frenchman has said: 'The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending.' "

Let me here say a few words as to London's socialism.

It is useless to say that his theories and ideas are impracticable. It is impossible to ignore them. He and his compeers argue with relentless logic that will not be gainsaid. The capitalistic class, they say, has had up to now the management of the affairs of the world. The laboring class, perforce, has had to accept this management, live by the laws the capitalists have formulated, accept the wages paid, pay the prices demanded for rents, commodities, clothing and food, and live in rigid conformity to the will of the capitalists—as expressed in the laws and in social requirements—with little more than a pretended voice of suggestion in the making of these laws. They openly claim that this management has been a failure as far as the higher development of mankind is concerned. They point with bitterness to the evidences of material and financial prosperity side by side with increasing misery and wretchedness and the growing fierceness of the struggle for existence. In his essay entitled "Revolution," London compares the existence of the cave-man with the conditions of life among the poor today, and calls upon the poor to assert their rights, show their power at the ballot-box and claim their own. The red banner, by the way, symbolizes the brotherhood of man and does not symbolize the incendiarism that instantly connects itself with the red banner in the affrighted bourgeois mind. The comradeship of the revolutionists is alive and warm. It passes over geographical lines, transcends race prejudice, and has even proven itself mightier than the Fourth of July, spread-eagle Americanism of our forefathers. The French socialist workingmen and the German socialist workingmen forget Alsace and Lorraine, and, when war threatens, pass resolutions declaring that as workingmen and comrades, they have no quarrel with each other. When Japan and Russia sprang at each other's throats, the revolutionists of Japan addressed the following message to the revolutionists of Russia:

"Dear Comrades: Your government and ours have recently plunged into war to carry out their imperialistic tendencies, but for us socialists there are no boundaries, race, country, nationality. We are comrades, brothers and sisters, and have no reason to fight. Your enemies are not the Japanese people, but our militarism and so-called patriotism. Patriotism and militarism are our mutual enemies."

Here is another utterance that should be calmly weighed and duly considered:

"One thing must be clearly understood. This is no spontaneous and vague uprising of a large mass of discontented and miserable people—a blind and instinctive recoil from trust. On the contrary, the propaganda is intellectual; the movement is based upon economic necessity and is in line with social evolution; while the miserable people have not yet revolted. The revolutionist is no starved and diseased slave in the shambles at the bottom of the social pit, but is, in the main, a hearty, well fed workingman who sees the shambles waiting for him and his children and declines to descend. The very miserable people are too helpless to help themselves. But they are being helped, and the day is not far distant when their numbers will go to swell the ranks of the revolutionists."

There are those who ask, Why exploit the socialistic ideas of London? Is there not something of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand in this mental attitude? If socialism is dangerous, the sooner we who profess to be less radical know it the better. Let us fully understand the ideas, the propaganda, the methods these men and women have in their minds; then, if

they are to be combatted, we can the more intelligently go to work to combat them. But to shut our eyes and ears, to remain wilfully blind and deaf until the storm is upon us is both foolish, absurd and suicidal.

About five years ago on one of my visits to Glen Ellen, Jack and his wife were full of their contemplated trip on "The Snark." They had decided to make it, and Jack and "Roscoe" spent hours going over their plans. I used to watch and listen and enjoy it all in anticipation with them. They planned to be gone for seven years, to circumnavigate the globe and visit every place that appealed to them.

A few days after I left them I wrote the following, gendered by the unfolding of London's philosophy as it appeared to me at the time:

"Seven years on a small vessel, journeying through storms and calms, in all kinds of seas in all kinds of weathers. Seven years of risk, of uncertainty, of danger—so it appears to a landsman. But how does it seem to him? Read his stories of the Fish Patrol in San Francisco harbor; get it well into your understanding that as a lad of sixteen he was the hero of adventure, of daring and bravery that were taken as the everyday work of capturing desperate and armed men who violated the laws of the Fish Commissioners; men who defiantly pirated the oyster beds; men to whom the sailing of their vessels in all weathers and in the fogs and darkness of night was part of their everyday life; men whose whole lives had been spent on the sea—I say he entered into the task of foiling these men in their illegal work when but a mere lad of sixteen. With his superior, or alone, he sailed the vessel of the fish patrol and sought to outsail and outwit defiant and mocking men. Here, then, was his school. Here was his training ground. As you read his fish and sea stories you see that the uncertain deck of the tossing vessel, the uprearing and downfalling of the ship as it is lifted by the wild and boisterous waves is a place of sure footing to him. Masts and sails and oars and tackles and keels and center-boards and the like are all as familiar to him as fashions are to the dude, and not in a dilettante way, but in the stern, real, positive way that comes in the discharge of arduous, wearisome, dangerous and exciting daily labor.

"His, therefore, will be no amateur trip. He knows what he is about. He is an expert sailor. He as thoroughly understands the handling and working of a vessel as an expert mechanic trained as a chauffeur understands the manipulation of an automobile.

"And yet more than this is necessary for the *master* of a vessel. He must understand the art of navigation. That is, he must understand not only all about the actual working of the vessel, but how to determine his course in the night, in a fog, how to find his location when wind, adverse current and storm have forced him out of his expected path. This knowledge he does not possess. But this is no real obstacle. Here is where his superb mental training and self-discipline come in. He knows that a few days' reading up will give him the scientific knowledge necessary to learn these things. What a school man must spend months to learn, he knows that his well-disciplined intellect, with its powers of concentration, absorption and retention can master in a few weeks. So with supreme self-reliance he looks upon the necessary knowledge as almost attained, and goes on with his preparation without a flutter of fear at his heart."

London himself, in his book, "The Cruise of the Snark," enlarges upon this crude presentation of his ideas in the following vigorous fashion:

"The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—not achievement for the world's applause, but achievement for my own delight. It is the old 'I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!' But personal achievement, with me, must be concrete. I'd rather win a water-fight in the swimming pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under

me, than write the great American novel. Each man to his liking. Some other fellow would prefer writing the great Ameircan novel to winning the water-fight or mastering the horse.

"Possibly the proudest achievement of my life, my moment of highest living, occurred when I was seventeen. I was in a three-masted schooner off the coast of Japan. We were in a typhoon. All hands had been on deck most of the night. I was called from my bunk at seven in the morning to take the wheel. Not a stitch of canvas was set. We were running before it with bare poles, yet the schooner fairly tore along. The seas were all of an eighth of a mile apart, and the wind snatched the whitecaps from their summits, filling the air so thick with driving spray that it was impossible to see more than two waves at a time. The schooner was almost unmanageable, rolling her rail under to starboard and to port, veering and yawing anywhere between southeast and southwest, and threatening when the huge seas lifted under her quarter, to broach to. Had she broached to, she would ultimately have been reported with all hands and no tidings.

"I took the wheel. The sailing master watched me for a space. He was afraid of my youth, feared that I lacked the strength and the nerve. But when he saw me successfully wrestle the schooner through several bouts, he went below to breakfast. Fore and aft all hands were below at breakfast. Had she broached to, not one of them would ever have reached the deck. For forty minutes I stood there alone at the wheel, in my grasp the wildly careering schooner and the lives of twenty-two men. Once we were pooped. I saw it coming, and, half-drowned, with tons of water crushing me, I checked the schooner's rush to broach to. At the end of the hour, sweating and played out, I was relieved. But I had done it! With my own hands I had done the trick at the wheel and guided a hundred tons of wood and iron through a few million tons of wind and waves.

"My delight was in that I had done it—not in the fact that twenty-two men knew I had done it. Within the year over half of them were dead and gone, yet my pride in the thing performed was not diminished by half.

"Life that lives is life successful, and success is the breath of its nostrils. The achievement of a difficult feat is successful adjustment to a sternly exacting environment. The more difficult the feat, the greater the satisfaction at its accomplishment. Thus it is with the man who leaps forward from the springboard, out over the swimming pool, and with a backward half-revolution of the body, enters the water head first. Once he left the springboard his environment was immediately savage, and savage the penalty it would have exacted had he failed and struck the water flat. Of course, the man did not have to run the risk of the penalty. He could have remained on the bank in a sweet and placid environment of summer air, sunshine and stability. Only he was not made that way. In the swift mid-air moment he lived as he could never have lived on the bank.

"The trip around the world means big moments of living. Bear with me a moment, and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man—a bit of vitalized matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat and blood, nerve, sinew, bones and brain—all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail. I strike a light back-handed blow on the nose of an obstreperous horse, and a bone in my hand is broken. I put my head under the water for five minutes and I am drowned. I fall twenty feet through the air and I am smashed. I am a creature of temperature. A few degrees one way and my fingers and toes blacken and drop off. A few degrees the other way, and my skin blisters and shrivels away from the raw, quivering flesh. A few additional degrees either way, and the life and the light in me go out. A drop of poison injected into my body from a snake, and I cease to move—forever I cease to

move. A splinter of lead from a rifle enters my head, and I am wrapped around in the eternal blackness.

"Fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am. About me are the great natural forces—colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful and unmoral. They are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloud-bursts, tide-rips and tidal waves, under-tows and waterspouts, great whirls and sucks and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea and to death—and these insensate monsters do not know that tiny sensitive creature, all nerves and weaknesses, whom men call Jack London, and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being.

"In the maze and chaos of the conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them. The bit of life that is I, in so far as it succeeds in baffling them or in bidding to its service, will imagine that it is godlike. It is good to ride the tempest and feel godlike. I dare to assert that for a finite speck of pulsating jelly to feel godlike is a far more glorious feeling than for a god to feel godlike.

"Here is the sea, the wind and the wave. Here are the seas, the winds and the waves of all the world. Here is ferocious environment. And here is difficult adjustment, the achievement of which is delight to the small quivering vanity that is I. I like. I am so made. It is my own particular form of vanity, that is all."

They made a wonderful start and did some remarkable voyaging, all of which is told in graphic fashion in London's "Cruise of the Snark." But circumstances over which they had no control compelled the giving up of the trip when they reached Australia, and they returned to their home in Glen Ellen, there to furbish up the old ranch house, begin the building of the new and wonderful home, construct the trails and be happy, as I have described in the earlier pages of this already prolonged sketch. That they are not compulsorily anchored is evidenced by the fact that a few months ago they decided to take a trip to New York. While there, one or the other or both decided that a sailing vessel trip to California around Cape Horn would suit them, and in twenty-four hours arrangements were made and they were off.

Whatever else may be said of London, no one can truthfully say of him that he has not lived. In his less than forty years of life he has played on a gamut of several octaves, and from present indication life is just as intense, as vivid, and as full with him as when he fought his battle with the bully newsboy on the streets of Oakland, or the bully sailor on the deck of the Behring Sea whaler.

He is very much alive.



Mrs. Jack London's New Viewpoint

By L. Rudio Marshall

AS I STEPPED from the carriage that brought me from Glen Ellen to the vine-covered home on the London ranch in the Valley of the Moon, a bright sunbeam seemed to slip out of the door and greet me with the informal kindliness of a young girl. In the delightful feeling of this cordial spirit of pure friendliness I realized the full meaning of the old-time saying of Jack's friends: "Jack's home is the real home." The trail to that home is well worn with footprints, and is an ever-ready remembrance to his hosts of staunch friends in all quarters of the globe. Perhaps there is no place of its kind in the West that has attracted so many and such a variety of visitors as the Home That Jack Built with the latch string always hanging out—and beckoning.

"It is so good of you to come," Mrs. London exclaimed warmly, making me completely at home with her radiant kindliness. "There is so much to tell and I know that you will enjoy yourself. Come in and let me make you comfortable."

After we had chatted awhile in a lovely arcade overlooking a glorious panoramic view of the valley, backed by the rising hills, she began in low tones: "I will carry out Jack's work as he planned it. He left behind enough material to write books for at least one hundred years."

She reached to a shelf nearby, which was covered with scattered photographs. "Here are Jack and I at Honolulu. Here we are in the Sierras." She shuffled many photographs, all depicting Jack and herself in many places in the Western world. Occasionally she paused meditatively over a picture that recalled some striking incident in their far-ranging journeys into happiness. She held a bunch of photographs close to her and said, brightly: "I believe that Jack is always with me. I live and hope under that impression. He would wish it, I know, and I love the idea."

We talked of his early work and how, after persistent and desperate endeavors, he at last "found himself" and attained the first recognition through publication in Overland Monthly, oddly enough the magazine founded by Bret Harte, in 1868, to furnish a vehicle whereby California writers might be developed.

London's first contribution to Overland was the five "Malemute Kid" series, "The Son of the Wolf," etc., beginning January, 1899, all dealing with his then recent Alaskan experiences.

Mrs. London selected several photographs and handed them to me. "Take them to Overland Monthly," she said, "as a compliment to the management for what it did to start Jack on his literary career."

After the publication of these Alaskan stories, London's further contributions were readily accepted by Eastern publishers, and his success widened with each story printed.

Later I was invited by Mrs. Shepard —Jack London's sister and manager of the ranch—to take a stroll and become better acquainted with the sequestered trails and the roads threading the woodland slopes and the glorious prospect they offered. Mrs. Shepard showed all the supple and exhilarating signs of outdoor life. Being in ideal physical condition, she promptly developed into one of the

most enthusiastic and persistent walkers I ever hope to keep pace with. An invitation to join her for a little ramble, "just to view some of the more captivating prospects," is doing a marathon for which one should be crowned as in the Olympian games.

It was Jack London's spurring ambition to make his extensive land-holding of hill and dale provide everything needful for its consumption and use. Independence was his motto. Along this line he had developed his plans to a point where he was preparing to inaugurate his own school house for the benefit of the many children on the ranch, as well as his own store, furnished with all kinds of merchandise for the numerous families employed, and a post-office. With his ardent enthusiasm he was always planning new benefits for the workers around him, heartfelt endeavors to ameliorate their condition and educate them to advantages superior to any they might attain under their own initiative.

Jack never skimped on any cost that might make his holding more attractive. So when he decided to have a colorful background of Western bronco busters on his range, he brought out a number of real thoroughbred cowboys from Cheyenne, headed by a genius in that line, named Hayes. London loved horses, and the pride and gem of the display on his ranch was the prize stallion, Neuadd Hillside. Singularly enough Jack died on the 22d of the month; so did the stallion on the same date of the preceding mouth, and the ambitious House That Jack Built, his famous castle, burned down on the 22d, some three years prior.

On my hike with Mrs. Shepard, we gradually threaded the main departments of the ranch, the storehouse, blacksmith shop, the cool rooms of the dairy and the specklessly clean slaughter house, where the animals are killed and dressed to supply the families working on the place. Then by easy ascent we climbed the wooded trails, and as we turned a corner of trees, a gem-like lake, an exquisite mirror reflecting the heavens and the serenity of the picturesque scene, came suddenly into view. Later, Mrs. London told me of the profound affection she and Jack entertained for that sacred little spot, the site where they and their most intimate friends spent many happy evening hours with the canopy of stars overhead and the gently nodding sentinel trees looking approval.

There is where Jack took his cronies when they came up from San Francisco, Oakland and other places for a "time." Hampers of food were carried along, and drinkables. Fish were caught from the lake and popped into a hot pan and crackling potatoes seared with the coals were raked out as they reached the point of bursting like a boll of cotton. And as the good fellows and their mates stretched out before the glowing embers of the big log fire, the stars gradually faded while the talk ranged its devious way round the circle, weird experiences, wonderful adventures, the pet theories of philosophers, prophets and radicals, the uncanny rim of life, freedom of the will, revelations of their wildest and most fantastic dreams—a mental giant swing to loop the loop between a Walpurgis night and the Miltonian heavens. Jack's wolves and elemental humans, the while fantastically threading the themes of discussion.

From an eminence near the lake, Mrs. Shepard pointed out a hillside with terrace after terrace dropping stairwise down the slope.

"There you see one of Jack's many striking hobbies," she explained—"terrace farming. When Jack bought these 1,500 acres they had been abandoned by six different ranchers, and each had done his level best to exhaust the soil and squeeze it of the last profit possible, till the ground was as sterile as a piece of cement. Jack attacked the problem with his usual zeal, and by degrees stimulated the impoverished soil with proper nutritives. There you see the result of his efforts, an abundant profitable crop. Along this line, Jack's ambition was to

develop a model farm; one of the best all-round ranches in the State, combining a stock ranch, fruit, grain, vegetables, vineyard and the like. He would have accomplished his plan had he lived, for his enthusiasm was unquenchable. His intense energy simply rioted in work. Success seemed only to stimulate him to greater and wider efforts."

By this time, being somewhat plump, I was becoming a bit nervous regarding the many surrounding hills about me which Mrs. Shepard seemed determined to climb in order to show me the many other interesting points. I suggested that for a change it might prove a relief to go down the hills instead of everlastingly climbing them. Apparently she did not catch my gasping hope, for suddenly she shot a sharp glance at me.

"You're a tenderfoot," she said. There was a twinkle in her eye and about the corners of her mouth a lurking expression of teasing.

"Yes," I replied, frankly. "My feet are tender, more tender than I ever suspected on such high hills."

She laughed. And later, when we reached the house, Mrs. London laughed too, when I caricatured my experiences in hillside climbing. She explained to me the extraordinary self service Jack's sister was doing for the ranch. Mrs. Shepard alone handles all the important business, crop problems and other responsibilities. The bungalow in which she lives is the business headquarters of the ranch. Mrs. Shepard is out and over the hills and the valley at all hours, looking sharply after the manifold details in the proper development of the ranch. She thinks nothing of a day's hike up hill and down dale, checking up the hands and the various special jobs scattered over the broad acreage. Aside from this she has the responsibility of watching market prices in order to dispose the crops at advantageous figures, the purchase of new machinery, agricultural implements, and the thousand and one things required on a ranch of such extent and possibilities. By dealers she is accounted as a keenly competent woman. Mrs. Shepard was evidently born for the position, as she took to it like a duck to water. Five years ago she visited her brother's ranch for a month's vacation to recuperate her health. She has remained there ever since, an ideal overseer, enjoying to the full her healthy and happy capacity of "doing things well worth while."

We walked back to the London house, and there in a room I found Mrs. London combing over numberless relics which she and Jack had collected on the thousand and one journeys taken to divers places scattered about the world. Hundreds of pictures of Jack, it seemed to me, taken in various foreign garbs. Many of them were entitled "The Wolf," as Jack was familiarly called by those who knew him best. His laughing eyes peeped from all quarters of the room. Every glance by Mrs. London at "The Wolf" was an adoration.

Mrs. London picked up one of the photographs, kissed it fondly, and exclaimed: "Dear old Jack; no one knows how I miss him. What is the use of weeping and moping? He wouldn't want it. I shall always live in the way he would want me to."

And so she fills out her life in sincere effort to carry out the work left by him according to his ideas.

Presently she brought out one of her special treasures; her private copy of the "Log of the Snark," which she wrote on the notable voyage of that vessel to describe the happy trip she and her husband made in the South Seas; a book that throws more intimate light on their happy, buoyant life of camaraderie than can be found in all the other "London" books published. The volume is dedicated to Jack London, and was recently issued by the Macmillan Publishing Company, New York. It is Mrs. London's first attempt at authorship, and has proved a wonderful success because of its sincere naturalness and the delightful spirit which pervades it. In that book the reader sees and realizes the true

Jack London; his daily life is pictured familiarly, his writing hours, his day dreaming, his exuberant spirits and cosmic plans, his sincere thoughtfulness of his host of friends, his canny hunches, his aspirations, his plans for a tangible eternity, and the deep devotion between man and wife. He had a score of pet names for her, love names that he had selected: "Mate," "Mate Woman," "Crackerjack."

Every mail to Glen Ellen these days brings bundles of letters to Mrs. London congratulating her upon the immediate success of the "Log of the Snark." With beaming pride she read to me a letter written by a prominent publisher in Paris thanking her for an article she had recently written for him, and enclosing a check of cheerful figures, the first she had ever received. Laying down the letter she exclaimed radiantly: "My! Wouldn't Jack be proud of me?"

The remarkable success of Mrs. London's first book is an augury that many popular books from her pen will follow.

Jack died on a couch screened in on a wide porch overlooking a beautiful panoramic view of the Valley of the Moon, so appropriately named by him. All over his couch and about him were coverings of the wonderful collection of furs of wild animals he had gathered from the Western world.

Mrs. London walked over to a couch and pointed to a dial on the wooden frame above. "Dear Jack," she said; "for years he had set this alarm clock to strike at 6 a. m. See, the hour hand is now pointing at 8 o'clock. On the last night his strength failed, and for the first time in many years of his writing the dial was not set at 6 o'clock, his regular hour of rising.

"In one of the very last talks we had he expressed his deep sympathy for those in low circumstances who were striving with all kinds of shifts and economies to acquire a home. He had been considering plans to locate them on country land tracts. The problem had not been worked out in detail, but his persistent enthusiasm regarding it, during even his sickness, indicated how determined he was in efforts to materialize it. Jack was the incarnation of loyalty to a friend, and no matter what the friend's position was in the world, whether he lacked money, influence or position, or was a radical driven at bay, Jack had ever a ready hand to help him."

During the ebb and flow of his sinking spells, Jack became impressed with the idea that perhaps after all his rugged and robust constitution might not pull him through. At once he rigidly insisted that nobody should attend his funeral except his wife, his sister, Mrs. Shepard, and George Sterling, his fidue Achates, through years of hardship, toil and success, each recognizing the stable qualities of the other, and the genius.

Jack was buried on the spot which he had carefully selected a long time before; a spot commanding a sweeping view of the Valley of the Moon, and embracing the ruins of his beloved former home, so endearingly planned by his wife and himself, the House That Jack Built. A huge red stone boulder marks his resting place.

Later Mrs. London and I rambled along a smooth road with stately trees lining each side, and on a bend of the hillside we came out on a point overlooking the beautiful sweep of the ranch. In the middle distance were the ruins of the House That Jack Built, resembling the remains of an old castle that had already accumulated its legends. Mrs. London steadfastly regarded the beloved spot, lost in silence. Suddenly she shook her head: "I never would care to rebuild it," she said.

The site is on a noble eminence. I suggested that she should donate the place for a prominent State building as a memorial to Jack London. She had never thought of such a solution.

In considering the matter, I told her of a number of precedents where land had been donated by private parties to State institutions, notably to the University of California, where Jack London had been a student, and I re-

counted to her the great success the University was making on its farm at Davis, where students were trained in the practical details of various agricultural pursuits. And as I looked over the beautiful prospect, I felt that Jack London, with all his generosity and humanity, his deep concern to benefit his fellow men, would heartily approve the idea.

All Mrs. London's ideas are cradled in the thought of what Jack would want her to do. Jack keenly and appreciatively sensed how implicitly she would follow his pet views, and it followed naturally that practically the whole estate was bequeathed to his wife. Surely Jack London had every reason to call her his "Mate."

Aside from such plans, Mrs. Jack London is now bent on assisting as best she can in the education of her two step-daughters. It is known only to a very few of the most intimate friends that the Londons had a little baby girl, born in 1910. She lived only a few days. That was the only real sorrow that came into their lives.

JACK LONDON'S PLEA FOR THE SQUARE DEAL

Editor "The Overland Monthly."

Dear Sir:

At the present time I am undergoing a pirate raid on the part of men who have not given one bit of their brain to create what I have written, one cent of their money to help me write what I have written, nor one moment of their time to aid me to write what I have written. This is a straight, brazen, shameless pirate raid that is being made upon me. My back is up against the wall, and I am fighting hard, and I am calling upon you to help me out.

In the past you have bought work of mine and published it in your magazine. You will know the method of copyrighting you pursued at that time without my going into the details of this here.

I am asking you now, to assign to me, and to send to me the document in which you assign, any and all rights, with the exception of first-serial rights in the United States and Canada, in all stories, articles, essays, novels and plays written by me and purchased and published and copyrighted by you between the years and months of years beginning January 1, 1898, and ending October 12, 1913, inclusive.

The portion of the period above inclosed in dates practically covers the days previous to the appearance in the publishing game of second-serial rights, during which time you were publishing my work.

The basis of this request which I am making you in this letter is that when you copyrighted the various numbers of your publication, you did copyright all rights in the contents thereof, and that you did hold in trust for me all other rights except those first-serial rights already described in the foregoing part of this letter.

If you will kindly have a clerk run through your index for the data, and in the assignment you send to me, specify by title and date of publication, it will be of immense assistance to me in this my hour of rush, in which I am writing some eighty-odd periodicals which have published my work serially since I entered the writing game. Also, I beg of you, because of this necessity for haste on my part, that you will forgive the manner and method of this request I am preferring to you.

If you can see your way to it, please help me out by sending me this assignment at your very earliest convenience.

Sincerely yours,

JACK LONDON.

The Real Jack London in Hawaii

By Mae Lacy Baggs

I HAD known Jack London in San Francisco, I had visited the London ranch house at Santa Rosa, but never had I known the real Jack London until I saw him in Hawaii.

Before I had scented in him something of the Wolf Larsen of "The Sea Wolf," cruel, relentless, tyrannical; something of the breeder in his "Little Lady of the Big House," cold, scientific, materialist; but in Hawaii—a land loving and lovely—he was different. I like to think that I know it to be true that this was the real London, that this land had shown him his real self.

It was our first morning in Honolulu, early in the new year of 19[illegible] We had come out from the Moana Hotel at Waikiki for an early morning plunge. I knew that the Londons had one of the adjacent Seaside Hotel cottages, but my delight was great to find Mrs. London already on the beach. Greetings were scarcely over when Mr. London walked out of the water with his surf-board under his arm.

"Aloha!" was his first word, intoned with the true Hawaiian quaver. And then, "You had to come too?"

He referred, of course, to the well known and strong impelling force that sooner or later reaches all lovers of the rare and beautiful, and draws them to Hawaii, maybe for a month's stay, maybe forever. Time and circumstance, not place, decides the length of stay. If it were just place Hawaii would have to spread its shores and take in the whole world.

It was destined that I see much of the Londons, both in Honolulu and on the other islands. Their cottage at Waikiki Beach was not a stone's throw from the lanai (Hawaiian for veranda) of our beach hotel. Hour after hour, while rainbows played their elusive game, now back up through the Moana Valley, now through sifting spray, liquid sunshine, as the Hawaiian has it, of the dreamlike coral sea, a group of congenial spirits sat around a table on the lanai and talked of strange lands, strange seas and stranger peoples.

The Jack London of popular conception had no relation to the man himself. In a measure he was responsible for this misunderstanding. He never tried to cover up the facts of his lowly birth, his lowly struggles for existence, to say nothing of his struggle for recognition as a writer. Instead, his life was one long attempt to convince the world through his pen that the conditions which produced his pitiful beginnings were all wrong.

His method was chiefly to show up every man as a primitive, with primitive passions—brutes. Now a brute, an animal, in other words, he would argue, never strikes except in self-defence; the corporation, organized capital, itself beyond the reach of a blow, strikes deep and crushes the soul of this primitive, which left to itself would not harm a flea.

But Mr. London did not always talk on such deep, headaching topics. His remarks, his observations, his stories, were as light and as frothy as the spray that dashed over the coral reef and broke on the shore at our feet.

He was at his best when telling South Sea tales, sometimes of the petty, mimick kingdoms set up by conquering Polynesians on an atoll, sometimes of a hog of a trader, as he dubbed the usual white man found at out of the way ports of call. But we



The London party at Honolulu, 1915. Mrs. London is standing on the left.

were always subjected to his wife's revision of the stories he set out to tell, yet always between them was perfect trust and understanding.

"Let me see, Jack," she would interpose, a merry twinkle dancing in her eyes, "just—what—story—is—that?"

Without any show of resentment ever, he would come back with a word that would at once act as a cue. As often as not, looking the assembly over, Mrs. London would say:

"No, mate. Tell this one——" starting him off with a keynote.

One night he was particularly eager to go beyond his wife's ruling, and, looking us over, his eyes rested on me, when he said:

"I do wish I knew all of you better —for this is a good story."

It was plain Mr. London's contact with a life that had few frills had made

him indifferent to social amenities, to the small conventions that brand a thing too risque, taboo.

You must know that Mr. London had no parlor upbringing and few parlor manners did he acquire. He never got over feeling self-conscious in the presence of some one born into a walk of life commonly considered above his. Never by a word did he recognize class, but his manner betrayed instinctive reverence for that elusive yet unmistakable something known as "breeding."

His greeting always bore that "Pleased to meet you" smile. Somehow his diffidence matched his appearance, matched his shambling gait, his shock or unruly hair, his soft collared shirts, his loose belted, unpressed trousers. For, as to looks, Mr. London was not a lady's man, if we accept the model men writers place to our credit. But Mr. London was a man's man, therefore, a woman's man. More than that, he was a child's man.

Illustrative of the latter trait is the following incident:

On a ranch on Maui, the high island three islands away, as distance is measured in the Hawaiian archipelago, where the Londons had gone when the weather had become too hot for creative work in Honolulu, Mr. London had taken a marked interest at once in the little daughters of his host, Louis von Temsky. The first night after dinner we were sitting on the large lanai overlooking a valley that reached down to the sea. One of the children, a little girl of 9, encouraged by a friendly smile in Mr. London's eyes, sidled up to the writer and said shyly:

"Mr. London, we," indicating her sister of twelve who took herself seriously as an artist and liked to be read to in her garret studio while so employed, "we have been reading one of your books."

In a manner not quite sure of himself and shy as the child's he replied:

"Have you? Which one?"

"'The Valley of the Moon,'" replied the little girl.

"How far have you read?" Mr. London was as hesitant as the little bread and butter girl herself.

With a choke in her throat from holding a conversation with the book's author, the big man himself, she looked helplessly at her sister.

"Oh, sister—where were we reading yesterday—when we got so sleepy?"

For a moment the air was tense; then Mrs. London, who is graciousness itself, broke the spell with a ringing laugh.

"There, mate," she crowed, "I hope that will hold you for a while."

The little maiden blanched, not sure just what she had done, but Mr. London was the first to her assistance. His big heart dominated the moment and presently they were deep in child stuff.

Of Jack London's relation with his wife, Charmian, he always called her, it hurts me to talk, now that he is gone. Always she was his "mate." They were constantly together—more so in Hawaii than eleswhere, for his interests on the ranch or his big holdings down in the Imperial Valley of Southern California called him far afield. In Hawaii it was different. Even while her husband was writing his thousand words a day, his "bit," he called it, she was always hovering near, ready at a word to do his bidding.

Mr. London's Japanese secretary, who typed his "stuff"—Mr. London always wrote in long hand—on a small aluminum typewriter, married a pretty little Japanese maiden while in Honolulu. The Londons' treatment of the pair was beautiful to see. They accorded them all the forms and ceremonies of the Nipponese in addition to American ways.

Mr. London first visited the Hawaiian Islands when on his projected world tour with the Snark. Unfortunately, for a while at least, the people of Hawaii felt rather unkind toward the writer because of the writeup he gave the leper colony on Molokai. Later, however, they recognized that his criticism had been most friendly and provocative of good results, and no man has ever set foot on those most



Jack London in swimming rig to ride the huge beach combers with the natives at Honolulu.

hospitable shores who has received, in the years since, such a warm, wet welcome as that accorded Jack London.

Last year, when the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the sugar conditions in the islands was being entertained, it was to Jack London that the Hawaiian Promotion Club looked for first aid in showing visitors the real charms and wonders of the islands. He had a free hand, and was told to stop at no length in the way of entertainment. And he didn't.

But like another master mind he

could save others from being denied their wants, himself he could not save. It was up at the Volcano House, the hotel that sits at the edge of Kilauea's crater. Well, it was a hot day. And the Congressmen, surely to a man, had been thirsty. Julian Monsarrat, manager of the Kapapala ranch, felt himself suddenly pulled by the coat tails.

"I say, Julian, the Scotch is all gone. Er—is there—any down at your ranch?"

"Sure!" And Mr. Monsarrat called to his Jap driver, who was gazing at the spewing sulphur beds. "Just look up Wang, he has the keys to the cellarette!" he sang out after the disappearing car.

A few weeks later we were guests at the ranch. Mr. Monsarrat told us the story.

It seems Wang, the Chinese butler, was not in sight when the ranch house was reached, and of course Mr. London could not lose any time looking for keys. The handsome koa wood door was splintered. I think he must have used a meat axe. But Mr. Monsarrat only fondled the door to his cellarette lovingly and laughed at "Jack's playfulness."

And Jack was playful. The act of wilfully, willingly destroying a handsome piece of property seems incongruous to us, but to him it was simply a good joke on his friend. We have to take into account his untamed nature. He probably didn't stop to reflect upon his act, but it was at once his interpretation of life—a rebellion against standards and established order.

Along the Oakland waterfront the old salts will now be recounting ripping tales of the "young daredevil London" who could drink any man down at the bar, and knock any two of then down at once who had the temerity to refuse his invitation to "line up." Yet it is difficult to think of such colossal strength as ascribed to him.

For Mr. London was barely of average height. True, his shoulders were a bit more than medium broad, but his chest was far from a full one. And then there was a looseness about his frame that kept down the suggestion of strength or physical prowess.

He was probably underfed as a lad, and his early dissipation, which he tells of without hesitation in his "John Barleycorn," which is largely autobiographical—he bought beer instead of peanuts—accounts for his failure to fill out later. Then, too, no man or boy who ships before the mast on a wind-jammer or its equivalent in the guise of a deckhand is going to have half enough sleep, much less enough hard-tack. If they did, they'd get lazy, the rascals, an old salt would tell you, and unfit for work.

Now, Mr. London may have lived —but his face and his figure told in their lines of deprivation and struggle that the after years of plenty could not erase what the effort of making each phase of life give its secret had cost him.

No doubt the reason Hawaii appealed to him so intensely was because here life was virtually without effort. Back on the ranch were the tremendous breeding problems his anthropological mind had set as his task; down on his vast holdings in the Imperial valley was being tried out plant breeding and cross breeding, but here in Hawaii, which he was beginning to call his real home, he warmed to the suggestion of ease that each zephyr whispered.

To him the lull of the swishing sea was a new language, and the whole of the islands spoke of a life he had failed to grasp, the joys really to be found in a dolce far niente existence. "All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave" was here within reach. And there was more still.

There was the Hawaiian aloha. Hawaiian love. Not only is this beautiful spirit of love found in the natives, but each man, woman and child, haole, malihini or kamaaina, even though he has it not upon arrival, finds it soon sinking into his soul

And Jack London early breathed it out.

And they'll miss him in Hawaii.

And they'll pay his memory respect with a memorial service in the native church, and wave high huge black feather kahilis on a staff back and forth to the recurrent beat of the ancient song of the native wailers. And then there will follow stories of London, stories of his kindness and attention to scores of their number, for his face and ambling gait had become as familiar to them as one of their kind.

Fishers by the sea, with spear poised, stopped their spear in mid-air to sing out "alohas" to his call from a neighbor crag; ofttimes in the same spirit was he welcomed by the waders on the beach at night who flashed a torch to attract the finny tribe. Like them too he wore sandals with wooden heels and toe pieces to save the bare feet from the coral pebbles in the shallow waters. From the native, too, he had learned to manage a surfboat as skillfully as any Kanaka, a thing possible to only a strangely privileged few who have not grown up in the "strange South Seas."

It is difficult to tell just when Mr. London did the quantity of writing that came from his pen. He was so much in evidence in Honolulu and elsewhere in the islands that it seemed hardly possible to associate him with the prolific writer he was known to be. A novel of his, "Jerry," a dog story, announced to begin as a serial in one of the magazines next month, was finished in Honolulu early in 1915, while another dog novel to be called "Michael" (each of about 80,000 words) was about completed when he and Mrs. London sailed for San Francisco in July of that year.

They returned to the islands in January following, and in a high powered Jap sampan made a trip to the outlying islands and as far as Midway. Only recently—in early August, in fact—the press reported that Mr. and Mrs. London had again returned from their new love, Hawaii, that Mr. London might be present at the Bohemian Club's annual outing, its High Jinks.

For years Mr. London has been its guiding spirit, and although celebrities belong to this unique organization and come from all over the world to attend its annual outing, there was none whose laugh was listened for as was London's. From the night of the Low Jinks, when the ceremony of "cremating care" takes place, until a week later, when the Grove play ushers in the High Jinks, this man who had the spirit of boy eternal in him, played pranks and practical jokes on the unsuspecting. The same press report, said the Londons would again return to Honolulu after the first of the new year.

How little one knows of what fate holds in store is shown in some advice Mr. London gave to young writers a few years ago. He spoke of his first acceptance.

He had built up his case cleverly as to his willingness to accept the minimum rate, which by some form of reasoning his unseasoned experience had told was $40. And the check was for $5. To quote: "That I did not die then and there convinces me that I am possessed of a singular ruggedness of soul which will permit me to qualify for the oldest inhabitant."

And had it been possible to purchase a lease on mortal lift by "ruggedness of soul," succeeding generations would have known—and also loved—Mr. London in his Hawaiian home. But it was not to be.

Yet to Hawaii there has fallen a lot drawn by four places, to be chosen from all the world—for Mr. London had traveled far—as the preferred home of a man of such unusual character and ability. What Stevenson was to Samoa, London was to Hawaii, and more. Hawaii is come more and more to the public eye; it is more in the beaten path. It will have those who come after who would sing its paeans of praise. But the "aloha" of the Hawaiian is a faithful one. Just as Mr. London's last few stories were headed "My Hawaiian Aloha," so will Mr. London be the Hawaiian's aloha, last and best.



Jack London and his prize stallion Neuadd Hillside. The horse died some two weeks before his master.

Valley of the Moon Ranch

A Recent Visit There

By Bailey Millard

EVEN the pig-pens on Jack London's ranch are models of solidity, service and sanitation, his two enormous silos are towers of concrete strength, his stables are good examples of stability, his corrals are high and strong, and his livestock is the finest, the sleekest and the most high-bred and altogether desirable to be found in all Sonoma County. Indeed, some of his horses are famed throughout the nation and have taken Exposition and State Fair honors.

Jack London's ranch is near Glen Ellen, in Sonoma County, Cal., and most of it is on gently sloping hillsides that were formerly covered with vines and fruit trees. Mr. London has grubbed up most of the vines, not for Prohibitionist, but for utilitarian reasons. The old winehouses, most of them built many years ago by Kohler & Frohling, are now occupied as sta-

bles, shops and sheds, and one of them, near the London residence, is used as a dining room.

There are over 1,300 acres in the ranch, which includes five or six smaller holding, among them being one of the very first commercial vineyards in California.

Literature and livestock seem a happy combination when viewed from the front veranda of the London home. Inside, one may see the author of "The Valley of the Moon" writing a story, and outside may be seen the pleasant terraces where he or rather his men have written even more largely and legibly with plow and cultivator. For the farmer, after all, whether he sells stories to publishers or keeps them in his own head, has written bigger things than the magazinist, bigger indeed than Dante or Milton. The work of the mere literat may not be in the least nutritious to body or soul, but there is not the slightest doubt as to the food value of the farmer's product.

"I call this place 'The Ranch of Good Intentions," said Mr. London to me, as we went over the smooth roads in an automobile that probably represented the price of a single short story, written in three or four days. No, Mr. London was not at the wheel. The best of cars is not of as much attraction to him as a good riding horse, and the highland trail is more pleasing than the smoothest of State highways. "At first my ranching was more or less of a joke, but it has turned to earnest at last. When I first came here, tired of cities and city people, I settled down on a little farm over there in what is now a corner of my holding. The land was all worn out from years and years of unintelligent farming, as is this whole ranch for that matter, and I didn't attempt to raise much of anything. All I wanted was a quiet place in the country to write and loaf in, and to get out of Nature that something which we all need, only the most of us don't know it.

"I liked those hills up there. They were beautiful, as you see, and I wanted beauty. So I extended the boundary up to the top of that ridge and all along it. In order to do that I had to buy a big piece of this lower land, for the watershed went with the valley estates, and was hardly separable from them. That is the reason why I now have over two sections of land, but it all plays into my game, which is beauty first and livestock second. There's plenty of fine grazing land up there on that ridge, and along the sides of the canyon, and if the season hadn't been such a dry one you would see a pretty little stream running down that way." He pointed up through a green rift of the hills. There were tall, straight redwoods there, and firs, live oaks, madrones, manzanitas and laurels.

"I bought beauty," he went on, "and with beauty I was content for awhile. It pleases me more than anything else now, but I am putting this ranch into first-class shape and am laying a foundation for a good paying industry here.

"Everything I build is for the years to come. Those walls you see along this road ought to last a long time, don't you think?"

The walls were certainly solid looking and strong enough, being constructed of good hard rock, quarried on the ranch. Men were at work in the fields removing the nigger-heads and piling them along the fences. Much of this field rock is used in building foundations for water troughs and tanks, the basins of which are of solid concrete which put to shame the old wooden affairs used by most of the Sonoma Valley farmers.

"I designed those hog houses and pens myself," said the author proudly. There was a round central structure of rock and cement with a peaked concrete roof, surrounded by sheds of the same material. When the Childe Roland pig comes to that round tower he gets a good square meal of ground alfalfa and grain, for it is the feed house, down from the upper story of which the feed pours automatically through square galvanized iron leaders



The famous concrete palatial quarters of the high-bred porkers.

into a cement basin, where it is mixed with water from a big pipe and is then conveyed out to the surrounding troughs, where the Duroc Jerseys munch and grunt contentedly. The hog pens all have concrete floors, but the hogs lie upon movable wooden planks at night. The pens are ranged all around the central tower, which stands in the inclosure made by them. There are corrals surounding the whole place, which is well shaded by oaks and madrones.

Everything in the hog department is spick and span, as the hose is played upon the floors, cleansing them at regular intervals and making them cleaner than the floors of many a squalid ranch house I have seen elsewhere.

Ah, and do you think to enter this hog swine sanctuary without becoming genuflections and prostrations! Well, at least, before you pass the gate you must step aside into a little pagoda and rub your feet upon the prayer rug. On that rug is a sticky carbolized mixture to disinfect your feet, so that your profane, microbe-laden shoes shall not carry to that precious, cleanly band any germs of cholera. Never but once has the dread disease been borne within the inclosure, and that was when somebody walked upon a butcher's floor and then into the pens. But now cholera is unknown among the London swine.

"I am not raising livestock for the butcher," said Mr. London, "but for the breeder or anybody who wants the best of thoroughbreds. Of course, the culls will be killed, but my idea is not to raise anything here that can't be driven out on hoof."

Mrs. Elizabeth Shepard, who is the manager of the ranch, showed me the horses and cattle. Among them are many prize winners. Neuadd Hillside, a $25,000 English shire stallion, is among the most imposing of the bunch. He won the grand championship at the State fair in 1912, and with other London horses and mares picked up most of the horse prizes at the recent Santa Rosa fair. Another beautiful stallion is Mountain Lad, named for the horse hero in "The Little Lady of the Big House." Beside there are five brood mares and four wonderful colts coming on. The grade horses include seven work teams, which are kept busy most of the time. Mrs. London takes great interest in the horses, and is a fine rider.

The cattle include some beautiful Jersey cows and one magnificent bull.

Mrs. Shepard is sure of further honors for her equine and bovine charges at the coming Sacramento Fair.

Fifty-five Angora goats and 600 White Leghorn fowls, with a flock of beautiful pheasants, go to make up the rest of the stock and poultry.

Mr. London employs some of the best horsemen to be found anywhere, among them being Hazen Cowan, who won the world's championship for handling bucking horses at the San Jose round-up, and Thomas Harrison, who not only knows horses, but is an expert cattleman.

A feature of the ranch is the big eucalyptus grove, now three years old. Mr. London is raising 65,000 of these trees for hardwood lumber.

Although he knows far more about literature than he does about farming, Mr. London has learned many things from his agricultural experience. On the hillsides his contours are fine examples of how to retain moisture upon sloping land. He believes in fertilizing by tillage and has gotten excellent results by plowing in rye and vetch. He has studied soil innoculation by legumes and other means, and next year he expects to reap some famous crops of barley, hay, alfalfa and corn.

"It is all very interesting," he told me, "and has a literary value to me. Wherever I travel, when I see any growing crop, it means something to me now, though it never did before. Yes, I am a believer in the spineless cactus as animal food, and have set out quite a patch of it. Those who contend that cactus, being 90 per cent water, is of no food value to stock, should go down to Hawaii, where some of the finest, fattest cattle in the world

live on cactus that is covered with spines in the unproductive months, getting both food and water from it."

The Ranch of Good Intentions has been cultivated by its present proprietor only three years, and in a really effective way, for only a year or two, so that, of course, it is not on a paying basis at present, but the intelligent and really scientific methods now employed there are bound to make it profitable in time. Among his products this season are ten tons of prunes.

Jack London

An Appreciation

Here' to you, Jack, whose virile pen
Concerns itself with Man's Size Men;
Here's to you, Jack, whose stories thrill
With savor of the Western breeze,
With magic of the south—and chill,
Shrill winds from icy floes and seas,
YOU have not wallowed in the mire
And muck of tales of foul desire,
For, though you've sung of fight and fraud,
Of love and hate—ashore, afloat—
You have not struck a ribald note,
Nor made your Art a common bawd.

Here's to you, Jack, I've loved your best,
Your finest stories from the first,
Your sagas of the North and West—
But what is more—I've loved your Worst!
For, in the poorest work you do,
There's something clean and strong and true,
A tang of big and primal things,
A sweep of forces vast and free,
A touch of wizardry which brings
The glamour of the Wild to me.

So when I read a London tale,
Forthwith I'm set upon a trail
Of great enchantment, and track
Adventure round the world and back,
With you for guide—here's to you, Jack.

BERTON BRALEY.

The Son of the Wolf

By Jack London

(Like all young and untried authors, Jack London spent laborious years in preparing stories for the regular monthlies and weeklies throughout the country, without attracting any attention. In the latter part of 1898, the then editor of Overland Monthly accepted the first of five stories, The Malemute Kid series, all dealing with Jack London's recent experiences in Alaska. The tales readily illustrate the vivid art of story telling which the author was rapidly acquiring. He had found himself. The Malemute Kid stories attracted wide attention and a little later London found no difficulty in placing his stories with eastern publications. Before the close of that year London was well on his successful career. The following story, "The Son of the Wolf" is the third of "The Malemute Kid" series.)

MAN rarely places a proper valuation upon his womankind, at least not until deprived of them. He has no conception of the subtle atmosphere exhaled by the sex feminine, so long as he bathes in it; but let it be withdrawn, and an evergrowing void begins to manifest itself in his existence, and he becomes hungry, in a vague sort of way, for a something so indefinite that he cannot characterize it. If his comrades have no more experience than himself, they will shake their heads dubiously and dose him with strong physic. But the hunger will continue and become stronger; he will lose interest in the things of his every-day life and wax morbid; and one day, when the emptiness has become unbearable, a revelation will dawn upon him.

In the Yukon country, when this comes to pass, the man usually provisions a poling-boat, if it is summer, and if winter, harnesses his dogs, and heads for the Southland. A few months later, supposing him to be possessed of a faith in the country, he returns with a wife to share with him in that faith, and incidentally in his hardships. This but serves to show the innate selfishness of man. It also brings us to the trouble of "Scruff" Mackenzie, which occurred in the old days, before the country was stampeded and staked by a tidal-wave of che-cha-quas, and when the Klondike's only claim to notice was its salmon fisheries.

"Scruff" Mackenzie bore the earmarks of a frontier birth and a frontier life. His face was stamped with twenty-five years of incessant struggle with Nature in her wildest moods—the last two the wildest and hardest of all, having been spent in groping for the gold which lies in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. When the yearning sickness came upon him, he was not surprised, for he was a practical man and had seen other men thus stricken. But he showed no sign of his malady, save that he worked harder. All summer he fought mosquitoes and washed for the sure-thing bars of the Stuart River for a double grub-stake. Then he floated a raft of house logs down the Yukon to Forty Mile, and put together as comfortable a cabin as any the camp could boast of. In fact, it showed such cozy promise that many men elected to be his partner and to come and live with him. But he crushed their aspirations with rough speech, peculiar for its strength and brevity, and bought a double supply of grub from the trading post.

As has been noted, "Scruff" Mackenzie was a practical man. If he wanted a thing he usually got it, but in doing so, went no farther out of his way than was necessary. Though a son of toil and hardship, he was averse to a journey of six hundred miles on the ice, a second of two thousand miles on the ocean, and still a third thousand miles or so to his last stamping-grounds—all in the mere quest of a wife. Life was too short. So he rounded up his dogs, lashed a curious freight to his sled, and faced across the divide whose westward slopes were drained by the head-reaches of the Tanana.

He was a sturdy traveler, and his

wolf-dogs could work harder and travel farther on less grub than any other team in the Yukon. Three weeks later he strode into a hunting-camp of the Upper Tanana Sticks. They marveled at his temerity; for they had a bad name and had been known to kill white men for as trifling a thing as a sharp ax or a broken rifle. But he went among them single-handed, his bearing being a delicious composite of humility, familiarity, sang-froid, and insolence. It required a deft hand and deep knowledge of the barbaric mind effectually to handle such diverse weapons; but he was a past-master in the art, knowing when to conciliate and when to threaten with Jove-like wrath.

He first made obeisance to the Chief Thling-Tinneh, presenting him with a couple of pounds of black tea and tobacco, and thereby winning his most cordial regard. Then he mingled with the men and maidens, and that night gave a pot-lach. The snow was beaten down in the form of an oblong, perhaps a hundred feet in length, and quarter as many across. Down the center a long fire was built, while either side was carpeted with spruce boughs. The lodges were forsaken, and the fivescore or so members of the tribe gave tongue to their folk-chants in honor of their guest.

"Scruff" Mackenzie's two years had taught him the not many hundred words of their vocabulary, and he had likewise conquered their deep gutturals, their Japanese idioms, constructions and honorific and agglutinative particles. So he made oration after their manner, satisfying their instinctive poetry-love with crude flights of eloquence and metaphorical contortions. After Thling-Tinneh and the Shaman had responded in kind, he made trifling presents to the menfolk, joined in their singing, and proved an expert in their fifty-two-stick gambling game.

And they smoked his tobacco and were pleased. But among the younger men there was a defiant attitude, a spirit of braggadocio, easily understood by the raw insinuations of the toothless squaws and the giggling of the maidens. They had known few white men, "Sons of the Wolf," but from those few they had learned strange lessons.

Nor had "Scruff" Mackenzie, for all his seeming carelessness, failed to note these phenomena. In truth, rolled in his sleeping-furs, he thought it all over, thought seriously, and emptied many pipes in mapping out a campaign. One maiden only had caught his fancy—none other than Zarinska, daughter to the chief. In features, form and poise, answering more nearly to the white man's type of beauty, she was almost an anomaly among her tribal sisters. He would possess her, make her his wife, and name her—ah, he would name her Gertrude! Having thus decided, he rolled over on his side and dropped off to sleep, a true son of his all-conquering race, a Samson among the Philistines.

It was slow work and a stiff game; but "Scruff" Mackenzie maneuvered cunningly, with an unconcern which served to puzzle the Sticks. He took great care to impress the man that he was a sure shot and a mighty hunter, and the camp rang with his plaudits when he brought down a moose at six hundred yards. Of a night he visited in Chief Thling-Tinneh's lodge of moose and caribou skins, talking big and dispensing tobacco with a lavish hand. Nor did he fail to likewise honor the Shaman; for he realized the medicine-man's influence, with his people, and was anxious to make of him an ally. But that worthy was high and mighty, refused to be propitiated, and was unerringly marked down as a prospective enemy.

Though no opening presented for an interview with Zarinska, Mackenzie stole many a glance at her, giving fair warning of his intent. And well she knew, yet coquettishly surrounded herself with a ring of women whenever the men were away, and he had a chance. But he was in no hurry; besides, he knew she could not help but think of him, and a few days of such

thought would only better his suit.

At last, one night, when he deemed the time to be ripe, he abruptly left the chief's smoky dwelling and hastened to a neighboring lodge. As usual, she sat with squaws and maidens about her, all engaged in sewing moccasins and beadwork. They laughed at his entrance, and badinage, which linked Zarinska to him, ran high. But one after the other they were unceremoniously bundled into the outer snow, whence they hurried to spread the tale through all the camp.

His cause was well pleaded, in her tongue, for she did not know his, and at the end of two hours he rose to go.

"So Zarinska will come to the White Man's lodge? Good! I go now to have talk with thy father, for he may not be so minded. And I will give him many tokens; but he must not ask too much. If he say no? Good! Zarinska shall yet come to the White Man's lodge."

He had already lifted the skin flap to depart, when a low exclamation brought him back to the girl's side. She brought herself to her knees on the bearskin mat, her face aglow with true Eve-light, and shyly unbuckled his heavy belt. He looked down, perplexed, suspicious, his ears alert for the slightest sound without. But her next move disarmed his doubt, and he smiled with pleasure. She took from her sewing bag a moosehide sheath, brave with bright beadwork, fantastically designed. She drew his great hunting-knife gazed reverently along the keen edge, half tempted to try it with her thumb, and shot it into place in its new home. Then she slipped the sheath along the belt to its customary resting-place, just above the hip.

For all the world, it was like a scene of olden time—a lady and her knight. Mackenzie drew her up full height and swept her red lips with his moustache—the, to her, foreign caress of the Wolf. It was a meeting of the stone age and the steel; but she was none the less a woman, as her crimson cheek and the luminous softness of her eyes attested.

There was a thrill of excitement in the air as "Scruff" Mackenzie, a bulky bundle under his arm, threw open the flap of Thling-Tinneh's tent. Children were running about in the open, dragging dry wood to the scene of the potlach, a babble of women's voices was growing in intensity, the young men were consulting in sullen groups, while from the Shaman's lodge rose the eerie sounds of an incantation.

The chief was alone with his bleareyed wife, but a glance sufficed to tell Mackenzie that the news was already old. So he plunged at once into the business, shifting the beaded sheath prominently to the fore as advertisement of the betrothal.

"O Thling-Tinneh, mighty chief of the Sticks and the land of the Tanana, ruler of the salmon and the bear, the moose and the caribou! The White Man is before thee with a great purpose. Many moons has his lodge been empty, and he is lonely. And his heart has eaten itself in silence, and grown hungry for a woman to sit beside him in his lodge, to meet him from the hunt with warm fire, and good food. He has heard strange things, the patter of baby moccasins and the sound of children's voices. And one night a vision came upon him, and he beheld the Raven, who is thy father, the great Raven, who is the father of all the Sticks. And the Raven spake to the lonely White Man, saying: 'Bind thou thy moccasins upon thee, and gird thy snow-shoes on, and lash thy sled with food for many sleeps and fine tokens for the Chief Thling-Tinneh. For thou shalt turn thy face to where the midspring sun is wont to sink below the land and journey to this great chief's hunting-grounds. There thou shalt make big presents, and Thling-Tinneh, who is my son, shall become to thee as a father. In his lodge there is a maiden into whom I breathed the breath of life for thee. This maiden shalt thou take to wife.'

"O Chief, thus spake the great Raven; thus do I lay many presents at thy feet; thus am I come to take thy daughter!"

The old man drew his furs about him with crude consciousness of royalty, but delayed reply while a youngster crept in, delivered a quick message to appear before the council, and was gone.

"O White Man, whom we have named Moose-killer, also known as the Wolf, and the Son of the Wolf! We know thou comest of a mighty race; we are proud to have thee our potlach guest; but the king-salmon does not mate with the dog-salmon, nor the Raven with the Wolf."

"Not so!" cried Mackenzie. "The daughters of the Raven have I met in the camps of the Wolf—the squaw of Mortimer, the squaw of Tregidgo, the squaw of Barnaby, who came two ice-runs back, and I have heard of other squaws, though my eyes beheld them not."

"Son, your words are true; but it were evil mating, like the water with the sand, like the snow-flake with the sun. But met you one Mason and his squaw? No? He came ten ice-runs ago—the first of all the Wolves. And with him there was a mighty man, straight as a willow-shoot, and tall; strong as the bald-faced grizzly, with a heart like the full-summer moon; his——"

"Oh!" interrupted Mackenzie, recognizing the well known Northland figure—"Malemute Kid!"

"The same—a mighty man. But saw you aught of the squaw? She was full sister to Zarinska!"

"Nay, Chief; but I have heard. Mason—far, far to the north, a spruce-tree, heavy with years, crushed out his life beneath. But his love was great, and he had much gold. With this, and her boy, she journeyed countless sleeps toward the winter's noonday sun, and there she yet lives—no biting frost, no snow, no summer's midnight sun, no winter's noonday night."

A second messenger interrupted with imperative summons from the council. As Mackenzie threw him into the snow, he caught a glimpse of the swaying forms before the council-fire, heard the deep basses of the man in rhythmic chant, and knew the Shaman was fanning the anger of his people. Time pressed. He turned upon the chief.

"Come! I wish thy child. And now, see! Here are tobacco, tea, many cups of sugar, warm blankets, handkerchiefs, both good and large; and here, a true rifle, with many bullets and much powder."

"Nay," replied the old man, struggling against the great wealth spread before him. "Even now are my people come together. They will not have this marriage."

"But thou art chief!"

"Yet do my young men rage because the Wolves have taken their maidens so that they may not marry."

"Listen, O Thling-Tinneh! Ere the night has passed into the day, the Wolf shall face his dogs to the Mountains of the East and fare forth to the Country of the Yukon. And Zarinska shall break trail for his dogs."

"And ere the night has gained its middle, my young men may fling to the dogs the flesh of the Wolf, and his bones be scattered in the snow till the springtime lays them bare."

It was threat and counter-threat. Mackenzie's bronzed face flushed darkly. He raised his voice. The old squaw, who till now had sat an impassive spectator, made to creep by him for the door. The song of the men broke suddenly and there was a hubbub of many voices as he whirled the old woman roughly to her couch of skins.

"Again I cry—listen, O Thling-Tenneh! The Wolf dies with teeth fast-locked, and with him there shall sleep ten of thy strongest men—men who are needed, for the hunting is but begun, and the fishing is not many moons away. And again, of what profit should I die? I know the custom of thy people; thy share of my wealth shall be very small. Grant me thy child, and it shall be all thine. And yet again, my brothers will come, and they are many, and their maws are never filled; and the daughters of the Raven shall bear children in the lodges

of the Wolf. My people are greater than thy people. It is destiny. Grant, and all this wealth is thine!"

Moccasins were crunching the snow without. Mackenzie threw his rifle to cock, and loosened the twin Colts in his belt.

"Grant, O Chief!"

"And yet will my people say no."

"Grant, and the wealth is thine. Then shall I deal with thy people after."

"The Wolf will have it so. I will take his tokens—but I would warn him."

Mackenzie passed over the goods, taking care to clog the rifle's ejector, and capping the bargain with a kaleidoscopic silk kerchief. The Shaman and half a dozen young braves entered, but he shouldered boldly among them and passed out.

"Pack!" was his laconic greeting to Zarinska as he passed her lodge and hurried to harness his dogs. A few minutes later he swept into the council at the head of the team, the woman by his side. He took his place at the upper end of the oblong, by the side of the chief. To his left, a step to the rear, he stationed Zarinska—her proper place. Besides, the time was ripe for mischief, and there was need to guard his back.

On either side, the men crouched to the fire, their voices lifted in a folk-chant out of the forgotten past. Full of strange, halting cadences and haunting recurrences, it was not beautiful. "Fearful" may inadequately express it. At the lower end, under the eye of the Shaman, danced half a score of women. Stern were his reproofs to those who did not wholly abandon themselves to the ecstasy of the rite. Half hidden in their heavy masses of raven hair, all dishevelled and falling to their waists, they slowly swayed to and fro, their forms rippling to an ever-changing rhythm.

It was a weird scene; an anachronism. To the south, the nineteenth century was reeling off the few years of its last decade; here flourished man primeval, a shade removed from the prehistoric cave-dweller, a forgotten fragment of the Elder World. The tawny wolf-dogs sat between their skin clad masters or fought for room, the firelight cast backward from their red eyes and dripping fangs. The woods, in ghostly shroud, slept on unheeding. The White Silence, for the moment driven to the rimming forest, seemed ever crushing inward; the stars danced with great leaps, as is their wont in the time of the Great Cold; while the Spirits of the Pole trailed their robes of glory athwart the heavens.

"Scruff" Mackenzie dimly realized the wild grandeur of the setting as his eyes ranged down the fur-fringed sides in quest of missing faces. They rested for a moment on a new-born babe, suckling at its mother's naked breast. It was forty below—seventy and odd degrees of frost. He thought of the tender women of his own race and smiled grimly. Yet from the loins of some such tender woman had he sprung with a kingly inheritance—an inheritance which gave to him and his dominance over the land and sea, over the animals and the peoples of all the zones. Single-handed against fivescore, girt by the Arctic winter, far from his own, he felt the promptings of his heritage, the desire to possess, the wild danger-love, the thrill of battle, the power to conquer or to die.

The singing and the dancing ceased, and the Shaman flared up in rude eloquence. Through the sinuosities of their vast mythology, he worked cunningly upon the credulity of his people. The case was strong. Opposing the creative principles as embodied in the Crow and the Raven, he stigmatized Mackenzie as the Wolf, the fighting and destructive principle. Not only was the combat of these forces spiritual, but men fought, each to his totem. They were the children of Jelchs, the Raven, the Promethean fire bringer; Mackenzie was the child of the Wolf, or in other words, the Devil. For them to bring a truce to this perpetual warfare, to marry their daughters to the arch enemy, were treason and blasphemy of the highest

order. No phrase was harsh nor figure vile enough in branding Mackenzie as a sneaking interloper and emissary of Satan. There was a subdued, savage roar in the deep chests of his listeners as he took the swing of his peroration.

"Aye, my brothers, Jelchs is all-powerful! Did he not bring heaven-born fire that we might be warm? Did he not draw the sun, moon and stars from their holes that we might see? Did he not teach us that we might fight the Spirits of Famine and of Frost? But now Jelchs is angry with his children, and they are grown to a handful, and he will not help. For they have forgotten him, and done evil things, and trod bad trails, and taken his enemies into their lodges to sit by their fires. And the Raven is sorrowful at the wickedness of his children; but when they shall rise up and show they have come back, he will come out of the darkness to aid them. O brothers! the Fire-Bringer has whispered messages to thy Shaman; the same shall ye hear. Let the young men take the young women to their lodges; let them fly at the throat of the Wolf; let them be undying in their enmity! Then shall their women become fruitful and they shall multiply into a mighty people! And the Raven shall lead great tribes of their fathers and their fathers' fathers from out of the North; and they shall beat back the Wolves till they are as last year's camp fires; and they shall again come to rule over all the land! 'Tis the message of Jelchs, the Raven."

This foreshadowing of the Messiah's coming brought a hoarse howl from the Sticks as they leaped to their feet.

Mackenzie slipped the thumbs of his mittens and waited. There was a clamor for the "Fox," not to be stilled till one of the young men stepped forward to speak.

"Brothers! The Shaman has spoken wisely. The Wolves have taken our women and our men are childless. We are grown to a handful. The Wolves have taken our warm furs and given for them evil spirits which dwell in bottles, and clothes which come not from the beaver or the lynx, but are made from the grass. And they are not warm, and our men die of strange sicknesses. I, the Fox, have taken no woman to wife; and why? Twice have the maidens which pleased me gone to the camps of the Wolf. Even now have I laid by skins of the beaver, of the moose, of the caribou that I might win favor in the eyes of Thling-Tinneh that I might wed Zarinska, his daughter. Even now are her snow shoes bound to her feet, ready to break trail for the dogs of the Wolf. Nor do I speak for myself alone. As I have done, so has the Bear. He, too, had fain been the father of her children, and many skins has he cured thereto. I speak for all the young men who know not wives. The Wolves are ever hungry. Always do they take the choice meat at the killing. To the Ravens are left the leavings.

"There is Gugkla," he cried, brutally pointing out one of the women, who was a cripple. "Her legs are bent like the ribs of a birch canoe. She cannot gather wood nor carry the meat of the hunters. Did the Wolves choose her?"

"Ai! ai!" vociferated his tribesmen.

"There is Moyri, whose eyes are crossed by the Evil Spirit. Even the babes are affrighted when they gaze upon her, and it is said the bald-face gives her the trail. Was she chosen?"

Again the cruel applause rang out.

"And there sits Pischet. She does not hearken to my words. Never has she heard the cry of the chit-chat, the voice of her husband, the babble of her child. She lives in the White Silence. Cared the Wolves aught for her? No! Theirs is the choice of the kill; ours is the leavings.

"Brothers, it shall not be! No more shall the Wolves slink among our camp-fires. The time is come."

A great streamer of fire, the aurora borealis, purple, green and yellow, shot across the zenith, bridging horizon to horizon. With head thrown back and

arms extended, he swayed to his climax.

"Behold! The spirits of our fathers have arisen, and great deeds are afoot this night."

He stepped back, and another young man somewhat diffidently came forward, pushed on by his comrades. He towered a full head above them, his broad chest defiantly bared to the frost. He swung tentatively from one foot to the other. Words halted upon his tongue, and he was ill at ease. His face was horrible to look upon, for it had at one time been half torn away by some terrific blow. At last he struck his breast with his clenched fist, drawing sound as from a drum, and his voice rumbled forth as does the surf from an ocean cavern.

"I am the Bear—the Silver-Tip and the Son of the Silver-Tip! When my voice was yet as a girl's, I slew the lynx, the moose and the caribou; when it whistled like the wolverines from under a cache, I crossed the Mountains of the South and slew three of the White Rivers; when it became as the roar of the Chinook, I met the bald-faced grizzly, but gave no trail."

At this he paused, his hand significantly sweeping across his hideous scars.

"I am not as the Fox. My tongue is frozen like the river. I cannot make great talk. My words are few. The Fox says great deeds are afoot this night. Good! Talk flows from his tongue like the freshets of the spring, but he is chary of deeds. This night shall I do battle with the Wolf. I shall slay him, and Zarinska shall sit by my fire. The Bear has spoken."

Though pandemonium raged about him, "Scruff" Mackenzie held his ground. Aware how useless was the rifle at close quarters, he slipped both holsters to the fore, ready for action, and drew his mittens till his hands were barely shielded by the elbow gauntlets. He knew there was no hope in attack en masse, but true to his boast, was prepared to die with teeth fast-locked. But the Bear restrained his comrades, beating back the more impetuous with his terrible fist. As the tumult began to die away Mackenzie shot a glance in the direction of Zarinska. It was a superb picture. She was leaning forward on her snow-shoes, lips apart and nostrils quivered, like a tigress about to spring. Her great black eyes were fixed upon her tribesmen, in fear and in defiance. So extreme the tension, she had forgotten to breathe. With one hand pressed spasmodically against her breast and the other as tightly gripped about the dog-whip, she was as turned to stone. Even as he looked, relief came to her. Her muscles loosened; with a heavy sigh she settled back, giving him a look of more than love—of worship.

Thling-Tinneh was trying to speak, but his people drowned his voice. Then Mackenzie strode forward. The Fox opened his mouth to a piercing yell but so savagely did Mackenzie whirl upon him that he shrank back, his larynx all a-gurgle with suppressed sound. His discomfiture was greeted with roars of laughter, and served to soothe his fellows to a listening mood.

"Brothers! The White Man, whom ye have chosen to call the Wolf, came among you with fair words. He was not like the Innuit; he spoke not lies. He came as a friend, as one who would be a brother. But your men have had their say, and the time for soft words is past. First, I will tell you that the Shaman has an evil tongue and is a false prophet, that the messages he spake are not those of the Fire-Bringer. His ears are locked to the voice of the Raven, and out of his own head he weaves cunning fancies, and he has made fools of you. He has no power. When the dogs were killed and eaten and your stomachs were heavy with untanned hide and strips of moccasins; when the old men died, and the old women died, and the babes at the dry dugs of the mothers died; when the land was dark, and ye perished as do the salmon in the fall; aye, when the famine was upon you, did the Shaman bring reward to your hunters? did the Sha-

man put meat in your bellies? Again I say, the Shaman is without power. Thus I spit upon his face!"

Though taken aback by the sacrilege, there was no uproar. Some of the women were even frightened, but among the men there was an uplifting, as though in preparation or anticipation of the miracle. All eyes were turned upon the two central figures. The priest realized the crucial moment, felt his power tottering, opened his mouth in denunciation, but fled backward before the truculent advance, upraised fist and flashing eyes of Mackenzie. He sneered and resumed:

"Was I stricken dead? Did the lightning burn me? Did the stars fall from the sky and crush me? Pish! I have done with the dog. Now will I tell you of my people, who are the mightiest of all the peoples, who rule in all the lands. At first we hunt as I hunt, alone. After that we hunt in packs; and at last, like the caribou-run, we sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those who will not come die. Zarinska is a comely maiden, full and strong, fit to become the mother of Wolves. Though I die, such shall she become; for my brothers are many, and they will follow the scent of my dogs. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: "Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay." In many lands has the price been paid, in many lands shall it yet be paid.

"Now will I deal with the Fox and the Bear. It seems they have cast eyes upon the maiden. So? Behold, I have bought her! Thling-Tinneh leans upon the rifle; the goods of purchase are by his fire. Yet will I be fair to the young men. To the Fox, whose tongue is dry with many words, will I give of tobacco five long plugs. Thus will his mouth be wetted that he may make much noise in the council. But to the Bear, of whom I am well proud, will I give of blankets two; of flour, twenty cups; of tobacco, double that of the Fox; and if he fare with me over the mountains of the East, then will I give him a rifle, mate to Thling-Tinneh's. If not? Good! The Wolf is weary of speech. Yet once again will he say the Law: "Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay."

Mackenzie smiled as he stepped back to his old position, but at heart he was full of trouble. The night was yet dark. The girl came to his side, and he listened closely as she told of the Bear's battle-tricks with the knife.

The decision was for war. In a trice, scores of moccasins were widening the space of beaten snow by the fire. There was much chatter about the seeming defeat of the Shaman; some averred he had but withheld his power, while others conned past events and agreed with the Wolf. The Bear came to the center of the battle-ground, a long naked hunting knife of Russian make in his hand. The Fox called attention to Mackenzie's revolvers; so he stripped his belt, buckling it about Zarinska, into whose hands he also intrusted his rifle. She shook her head that she could not shoot—small chance had a woman to handle such precious things.

"Then, if danger come by my back, cry aloud, 'My husband!' No, thus: 'My husband!'"

He laughed as she repeated it, pinched her cheek, and re-entered the circle. Not only in reach and stature had the Bear the advantage of him, but his blade was longer by a good two inches. "Scruff" Mackenzie had looked into the eyes of men before, and he knew it was a man who stood against him; yet he quickened to the glint of light on the steel, to the dominant pulse of his race.

Time and again he was forced to the edge of the fire or the deep snow, and time and again, with the foot tactics of the pugilist, he worked back to the center. Not a voice was lifted in encouragement, while his antagonist was heartened with applause, suggestions and warnings. But his teeth only shut the tighter as the knives clashed

together, and he thrust or eluded with a coolness born of conscious strength. At first he felt compassion for his enemy; but this fled before the primal instinct of life, which in turn gave way to the lust of slaughter. The ten thousand years of culture fell from him, and he was a cave-dweller, doing battle for his female.

Twice he pricked the Bear, getting away unscathed; but the third time caught, and to save himself, free hands closed on fighting hands, and they came together. Then did he realize the tremendous strength of his opponent. His muscles were knotted in painful lumps, and cords and tendons threatened to snap with the strain; yet nearer and nearer came the Russian steel. He tried to break away, but only weakened himself. The fur clad circle closed in, certain of and anxious to see the final stroke. But with wrestler's trick, swinging partly to the side, he struck at his adversary with his head. Involuntarily the Bear leaned back, disturbing his center of gravity. Simultaneously with this, Mackenzie tripped properly and threw his whole weight forward, hurling him clear through the circle into the deep snow. The Bear floundered out and came back full tilt.

"O my husband!" Zarinska's voice rang out, vibrant with danger.

To the twang of a bow-string, Mackenzie swept low to the ground, and a bone-barbed arrow passed over him into the breast of the Bear, whose momentum carried him over his crouching foe. The next instant Mackenzie was up and about. The Bear lay motionless, but across the fire was the Shaman, drawing a second arrow.

Mackenzie's knife leaped short in the air. He caught the heavy blade by the point. There was a flash of light as it spanned the fire. Then the Shaman, the hilt alone appearing without his throat, swayed a moment and pitched forward into the glowing embers.

Click! click!—the Fox had possessed himself of Thling-Tinneh's rifle and was vainly trying to throw a shell into place. But he dropped it at the sound of Mackenzie's laughter.

"So the Fox has not learned the way of the plaything? He is yet a woman. Come! Bring it, that I may show thee!"

The Fox hesitated.

"Come, I say!"

He slouched forward like a beaten cur.

"Thus, and thus; so the thing is done."

A shell flew into place, and the trigger was at cock as Mackenzie brought it to shoulder.

"The Fox has said great deeds were afoot this night, and he spoke true. There have been great deeds, yet least among them were those of the Fox. Is he still intent to take Zarinska to his lodge? Is he minded to tread the trail already broken by the Shaman and the Bear? No? Good!"

Mackenzie turned and drew his knife from the priest's throat.

"Are any of the young men so minded? If so, the Wolf will take them by two and three till none are left. No? Good! Thling-Tinneh, I now give thee this rifle a second time. If, in the days to come, thou shouldst journey to the Country of the Yukon, know thou that there shall always be a place and much food by the fire of the Wolf. The night is now passing into the day. I go, but I may come again. And for the last time remember the Law of the Wolf!"

He was supernatural in their sight as he rejoined Zarinska. She took her place at the head of the team, and the dogs swung into motion. A few moments later they were swallowed up by the ghostly forest. Till now Mackenzie had waited; he slipped into his snow-shoes to follow.

"Has the Wolf forgotten the five long plugs?"

Mackenzie turned upon the Fox angrily; then the humor of it struck him.

"I will give thee one short plug."

"As the Wolf sees fit," meekly responded the Fox, stretching out his hand.

The Divine Plan of the Ages

Earth's Dark Night of Weeping to Terminate in a Morning of Joy

The first installment of a Series of Articles from the pen of the late Pastor Russell, Prepared Specially for the Overland Monthly

THE TITLE, "The Divine Plan of the Ages," suggests progression in the outworking of the Divine arrangement of things, foreknown to our God and orderly. We believe that the teachings of Divine Revelation can be seen to be both beautiful and harmonious from this standpoint and from no other.

The period in which sin has been permitted has been a dark night to humanity, never to be forgotten; but the glorious Day of Righteousness and Divine favor, to be ushered in by Messiah, who as the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings and shine fully and clearly into and upon all, bringing life, health and blessing, will more than counterbalance the dreadful night of weeping, sighing, pain, sickness and death, in which the groaning creation has been so long. Thus man's experience under the reign of sin and death, and his ultimate deliverance in a New Dispensation, is definitely referred to by the prophet, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the Morning." —Psa. 30:5.

The fact that the greater portion of the civilized world to-day is plunged into the most cruel and horrible war of history, causing unspeakable suffering and the loss of millions of lives, does not prove that the night-time will last forever, or that the Morning will never come. To the contrary, it is observed by the careful student of prophecy that the great European war, which at this writing threatens to involve also the American Continent, and the destruction of the world's civilization, is but the harbinger of a new System, a New Dispensation, or Order of things; and portends the Morning-time of deliverance from sin and death about to dawn upon humanity.

The great Apostle Paul describes very vividly the state of the human family under the curse—"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now"—and then declares the hope: "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." As though by instinct the entire creation, while it groans and travails in pain, waits for, longs for, the day, calling it the Golden Age; yet men grope blindly, because not aware of the great Jehovah's gracious purposes. But the student of revelation learns that his highest conceptions of such an Age fall far short of what the reality will be. He learns that the great Creator is preparing a "feast of fat things," which will astound His creatures, and be exceedingly, abundantly, beyond what they could reasonably ask or expect. And to His wondering creatures, looking at the length and breadth, the height and depth of the love of God, surpassing all expectation, He explains, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."—Isaiah 55:8, 9.

Though in this series of articles we shall endeavor, and we trust with success, to set before the interested and unbiased reader the Plan of God as it relates to and explains the past, the present and the future of His dealings in a way more harmonious, beautiful and reasonable than is generally understood, yet that this is the result of extraordinary wisdom or ability is positively disclaimed. It is the light of the Sun of Righteousness in this dawning of the New Era that reveals these things as "Present Truth," now due to be appreciated by the sincere—the pure in heart. The promise of the great Teacher was, "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled."

Since skepticism is rife, the very

foundation of true religion, and the foundation of Truth, is questioned often, even by the sincere. We are endeavoring therefore to uncover enough of the foundation upon which all faith should be built—the Word of God—to give confidence and assurance in its testimony, even to the unbeliever. And we trust to do this in a manner that will appeal to and can be accepted by reason as a foundation. Then we shall endeavor to build upon that foundation the teachings of Scripture, in such a manner that, so far as possible, purely human judgment may try the squares and angles of these teachings by the most exacting rules of justice which it can command.

How to Obtain the Harmony of the Scriptures.

Believing that the Scriptures reveal a consistent and harmonious Plan, which, when seen, must commend itself to every sanctified conscience, these articles are written in the hope of assisting all honest, Truth-hungry people, by suggesting lines of thought which harmonize with each other and with the inspired Word. Those who recognize the Bible as the Revelation of God's Plan will doubtless agree that, if inspired of God, its teachings must, when taken as a whole, when fully and carefully examined, reveal a Plan harmonious and consistent with itself and with the character of its Divine Author. Our object as Truth-seekers should be to obtain the complete, harmonious whole of God's revealed Plan; and this as God's children we have a *right* to expect, since it is promised that the Spirit of Truth shall guide us into all Truth.—John 16:13.

In the past we have been so intent on following our own sectarian schemes and theories that we have neglected the proper study of the Bible. Indeed, not until our day has such study been possible for the masses. Only now do they have in convenient form the Word of God in every family; and only now is education so general as to permit all to read, all to study, all to know the good things of the Divine promises.

As inquirers, we have two methods open to us. One is to seek among all the views suggested by the various Church-sects, and to take from each that element which we might consider Truth—an endless task. And a difficulty which we should meet by this method would be, that if our judgment were warped and twisted or our prejudices bent in any direction—and whose are not?—these difficulties would prevent our correct selection, and we might choose the error and reject the Truth.

Again, if we should adopt this as our method we should lose much, because Truth is progressive, "shining more and more unto the perfect day," to those who search for it and walk in its light; while the various creeds of the various sects are fixed and stationary, and were made so centuries ago. And each of them must contain a large proportion of error, since each in some important respects contradicts the others. This method would lead into a labyrinth of bewilderment and confusion.

The other method is to divest our minds of all prejudice, and to remember that none can know more about the plans of God than He has revealed in His Word, and that this Word was given for the meek and lowly of heart; and as such, earnestly and sincerely seeking its guidance and instruction only, we shall by its great Author be guided to an understanding of it, as it becomes due to be understood, by making use of the various helps divinely provided. See Eph. 4:11-16.

As an aid to this class of students, our suggestions are especially designed. It will be noticed that our references are to Scripture only, except where secular history may be called in to prove the fulfillment of Scripture statements. Since modern theology denies the inspiration of the Bible—the miracles and prophecies of both the Old and New Testaments—as well as discredits the historical features, we can give no weight to the testimony of modern theologians, and that of the so-called Early Fathers is

omitted. Many of them have testified in harmony with thoughts herein expressed; but we believe it to be a common failing of the present and all times for men to believe certain doctrines because others did so in whom they had confidence. This is manifestly a fruitful source of error, for many good people have believed and taught error in all good conscience. (Acts 26:9.) Truth-seekers should empty their vessels of the muddy waters of tradition and fill them at the Fountain of Truth—God's Word. And no religious teaching should have weight except as it guides the Truth-seeker to that Fountain.

The Angels Desire to Look into the Revealed Purposes of God.

We have no apology to offer for treating many subjects usually neglected by Christians—among others, the Second Coming of our Lord, and the prophecies and symbolisms of the Old and the New Testaments. No system of theology should be presented or accepted which overlooks or omits the most prominent features of Scripture teaching. We trust, however, that a wide distinction will be recognized between the earnest, sober and reverent study of prophecy and other Scriptures, in the light of accomplished historic facts, to obtain conclusions which sanctified common sense can approve, and a too common practice of general speculation, which, when applied to Divine prophecy, is too apt to give loose rein to wild theory and vague fancy. Those who fall into this dangerous habit generally develop into prophets (?) instead of prophetic students.

It was the inspired St. Peter who urged us to take heed to the more sure word of prophecy. (2 Pet. 1:19.) No work is more noble and ennobling than the reverent study of the revealed purposes of God—"which things the angels desire to look into." (1 Pet. 1:12.) The fact that God's wisdom provided prophecies of the future as well as statements regarding the present and the past, is of itself a reproof by Jehovah of the foolishness of some of His children, who have excused their ignorance and neglect of the study of His Word by saying, "There is enough in the fifth chapter of Matthew to save any man."

Nor should we suppose that prophecy was given merely to satisfy curiosity concerning the future. Its object evidently is to make the consecrated child of God acquainted with his Father's plans, thus to enlist his interest and sympathy in the same plans and to enable him to regard both the present and the future from God's standpoint. When thus interested in the Lord's work, he may serve both with the spirit and with the understanding; not as a servant merely, but as a child and heir. Revealing to such what shall counteract the influence of what now is. The effect of careful study cannot be otherwise than strengthening to faith and stimulating to holiness.

The World in Ignorance of God's Plan For Its Recovery.

In ignorance of the Plan of God for the recovery of the world from sin and its consequences, and under the false idea that the Nominal Church in its present condition is the sole agency for its accomplishment, the condition of the world to-day, after the Gospel has been preached for nearly nineteen centuries, is such as to awaken serious doubt in every thoughtful mind so misinformed. And such doubts are not easily surmounted with anything short of the truth. In fact, to every thoughtful observer, one of two things must be apparent: either the Church has made a great mistake in supposing that in the present Age, and in her present condition, her office has been to convert the world, or else God's Plan has been a failure. Which horn of the dilemma shall we accept? Many have accepted, and many more doubtless will accept, the latter, and swell the ranks of infidelity, either covertly or openly. To assist such as are falling thus is one of the objects of these presentations.

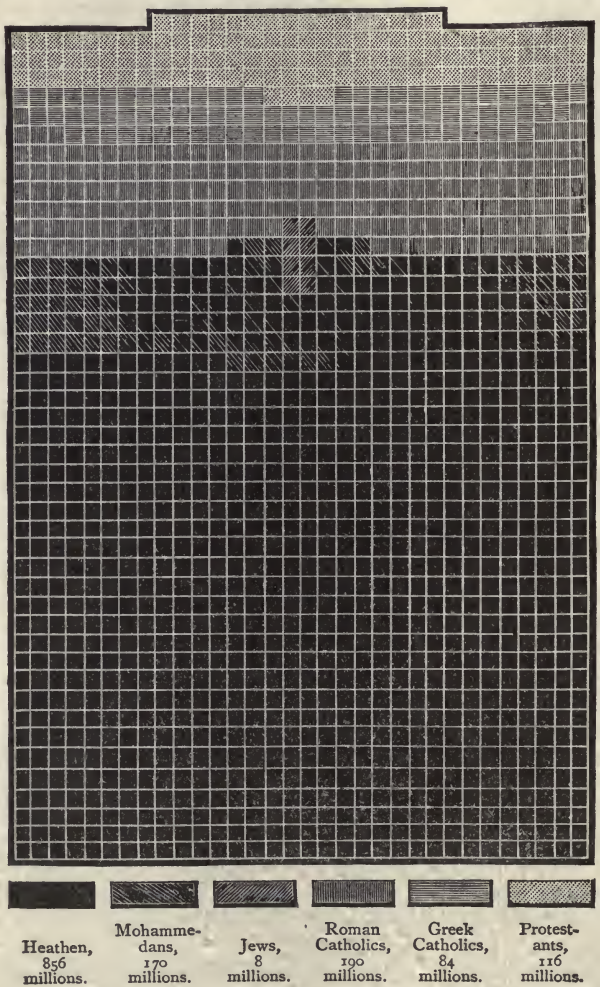
We are submitting herewith a diagram, published by the "London Mis-

sionary Society" a number of years ago, and afterwards in the United States, by the "Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions." It is termed "A Mute Appeal on Behalf of Foreign Missions." It tells a sad tale of darkness and ignorance of the only Name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved. A Y. M. C. A. journal published this same diagram, and commenting on it, said:

"The ideas of some are misty and indefinite in regard to the world's spiritual condition. We hear of glorious revival work at home and abroad, of fresh missionary efforts in many directions, of one country after another opening to the Gospel, and of large sums being devoted to its spread; and we get the idea that adequate efforts are being made for the evangelization of the nations of the earth. It is estimated to-day that the world's population is 1,000,000,000; and by studying the diagram we will see that considerably more than one-half—nearly two-thirds—are still totally heathen, and that the remainder are mostly either followers of Mohammed or members of those great apostate churches whose religion is practically a Christianized idolatry, and who can scarcely be said to hold or teach the Gospel of Christ.

DIAGRAM

EXHIBITING THE ACTUAL AND RELATIVE NUMBERS OF MANKIND CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO RELIGION.



"Even as to the 116 millions of nominal Protestants, we remember how large a proportion in Germany, England and this country have lapsed into infidelity—a darkness which is deeper, if possible, than even that of heathenism.

And how many are blinded by superstition or buried in extreme ignorance; so that while 8 millions of Jews still reject Jesus of Nazareth, and while more than 300 millions who bear His name have apostatized from His faith 170 millions more bow before Mohammed, and the vast remainder of mankind are to this day worshipers of stocks and stones, of their own ancestors, of dead heroes or of the Devil himself; all in

one way or another worshiping and serving the creature instead of the Creator, who is God over all, blessed forever. Is there not enough here to sadden the heart of thoughtful Christians?"

Truly this is a sad picture! And though the diagram represents shades of difference between heathens, Mohammedans and Jews, all are alike in total ignorance of Christ. Some might at first suppose that this view with reference to the proportion of Christians is too dark and rather overdrawn, but we think the reverse of this. It shows nominal Christianity in the brightest colors possible. For be it remembered that a large proportion of church members always numbered in the reckoning are young children and infants.

Especially is this the case in the countries of Europe. In many of these children are reckoned church members from earliest infancy. In fact, in such countries as Germany and Great Britain, ninety-six per cent of the entire population is classified as Christian; and in Italy the whole population is considered Christian. It is claimed that when that portion of our globe termed, "The Heathen World," is brought to the condition of Christianity represented by these European nations, it will mean that the whole world will have been converted—and that our Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," will have been answered.

Nay, verily! What sane person disciplined in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and who remembers that Jesus said, "Love one another," will claim that the hordes of Europe who are viciously flying at each other's throats daily with deadly weapons, and slaughtering each other by the millions, are really followers of the Savior! Then from this standpoint is it not seen that the 116,000,000 put down as Protestant Christians is far in excess of the true number! Sixteen millions would, we believe, more nearly express the number of professing church members of adult years; and one million would, we fear, be far too liberal an estimate of the "little flock," the sanctified in Christ Jesus, "who walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Creeds Teach That These Billions are on Straight Road to Eternal Torment.

But dark as this picture appears, it is not the darkest picture that fallen humanity presents. The cut foregoing represents only the living generations. When we consider the fact that century after century of the six thousand years has swept away other vast multitudes, nearly all of whom were enveloped in the same ignorance and sin, how dark is the scene! Viewed from the popular standpoint, it is truly an awful picture!

The various creeds of to-day teach that all of these billions of humanity, ignorant of the Only Name under heaven by which we must be saved, are on the straight road to everlasting torment; and not only so, but that all of those 116,000,000 Protestants, except the very few saints, are sure of the same fate. No wonder, then, that those who believe such awful things of Jehovah's plans and purposes should be zealous in forwarding missionary enterprises! The wonder is, that they are not frenzied by it. Really to believe thus, and to appreciate such conclusions, would rob life of every pleasure and shroud in gloom every bright prospect of nature.

To show that we have not misstated "Orthodoxy" on the subject of the fate of the heathen, we quote from the pamphlet in which the diagram was published—"A Mute Appeal on Behalf of Foreign Missions." Its concluding sentence is, "Evangelize the mighty generations abroad—the one thousand million souls who are dying in Christless despair at the rate of 100,000 a day."

The Gross Darkness Lighted by the Bow of Promise.

But though this is the gloomy outlook from the standpoint of human creeds, the Scriptures present a brighter view, which it is the purpose of these pages to point out. Instructed by the Word, we cannot believe that

God's Great Plan of Salvation was ever designed to be, or ever will be, such a failure. It will be a relief to the perplexed child of God to notice that the Prophet Isaiah foretells this very condition of things, and its remedy, saying: "Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee; and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles (heathen) shall come to thy light."

Not only have the continued misery and darkness of the world and the slow progress of Truth been a mystery to the Church, but the world itself has known and felt its condition. Like that which enveloped Egypt, it has been a darkness that could be felt. In evidence of his, note the spirit of the following lines, clipped from a Philadelphia journal. The doubts and gloom intensified by the clashing creeds of the various schools had not yet been dispelled from the writer's mind by the rays of Divine Truth, direct from the Word of God:

"Life! great mystery! Who shall say
What need hath God for this poor clay?
Formed by His hand with potent skill:
Mind, matter, soul, and stubborn will;
Born but to die: sure destiny—death.
Then where, oh! where this fleeting breath?
Not one of all the countless throng,
Who lived and died and suffered long,
Returns to tell the great design—
The future which is yours and mine.
We plead, O God! for some new ray
Of light for guidance on our way,
Based not on faith, but clearer sight,
Dispelling these dark clouds of night,
This doubt, this dread, this trembling fear,
This thought that mars our blessings here.
This restless mind, with bolder sway,
Rejects the dogmas of the day
Taught by jarring sects and schools,
To fetter reason with their rules.
We seek to know Thee as Thou art—
Our place with Thee—and then the part
We play in this stupendous plan,
Creator infinite, and man.
Lift up this veil-obscuring sight;
Command again, "Let there be Light!"
Reveal this secret of Thy throne;
We search in darkness the unknown."

To this we reply:

"Life's unsealed mystery soon shall say
What joy hath God in this poor clay,
Formed by His hand with potent skill,
Stamped with His image—mind and will;
Born not to die—no, a second birth
Succeeds the sentence—"earth to earth;"
For One of all the mighty host,
Who lived and died and suffered most,
Arose and proved God's great design—
That future, therefore, yours and mine.
His Word discloses this new ray
Of light for guidance on our way,
Based now on faith, but sure as sight,
Dispelling these dark clouds of night:
The doubt, the dread, the trembling fear,
The thoughts that marred our blessings here.
Now, Lord, these minds whose bolder sway
Reject the dogmas of to-day,
Taught by jarring sects and schools,
Who fetter reason with their rules,
May seek and know Thee as Thou art,
Our place with Thee, and then the part
We play in this stupendous Plan—
Creator infinite, and man;—
The veil uplifts, revealing quite,
To those who walk in Heaven's light,
The glorious Mystery of His Throne,
Hidden from ages, now made known."

In view of the clearer light now shining from the pages of Divine Revelation, may we not surely believe that such a blessing is now coming to the world through the opening of the Divine Word? It is our trust that this and succeeding articles may prove to be a part of such blessing and revealing.

(To be continued.)

Personal Qualities of Jack London

By John D. Barry

IT WAS terrible about Jack London, wasn't it?" said the barber, as I leaned back in his chair.

"Did you know him?" I asked.

"I've known him for years. Whenever he was staying near here for a few days he'd drop in, generally every day. He was always in a rush, and he never let me shave him more than once over. It was funny when I was cutting his hair to see how particular he was. He wanted it done just so; not fancy, you know, but rough. He didn't want to look fussed up. I guess he had a way of his own. Gee, but how he did enjoy himself. He had a good time every minute. When he was here he was always telling stories and talking about that ranch of his. He wanted me to go up some day and see it."

Those words were characteristic of much of the talk going on about Jack London since his death. After his success, when he might have become conventional and confine himself to the paths of the conventional, he remained independent and free. He enjoyed the wide variety of his contacts. The man in the street he met with as much pleasure as the great ones of the earth that he was privileged to know in his years of prosperity, often with much more pleasure. For he had his moments of embarrassment. There were people that could afflict him with their over-refinement and their importance. He liked best to be among those he could be on equal terms with, bursting into loud talk and laughter.

And yet he enjoyed being quiet, too. His love of retirement and peace were among the forces that led him away from the life of cities, where he might have been a great figure, into the comparative solitude of the country. But he could not escape being a great figure everywhere. "He will be missed in the Valley of the Moon," said one of his friends, who had long had him for a neighbor. "He was a big influence there. His enterprise and energy were an inspiration to the whole valley."

Socialist as he was, lover of democracy, democrat not only in his theories but in his feeling as well, Jack London enjoyed being the possessor of a great domain. He took pleasure in sitting on his high cart and driving a string of horses through gateway after gateway, his round, boyish face glowing under his gray felt sombrero. Some day he expected to reap a great harvest from the thousands of eucalyptus trees that he had planted there. He took delight in watching their growth.

Like many literary men, he had a fondness for reading aloud. His own stories he read in a way that was attractive on account of its spontaneity and freedom from self-consciousness. Better than his own stories he liked to read the verses of George Sterling. When I last saw him he spoke with enthusiasm of the lyrics that Sterling had been writing, remarkable for their simplicity and grace of diction and for their delicacy of thought and feeling.

If Jack London had been given his way in the writing of fiction, he would not have devoted himself so much to adventure. He was greatly drawn to those psychological themes that had a special interest for a few readers and no interest whatsoever for the multitude. Now and then he would venture on this forbidden ground, only to find that some of his warmer admirers among magazine editors, would become obdurate. Even at the height of his fame he wrote short stories that could not get into the magazines and that he could get to the public only between the covers of a book.

So far as the drama was concerned, he used to say that he had never had

any luck. Other writers would often ask for permission to dramatize his stories, and several of them succeeded in getting dramatic versions on the stage. But none of them greatly prospered. When moving pictures became popular it looked as if, among contemporary American writers, Jack London would reap the richest harvest. And he might have been wonderfully successful if the moving picture rights of his stories had been more adroitly marketed. Many fine pictures were made from his work, and they were seen by hundreds of thousands; but what the author derived from them consisted largely of vexatious law suits.

There probably never was a more photographed author than Jack London. He took boyish delight in seeing himself reproduced in a vast number of poses. Visitors at his ranch on leaving, if they expressed an interest in photographs, were likely to go away with a half dozen or more in their pockets. His closest friends have photographs of him in scant costume, or no costume at all, taken for the purpose of displaying his extraordinary muscular development. The lifetime of roughing it had given him a physique that seemed capable of resisting any kind of attack, and yet he subjected himself to ways of living that were too much, even for his vitality. Of those ways he spoke himself with greatest frankness in his autobiographical books.

In spite of his claim that he did not like the kind of writing he had to do to make money, Jack London nevertheless enjoyed the literary career in itself, and all that it brought in the way of interest and friends. But when his day's work was done he did not wish to bother over it again. He was very different from those writers who were continually revising. The reading of proof he regarded as a great bore, and he was glad to have friends whose judgment he trusted take the burden off his mind. Some of his books he would allow to go before the public without looking over them in type.

Are There Any Thrills Left in Life?

By Jack London

When I lie on the placid beach at Waikiki, in the Hawaiian Islands, as I did last year, and a stranger introduces himself as the person who settled the estate of Captain Keeler; and when that stranger explains that Captain Keeler came to his death by having his head chopped off and smoke-cured by the cannibal head-hunters of the Solomon Islands in the West South Pacific; and when I remember back through the several brief years, to when Captain Keller, a youth of 22 and master of the schooner Eugenie, was sailed deep with me on many a night, and played poker to the dawn, and took hasheesh with me for the entertainment of the wild crew of Penduffryn; and who, when I was wrecked on the outer reef of Malu, on the island of Malaita, with 1,500 naked Bushmen and head-hunters on the beach armed with horse-pistols, Snider rifles, tomahawks, spears, war-clubs and bows and arrows, and with scores of war-canoes, filled with salt-water head-hunters and man-eaters holding their place on the fringe of the breaking surf alongside of us, only four whites of us, including my wife, on board—when Captain Keller burst through the rain-squalls to windward, in a whale-boat, with a crew of negroes, himself rushing to our rescue, bare-footed and bare-legged, clad in loin-cloth and six-penny undershirt, a brace of guns strapped about his middle—I say, when I remember all this, that adventure and romance are not dead as I lie on the placid beach of Waikiki.

Recollections of the Late Jack London

By Edgar Lucien Larkin

ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1906, I spent a night at Jack London's home in Sonoma. The house was crowded with guests. Jack took me to the place he had chosen for me . . .

Jack opened the door of his den, bade me enter, and pointed to a huge arm chair. He lighted up, said a few pleasant words, opened a door looking into the other half of the building, showed me his bed, bade me goodnight. And when all alone I tore up things in an exploration exercise. I was in one of the greatest literary centers of the world. The working table was wide and long. It was heaped up with an incredible stock of writing paper of varying sizes, pens by the gross, pencils, not one well sharpened, quart bottles of ink, sheets of postage stamps and the like.

But see these things, stories almost finished, others half, a third or fourth written; tense, exceedingly dramatic humanity plots and plans of other writings; sketches for illustrations of books, highly ideal, letters in heaps from all parts of the world and from many publishers.

I was glad there was no room for me in the house.

* * *

There! I heard a sweetly sad and solemn bell, tuneful bell, then another, and soon another, no two sounding the same note. But they had been attuned by a master of harmonics. They were three sacred Korean temple service bells secured when Mr. London was Russian-Japanese war correspondent. They had been fastened to twigs. The well known "Valley of the Moon" breeze, just in from the ocean, swayed the branches and rang them with delicate, excessively harmonic notes. But I didn't know they were there.

Finally a gust caused one to strike the window pane. I explored and solved this apparently esoteric mystery. Esoteric, indeed, for the bells had been in use, maybe, for centuries, in archaic Asiatic mysteries greater than those of Eleusis in Greece.

* * *

On a shelf across a corner above the chairback I counted thirteen books. I arose and took them down, one by one, looked at their dates. They had all been written by Mr. London within five years. He was born in San Francisco on January 12, 1876. I was looking them over at 1 a. m., September 14, 1906. Go do this work, and you will begin to sense the true meaning of the word work.

There were Mr. London's Arctic and Klondike outfits, curios from Asia and many things belonging to his dogs for their comfort in cold.

No matter where the reader of these lines may be, it is an honor for him to love our brothers, the animals, as did their well known friend Jack. Do you suppose for an instant that Jack London would rise, brace himself and then jerk and twist steel bits against quivering flesh, the mouths of his beloved horses?

Here I was in a world of pure literature—story, drama—these that rock the soul like the rocking of a baby's cradle. I could not wait longer. I seized Jack's pen and a lot of paper at 1:40 and "wrote a piece" for the Examiner, which was published a few days later. Then to Jack's bed at 3:15 a. m.

Breakfast early, a few words for the ranch employees, and they were glad to be laborers on land owned by Jack London, an employer kind to the extreme to man and beast.

Then the guests to the porch, and Mr. London entertained us with the most fascinating conversation. And we talked some.

Then out came Charmian. She broke up the party in one minute, and without saying one word. Silently she looked into the eyes of her husband, then she looked at each of her guests. We knew, and we went. It was time, 8:30 a. m., for Mr. London to go to the den and write. Not a person in Sonoma County would ask Charmian's permission to interrupt Mr. London. None could see the little 16 feet square, 9 feet high, California redwood building, even if passing within twenty feet, so completely was it hidden by the luxuriant California undergrowth, chapparal, vines and trees.

We all held the forenoon to be sacred to Mr. London. That one look of Charmian was enough. He "skipped," went to the edge of the wildwood, lifted a great hanging vine, bent beneath and vanished. I saw a pile of proof, just as sent from a publisher. At once I took it, plunged into the wildwood, sat on a log, motionless, from 8:40 to 11 a. m. I read every word. It was the wondrous book, "Before Adam."

* * *

So remarkable was the personality of Mr. London that I am now under high pressure, hour by hour, all the day long and part of the night, writing a book, his biography, a true life history. It will soon appear, possibly in January, 1917. I have the materials, the accurate data, much personal, and the book as it grows under the flying pen is fascinating to one at least—its writer. I wish to analyze the psychology of these mystic sayings of Mr. London, and as I am now writing this hurried note, I express the hope that analytical words will come when I am exploring the literary labors of California's great native son, Jack London.

And now the telegraphs of the world and the great newspapers, as well as small, are telling of the sudden passing of the soul and of its flight. And of the burial of his ashes in the wondrous Sonoma County, his beloved "Valley of the Moon."

His funeral services were of the highest religious type of burial. The rites were performed by his widow, Charmian, who placed flowers all around the urn containing the mortal remains of her illustrious husband. This is religious.

Jack London on the Great War

I believe intensely in the pro-Ally side of the war. I believe that the foundation of civilization rests on the pledge, the agreement, and the contract. I believe that the present war is being fought out to determine whether or not men in the future may continue in a civilized way to depend upon the word, the pledge, the agreement, and the contract.

As regards a few million terrible deaths, there is not so much of the terrible about such a quantity of deaths as there is about the quantity of deaths that occur in peace times in all countries in the world, and that has occurred in war times in the past..

Civilization at the present time is going through a Pentecostal cleansing that can only result in good for humankind.

JACK LONDON.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

(SYNOPSIS—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile, Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel.)

Chapter XXII.

THE Destroyer of Bureaucracies was convinced that the government's policy of militarism was wrong. The government, realizing that the Destroyer was a thinker, was endeavoring to render him harmless for all time.

The Destroyer was Felix Skarga.

Jan had saved him from the military police five years before, on the night that Jagiello had come into his life. Ever after, Skarga had sought Jan.

Skarga's history was thrilling and eventful.

Before him his father had been an inventor. He had discovered a new explosive, smokeless, noiseless, the combination of properties in effect terrible beyond words. For years he had been employed in the gun factory. Being ambitious for his son Felix, he had sent him to be educated in the St. Amiens University at Nagi-Aaros. There Felix had specialized in political economy. The government sought to defend the extension of the Carlmanian frontiers by militarism, urging the future of national existence. Felix, the thinker, did not agree with the government.

While at the university he had received letters from his father telling of the combination of lyddite with two compounds that formed the new explosive. The discovery had been made by accident. In one letter the father had detailed the formula. Felix had carefully preserved this letter. In the weeks that followed, his father wrote of progress in using certain proportions of three chemicals to secure maximum force. Once he wrote: "A cylinder of

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lyddite would lift the Imperial Palace a thousand feet into the sky, dispersing its parts so that not a square inch of the original stone blocks would be found intact."

Obviously, such an explosive was in high demand by the government. It was not long before news of the great discovery leaked out. A youth who assisted Skarga in the gun factory first bruited the story. It quickly reached the ears of government officials. Within a week a deputation waited upon Skarga. He acknowledged his discovery, but prudently avoided all reference to the formula. The government representatives asked for a demonstration. The inventor agreed to a test.

Ten miles south of Galt, beyond the rice paddies, an ancient fort was selected for annihilation. It was a garrison that had once sheltered Napoleon. Its walls were four feet thick. The central building was two hundred feet long by over a hundred feet wide. The walls sloped upward and backward, so that the pile resembled a pyramid severed through the center. The doors opening into the fort were of iron, six inches thick. Embrasures for guns dotted the gray walls. The fort had been constructed to withstand siege for one year. It had accomplished this for a period longer than a year. Huge fissures told of artillery attack. Sections of the walls had been carried away. It was this impregnable pile that Skarga proposed to reduce to atoms.

The deputation consisted of the Minister of War and three generals, gaily dressed in service uniforms.

Skarga entered the fort by the east wall. He placed a crystalline cylinder of the explosive beneath a bastion, attached a long, slow-burning fuse. He retreated hastily, closing the iron door behind him. Then mounting horses, the inventor and the deputation rode swiftly away, warning all peasants from the fields. In twenty minutes they were a mile from the ancient fort, in the seclusion of a ravine. Through field glasses the five men watched the fort. An instant it was a low-lying, grim monolith—then lo! in the twinkling of an eye it had been lifted from the earth, it had folded outward and upward, and disappeared! Where it had crouched like a sphinx in the sunshine a few moments before, it had now vanished, and only a huge cavern in the earth marked its resting place for near a century. The air was filled with a muffled detonation as the great blocks of stone ground asunder.

And then the aftermath.

It rained dust—*dust only*. There were no boulders, no fragments of stone—only the constant sifting of a fine, powdery mist, not unlike a sandstorm in a desert—a golden rain through which the sun burned like an orb of brass.

And after this sifting of atoms for half an hour, the atmosphere cleared again, and the distant mountains became as sharply defined as in the stillness of dawn.

Immediately Skarga was elevated in the employ of the government. He was offered a million rubles outright for his formula. The government realized that with such an explosive with which to create bombs, the aeroplane corps would be the determining factor in modern warfare. Whole cities could be wiped from the map in the twinkling of an eye.

But Skarga refused the government's offer until he could further perfect the terrible qualities of lyddite. He announced that he would then sell the formula for five million rubles. The government assented to the price. In another year the explosive was perfected. Skarga announced his willingness to meet again the government's deputation.

And then the unexpected happened.

A stroke of paralysis reduced the old man to the point of death. On his death bed an agent of the government sought to learn his formula. But the aged inventor was unable to express himself, and the secret of the century died with him.

Instantly an assault was made upon his private papers. His letters were read through, his clothes and desk

were searched; not a move was overlooked to find some writing bearing on the formula. But not a scratch of the pen revealed the precious secret.

After a month of futile probing, the government agent remembered the son. A courier was despatched at once to find Felix Skarga. After the death of his father, he had gone south into Risegard. Within a week the courier found him sojourning at the Stanislaus Inn near Jarolsau. There he admitted to the courier that he possessed the formula that his father had once sent him.

The courier was overjoyed at the success of his mission. Would Skarga not, for the good of his beloved Carlmania, part with the formula for a million rubles? . . . Ah, the courier knew that patriotism burned loyally in the breast of the young man whose father had discovered the secret that would render Carlmania the dominant nation of the earth!

Felix Skarga agreed to meet the deputation that had once waited upon his father. On the twelfth of August he met the Minister of War and the three generals in the big dining-room of the Inn. He was a slender, dark young man, and in his eyes glowed a fire that had been diversely explained. The courier held it to be the fire of patriotism; the generals maintained it was the fire of greed.

Stanislaus Inn was surrounded by a great courtyard backed by a sunlit castle wall. In the ancient dining-room the five men gathered around an oak table before a cheerful wood fire, and the Minister of War addressed the young man.

"Skarga," he said, "it is with pleasure that we greet you in the name of our glorious country, and offer you in behalf of the Emperor these million rubles in exchange for the formula of the new lyddite, the discovery of your noble father."

The young man smiled. The door opened, and two fusiliers bore in a chest of gold. The Minister opened the chest, took out a bag of money and spread the yellow pile across the table, where it clinked musically and glistened in the golden glow of the sun.

Felix Skarga spoke in the low accents of one fraught with emotion. He took from his pocket a faded bit of white paper—his father's letter which contained the formula.

"It gives me peculiar pleasure to hear your appreciation of my dear father, who, I need scarcely say, meant more than life to me," he began, boldly facing the deputation.

"That he was noble I believe in truth; that he was fired with patriotism as he interpreted patriotism I also believe. When he invented this explosive he little dreamed of the havoc he might create in the centuries to come, of the terrible sufferings he would cause humanity. Fortunately I am the only living soul who possesses the secret of this awful force. This letter contains the few words that would make possible the destruction of whole nations overnight. You offer me a million rubles for it. You are very generous. But I am not selling a few words on a scrap of paper; I am selling the souls and hearts of my fellow men; I am selling the flesh and blood of my brothers of all nations; I am selling the pitiful lives of the toilers of the world; I am selling that which will bring anguish to mothers and destitution to little children—and that, my friends, *is not mine to sell!*"

Quick as a flash, before the astonished generals could realize what was taking place, Felix Skarga tore the faded paper containing the precious formula into bits and cast them into the blazing fire. An instant of bright flame, and the secret of lyddite was lost to the world forever.

Angered, like a pack of wolves, the three soldiers threw themselves upon Skarga. Their sabres gleamed, steel ringing against steel, in their mad rush to cut him down.

But prepared for such an attack, the youth dashed quickly from the room through high windows leading out upon a narrow iron balcony. He hurled the door shut in the faces of the infuriated generals. They burst through, shat-

tering the glass panes with their sabres. But too late! Skarga braved death, leaped to the ground and was off like a hare under the castle walls. No trace was found of him afterward.

Yet he was known to be in Carlmania, and from time to time the military police had found his trail. He had become a Red—a revolutionary socialist; he devoted his life to fanning into flame the smoldering revolt in the hearts of his countrymen against militarism.

So he became known to the government agents as the "Firebrand."

This was the Felix Skarga whom Jan had unwittingly saved from the fusiliers that night of the dance in the pavilion.

This was the Felix Skarga who was now seeking Jan.

Chapter XXIII.

The candles in all the houses had long ago been put out. There were no sounds, save the spasmodic winding of the watchman's horn. The sky was blue, the wonderful blue night sky of Carlmania, with the stars luminous like jewels in the frosted sky. On this night, as on all nights, Jan Rantzau left the shipyard at twelve o'clock and started home. He was exhausted. Every fibre of his body dragged under a dead weight; his brain throbbed; his eyes saw green: the result of the blinding glare from the blast furnaces under the Huascar. The terrific strain of eighteen hours of labor out of each twenty-four was telling upon his strength. Utter weariness dominated his body. This could not continue much longer. Racking pains crisped his nerves each night; his brain was becoming a chaotic, benumbed mass. What would the end be? Eighteen hours out of twenty-four! He repeated this over and over to himself. Eighteen hours out of twenty-four—and no rest on Sunday! But he must do this for Stefan, for his little blue-eyed, curly-haired Stefan, the little man in the image of himself. It was worth all this driving of his flesh to help the lad of his flesh!

When Jan reached Ujedski's hovel he saw a light in the window. On entering the house he came face to face with a man in a student's long black overcoat. The stranger rose to greet him. He was tall, slender, with a white, ethereal face and closely-cropped mustache. "Jan Rantzau—you at last?" He spoke guardedly. "Madame Ujedski permitted me to wait here for you."

"Who are you?" asked Jan.

"You do not know me?"

"No."

"My voice?"

"No."

"Nor my face?"

"No."

"It was dark that night in the pavilion. I am the man whose life you saved. If it had not been for you, tonight I should be a political prisoner without hope of freedom, facing slow death, perhaps torture, at the hands of men who hate me."

"Tell me your name."

"My name is hated in Carlmania: Felix Skarga."

"Felix Skarga!"

"I am your friend."

Jan peered closer, and distinguished the features of the man he had helped to escape from the pavilion five years before. He motioned Skarga to a seat and himself sat upon a stool near the table.

"Since that night," continued Skarga, "it has always been my desire to find you and express my gratitude. I remembered your face, for I had one glimpse of it as you burst the grille. You endangered your life for mine. We both escaped death by a miracle. You proved yourself a worthy comrade. I hope the day will come when I can do as much for you. Here in Carlmania I must not let myself be known. There are five thousand rubles on my head—and I judge the Emperor does not care whether I am taken dead or alive. Because I love my fellow man I am considered an enemy of the Empire. I have set up an opposition to militar-

ism: it is growing like the waves of the sea, like the wheat of the field. It is born in Truth. 'Thou shalt not kill!' Because I want to save my brothers from the horrors of war I am looked upon as an Enemy—a Red. The Emperor proclaims himself a herald of peace—falsely, for we are preparing for war. Throughout Carlmania earnest bands of men are secretly organizing to fight militarism. We meet after midnight—when the wide world is asleep. In an hour a group of Reds will meet on the Navarin Road. Comrade, will you join us?"

Jan lit his pipe, thinking hard. He could plainly see Skarga's face: white, tragically earnest, his eyes glowing like red coals.

Something in Jan responded. The man, crushed, blindly attacked by an insidious military system, bereft of all that he could call his own in the world, reached out for the sympathy, the promise of help, that Skarga offered, the last hope in his soul seeking its chance.

"Will you join us?" repeated the young socialist.

"Yes."

Stefan and Ujedski were sound asleep, so Jan slipped out into the night with Skarga. Under the shadow of the trees they silently made their way along the street, arm in arm, mysterious figures in the gloom.

"There is an old barn on the Navarin Road," said Skarga. "It is there that we meet, secretly, about thirty comrades, sowing the seed that will one day overthrow the Emperor and give the people a democracy. If we are found out!—hark!—what is that?"

The men stood stark still.

Two soldiers went swinging down the street, bibulous, singing. Their ribald laughter died away in the distance.

Jan and Skarga went on across a bridge with waters rippling away below, reflecting the yellow points of stars. Jan was aching in every bone and nerve, yet his body responded with new hope. Here was an opportunity to strike at the system that had rendered him a pauper—that now threatened his boy.

A black lane, smothered in darkness, led across a field into an open country with houses far apart. The humid breath of the river hung close to the earth. There was no sound except the faint whistle of the night mail going down to Bazias. Surely they had walked far enough! Jan's eyes burned for want of sleep: his body was shot with spasms of pain.

Skarga came to a halt at last. He pointed across the downs to a low, black building snuggled in a hollow. "There is the barn," he declared.

Now alert and eager, Jan followed him across the downs, knee-deep in fescue, and in a moment they came to the barn. Skarga knocked three times on the door.

"Who knocks?" asked a voice within.

"Liberty!"

There was a sound of bolts thrown back, the door opened cautiously, and Jan followed Skarga into a vestibule. A second door opened inward. Beyond was a room with a petroleum lamp flaring on a table. About the room were young men and old, with tense, serious faces, silent and waiting. Jan sat down in an obscure corner.

Chapter XXIV.

One of the old men had been speaking. He rose again, a venerable patriarch, sublime with his whitened hair. Jan saw that his face was sad, his eyes dim and tired, and his bent shoulders eloquent of a life of toil and sorrow. A deep silence settled over the room, and the old man's voice, mellow and low and tremulous with music, was heard again.

"Youthful brothers, O sons of mine, heed the voice of one who has lived. You are eager for the new day in Carlmania, when a monarch shall be chosen by the people, and the tread of marching men shall die from the face of the earth. It has come to my ears that death is awaiting the Imperial Chancellor. O my brothers, that would be a terrible mistake! Never

through violence can we win our freedom. Only by sowing the seeds of resistance to militarism among our comrades can we blot out sorrow and save our country."

There was a rumble of dissent. Several students leaped to their feet. One, a dark, slender youth, passionately addressed the old man. "You abhor violence," he cried, "but do you know what happened to my brother in Samilo? Stanislaus Andronivo was traveling from Sant to Javo. On the train he was reading my letter to him, telling of the death of our mother. Two military police seized him. They read the letter—signed by me! That was enough. They took him from the train at Samilo and threw him into prison. He lay in a filthy cell without food for seventy hours, charged with disloyalty to the Emperor. Now I cannot find him. No one knows what has become of him. When I ask the police they shake their heads and shrug their shoulders. *My brother!* What is your answer to that, comrade?"

The words snapped from the youth's mouth like bullets. He sat down, shaking with excitement. A dozen men started to speak. Plainly, the young man's distress was a common experience. Suddenly a woman—who had entered softly and heard the youth—lifted her voice in earnest appeal.

"O comrades"—and her voice was tremulous with sorrow—"I had two sons, one Jurgis Rantoverno, the other Frederick Rantoverno, both captains in the 18th Army Corps. Last summer they traveled home to me at Caye, and we rambled a fortnight through the forest of Novogavve. I besought them to leave the army and forever cease to kill their brothers. At first they would not listen. They violently opposed me. But after days of tearful beseeching a mother's love won. They returned to the Army Corps—and resigned. A week later they were at home with me. We were so happy. One day three military police called at the house. They arrested my sons, and took them to the Czemo Barracks. The next morning I went to the Barracks to see them. An Artillery Captain met me, and told me that they had been tried for treason, stood up against a stone wall, and shot!"

The woman stood panting, her eyes wild with rebellion, her breasts heaving like subdued volcanoes. The yellow glare of the lamp fell across her face. Jan saw that she was the woman who had been Skarga's companion in the pavilion five years before. The old man who had first spoken rose, and with kindly words tried to comfort her. "My sister——" he began.

The woman turned like a tigress at bay. "Good God!" she cried, "you talk of peace, and they shot my sons against a stone wall! You talk of brotherly love, and they riddled the children of my womb with steel-coated bullets!"

Her voice rang out like the clangor of trumpets. It was given to her to move the hearts of men—to sway empires. They had shot her sons!

The blood mounted to Jan's face. His nerves tingled. His great heart bled for the woman. Her sad face was gray and bloodless; she stood erect, hands clenched, surging with the revolution flaming in her heart.

Skarga rose. A hush greeted him. Every eye was turned upon his serious face. "My friends," he said, simply, "whose heart to-night does not bleed with the heart of Marja Rantoverno? Who would not avenge the death of her sons, even at the cost of his life? Marja Rantoverno, to-night in a thousand towns our comrades are meeting as we are here. The die is cast. Militarism shall pass from the earth."

Again the woman:

"But that will not give me back my sons!" Her voice was heavy with sorrow, heartrending, bitter. Suddenly she sank to the floor, her face buried in her hands. Her voice was the voice of the forest mother whose young had been killed. "That will not give me back my sons!" she sobbed, over and over. The men shuffled restlessly. Eyes were dimmed with tears.

At that moment, at first afar off,

there was a rumble as of low thunder. It grew quickly into an uproar—the clatter of horses' hoofs!

Instantly the meeting was in confusion.

There were no outcries, but everyone was aquiver. In all likelihood there was to be an attack by the military police.

Chapter XXV.

Skarga leaped to the table and extinguished the lamp. The room was plunged in darkness. Through the chinks in the low roof the starlight could presently be seen, powdery and radiant. Some one threw up a window. Half a dozen men looked out.

The *thud! thud!* of hoofs was now close to the barn. The riders were coming down the hard Navarin military road. Were they cavalry returning to the Barracks or mounted police closing in for a raid?

In the gloom a man opened a trap in the floor. By the light of a match it could be seen that a ladder led down twelve feet to the ground on the north side. Here the earth fell away toward the river, less than a quarter mile distant. At the foot of the ladder a path turned off to the left from under the building and led away beneath the trees to another road, the Donas Rio, past the cemeteries, and into the heart of Galt.

The Revolutionists were not unprepared. The way of escape had long ago been planned in case of attack. A dozen men whipped out revolvers and held them ready for extreme emergency. They knew the character of the military police, and were ready to fire only if fired upon.

The *thudding* of the horses ceased; with startling swiftness the door of the barn opened inward, and a man, a guard, plunged into the room, closing the door behind him and throwing the bolts. His voice rang with alarm.

"We are surrounded by armed fusiliers!" he cried.

The men gripped their revolvers tighter; their faces became set. Someone called out:

"Let the women go first!"

In a flash the two women descended the ladder protected by the armed men. Then followed the other men, one by one, quickly, but in perfect order, until there were only two men left in the room.

These two men were Jan and Skarga.

At the instant that Jan was about to place his foot on the top rung of the ladder, there was a cry below, a flash of white fire, the report of a revolver shot, and the ladder was seized and torn from its position.

Springing back into the room, Jan seized the heavy trap-door and slammed it shut.

"Too late!" he cried to Skarga. "We are trapped!"

Hardly had he spoken the words than the rifles of the fusiliers rang out, and the trap-door was splintered. From below came a whir of voices.

"They are up there!"

"See, here is their ladder!"

"We have caught the whole crowd!"

"The Reds—damn them—at last!"

"Light a light . . . Ah, there is their path. They planned to make off under those trees, if caught. Ha, ha, ha! Clever, eh? Look, there are their footprints!"

"Those are their steps *coming!*"

"Some are steps *going!*"

"No doubt from last night."

Now a voice, gruff, and with the temper of cold steel, commanded the inmates to surrender.

"In the name of the Emperor, surrender! Or we will fire the barn and shoot as you come out!"

There was a long silence.

It was broken only by the click of a trigger inside the barn.

Chapter XXVI.

The click of Skarga's revolver was eloquent. It spoke of death to the fusiliers surrounding the barn. It left to their imagination the possible number of the enemy within; and the imagination of men whose lives are in peril is remarkably keen.

Through a chink in the wall of the

barn Jan and Skarga could look into the circle of the fusiliers, note their force, position and the gleam of their rifle barrels.

The barn stood seventy paces from two roads. The road on the south was the hard military road, built by the government. It was intended for the transport of troops in the event of war. It was along this road that the attacking party had ridden. Their horses were now standing under a clump of poplars exactly twenty paces from the barn. Midway between the poplars and the barn was an old well. Its masonry had recently been whitewashed, and it was clearly distinguishable in the star-lit gloom.

Northward from the barn was a veritable forest of trees: larches, poplars and thickly matted cypresses. These grew in wild profusion close up to the old building, and the heavy branches hung down, almost covering the roof. They formed a canopy under which a heavy trellis extended forty paces into what had once been the luxurious garden of a manor. The house had stood upon the grounds thirty years before, when it had been seized for an arsenal during an uprising in Northern Carlmania, and subsequently had been burned. The trees and ivy, once pruned so carefully, now grew in prodigal abandon. So dense had the wall of leaves and branches become that a perfect arboreal tunnel was formed, leading to the Donas Rio, which was corduroy-marked from the wheels of hay carts sinking through the winter mud. It was through this tunnel of trees that the Revolutionists had escaped before the soldiers had been able to dismount and reach the building.

As Jan and Skarga, with eyes glued to the chinks in the wall, looked out, they beheld seven fusiliers conferring together in the shadow of the poplars, studying the building. From their manner it was easy to see that they were confident they had trapped a large gathering of Reds. Within three minutes after dismounting, several officers had lighted lanterns to determine the positions of the doors and windows; the red lights danced about as the men reconnoitered; in their faint glow Jan could distinguish the red and white uniforms, and the glint of Mauser tubes. A captain was directing the police; he wore a high hat with a tufted pompon, and at his side a sabre swung freely. Realizing quickly that there were men in the barn, and seeing the trap-door swing shut, they withdrew into the shadow of the trees. As a precautionary measure they now put out their lanterns. This made it difficult for them to be singled out as targets for the Reds. Meanwhile their leader advanced to the door of the barn to begin negotiations with the entrapped men.

This man was Pasek.

Jan recognized his voice at once.

"In the name of the Emperor, I command you to surrender!"

"In the name of God, we surrender to no man!" replied Felix Skarga, defiantly.

"Who are you, conspiring in secret at this hour of the morning?"

"That concerns only those gathered here."

"Will you come out, or shall we fire the barn?"

"We will not come out! If you fire the barn you take the consequences!"

"How many of you are there?"

"Hearts enough to match your seven!"

"Will you surrender—alive?"

"No!"

"Very well, Revolutionist!"

Pasek withdrew into the shadow of the poplars.

In the barn Jan clutched Skarga's arm.

"He is Captain Pasek!" declared Jan.

"Ha, don't I know that voice?" laughed Skarga. "An old friend, and I know how he longs to meet me again!"

Bent on escape at any cost, the two men began a search of the barn, its walls and floor, and the position of the stalls.

The south end of the barn rested on a hard mud floor. The ground fell

away suddenly, so that the north end was twelve feet above the outer earth, supported by heavy underpinning, and reached by the ladder rising to the trap in the floor. Rotten boards roughly covered that portion of the floor that was of mud; here wooden walls rose between the stalls where oxen had once been sheltered. Jan entered a stall, his hands groping about the wooden sides. Presently his foot struck the sharp edge of a floor covering under the boards; it was of metal. Quickly reaching down, he dug the earth from under the edge, inserted his two hands, and with a tremendous heave lifted a great iron plate that had once been imbedded in the mud to prevent the burrowing of weasels intent on devouring the grain.

The plate was over three feet square and a quarter of an inch thick. As he carried it to the center of the room an idea for escape came to him.

He revealed his discovery to Skarga.

"This plate will serve as a shield if we can once gain the tunnel under the trees. It is seventy paces to the Donas Rio," he explained. "Once there we must trust our legs to get us to the river bank before we are struck by their bullets, or ridden down. The river is our only salvation."

Hardly had he finished than a bright flare appeared outside the window. A shower of light streamed through the cracks and chinks onto the floor. The fusiliers were firing the building.

Skarga gripped his revolver.

"Quick!" Jan whispered intensely. "Ready to leap down! I will open the trap. Fire your revolver out of the window overlooking the well. That will direct their attention to the other side of the building while we make a break under the trees."

"But if they ride us down before we reach the river?"

"God forbid!" answered Jan. "Their bullets would be more merciful than that!"

A lurid tongue of flame licked upward through the window. Smoke poured into the room. Through every cranny curling wreathes circled, the forerunners of a terrible death.

Leaping to the window, carefully keeping out of range of the fusiliers' rifles, Skarga fired his revolver. Six bullets *spat* against the masonry of the well.

In answer, the roar of seven rifles split the stillness of the night. The bullets whizzed through the window, now brightly outlined amid the crackling flames. *Spat! spat! spat!* and they ripped through the boards, chipped off splinters, and sank with a dull *ping!* into the old wood.

Skarga leaped back to the center of the room, bowed his head to escape the deadly rifle fire, and, spinning the cylinder of his revolver, swiftly reloaded the chambers. Once more he crept to the window, and once more his revolver challenged the enemy. The rifles barked out savagely. Skarga had been careful not to aim at the men whose outlines he could distinguish moving cautiously through the trees. He saw a figure run up and cower behind the rim of the well. In the glow of the burning building Skarga could have shot him as he ran. This he did not choose to do, because he knew the consequences would be doubly terrible in the event of his capture.

Returning now to Jan, he reloaded his revolver and got ready for the leap to the ground. It was life or death now. There could be no compromise. The ruse had been successful in drawing the attention of the police to the south side of the building. The rain of bullets made it clear that at least five of the enemy were hidden on that side.

Jan slowly lifted the the heavy trapdoor.

"Quick, jump!" he commanded.

He laid back the door until the iron hinges were flush with the floor. Then seizing the iron shield he leaped into the opening and dropped with a soft *thud* twelve feet to the ground. Skarga followed, and once in the protection of the shield, the two comrades began their race with death.

Chapter XXVII.

The avenue of trees stretched away into the black shadows toward the corduroy road. Here and there through openings, long yellow shafts of light streaked the ground as the barn collapsed into a whirlpool of flame. Jan and Skarga looked straight ahead with eager eyes and began racing with all their strength for the Donas Rio . . . One, two, three—ten paces, and a great shout rose behind them. They had been detected.

Then suddenly *spat! spat! spat!* The rifles spoke behind them. Bullets whizzed dangerously close to their heads.

Turning an instant, Jan brought the iron shield face about, and, crouching behind it, Skarga emptied his revolver in the direction of the approaching fusiliers.

He could see the flash of their red uniforms through the trees, for all the world like fantastic figures at a masquerade. Their shadows fell like huge goblins. Their rifles were at their shoulders as they ran, and they cracked out in a vain effort to pierce the iron plate. With a ringing sound the bullets flattened against the shield.

There were just three fusiliers following, for the other four remained behind to cover the burning barn. Skarga refilled the chambers of his revolver with his last five cartridges. No sooner had he clicked the cylinder into position and dropped the pistol into a handy pocket than he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs above the sucking roar of the fire. The hoof-beats struck terror to his soul. If the soldiers reached the head of the avenue first, all escape would be cut off, and they would be caught in the passage like rats.

Jan held the shield behind them, and they raced ahead toward the mouth of the tunnel. Their feet seemed to move sluggishly, as in a horrible dream; but at length they staggered into the Donas Rio.

Behind them shouts arose—men calling to each other: bellowing commands, advice, information, maledictions.

The mounted fusiliers were closing in in a circle from the barn toward the river. Ahead lay the Ule, its waters silver-grey in the starlight. Black patches indicated the positions of barges.

Jan now threw away the iron plate, and, close beside Skarga, sped for the water's edge. Their breaths wheezed from their throats; their staring eyes were riveted on the river; their nostrils dilated from supreme exertion.

Even if they succeeded in reaching the river ahead of their pursuers, they knew that the man-hunt would be prosecuted with relentless fury, that the river would be lined with police, and at first sight of them bullets would end their lives in the name of the Emperor, or——!

They dared not think of what might follow.

To Jan, the river seemed miles away, further and further receding as he ran toward it. Flaming catherine-wheels circled before his eyes. Then all at once, as though playing a trick upon his tortured senses, the river rose to meet him, black, ghost-like. He could have cried aloud in his joy. The next moment he plunged into the icy depth. Skarga followed.

The strength of the two men had been drained by their race. The shock of the cold water gave them renewed energy. To have gained the river ahead of the enemy filled their hearts with hope. They might yet escape, if only the dawn would not betray them.

Already the banners of the new day were unfolding across the eastern sky. Presently the sun would encarmine the river, and every foot of ground up and down the stream would be combed for evidence of the escaped Reds.

In a wide circle Jan struck out for the center of the river with long, even strokes. He was slightly in advance of Skarga. He was cautious to avoid all splashing of the water, turning his face toward the opposite shore.

The current bore him rapidly down stream. Once he turned to glance

back and saw along the bank they had just left, bobbing lanterns. The next moment, in their faint radiance, he discerned the necks of charging horses abruptly reined in.

Then he heard voices calling on the shore, and the lights were put out, and only the blackness of the night remained, yielding slowly to the approach of morning.

Down the stream Jan swam, swiftly and noiselessly, until fatigue made his arms leaden, and the chill waters froze him to the marrow. Once he heard an enfeebled cry, and, looking back, saw Skarga twenty strokes behind, struggling to keep afloat, waving his arms frantically. A sense of horror overspread Jan. Turning quickly , he struck back and reached his comrade. He was exhausted and sinking when Jan caught him in his arms. Straight toward the bank Jan swam, pulling Skarga after him, with only a remnant of his great strength left. How he managed to climb the bank with Skarga in his arms he never knew, but climb it he did; and ten minutes later, when Skarga had sufficiently recovered to continue, the two men pushed ahead through the sedge and young willows along the red-ochreous river bank toward the town.

Chapter XXVIII.

Neither man spoke, fearing to arouse any lurking fusiliers, and by and by they came to a turn in the stream, crossed a bridge, and come out into a shell road. They passed a number of little white houses, and shortly the great stone Gate of Kings lifted before them. The iron grille was shut. Jan began fumbling with the lock.

Suddenly there were footsteps behind him. Turning, he beheld three fusiliers almost upon him. By the silhouettes of their crested hats he made them out to be the three soldiers that had followed him and Skarga down the avenue after the escape from the barn. It was clear to Jan that they had ridden down stream, crossed a bridge, and made their way to the Gate to await their prey.

Jan cursed himself for being a fool in taking an open road. He had not anticipated this move of the fusiliers. But it was too late now for misgivings.

The soldiers closed in with fixed bayonets.

"Halt!"

The leader's command rang through the quiet street.

Jan and Skarga halted. The fusilier who had uttered the command stepped forward. The soldier behind him lighted a lantern.

Jan moved swiftly. Risking immediate death, he lunged forward, threw his whole tremendous weight upon the leader and reached for the tube of his rifle.

Skarga, as quickly, threw himself at the Mauser of the second fusilier. The third soldier was still working with his lantern.

There was a burst of flame and a sharp report, and Jan swerved to the right, bearing the fusilier to the ground. He seized the discharged rifle, and, swinging it about his head, brought it down upon the head of the man with the lantern. That worthy, caught unaware, sank to the ground, his rifle flying one way, his lantern shattering against the grille.

Jan picked up the loaded rifle and brought it to his shoulder with the tube aimed at the heart of Skarga's man.

"Halt, or I fire!" Jan cried.

The second fusilier ceased his struggling, and Skarga wrested the gun from his clutching fingers.

Jan knew that the single shot would soon bring more fusiliers to the Gate, so he took the soldier's sabre and broke the lock of the grille. He and Skarga ran through. Even as they did so the second fusilier was on his feet, sabre drawn, rushing at Jan in a frenzy.

Jan turned, and, not daring to excite the night watch by a second shot, pressed his bayonet to the onrushing body of the avenging soldier. He forced him back against the grille. But in that instant the uplifted sabre descended with terrific force. Jan thrust out his hand to save his face; the steel

slashed through his palm, and, bearing down, laid open his wrist. Blood gushed from the wound, and the big man dropped the rifle and seized his left forearm with his right hand, stanching the flow with a vice-like grip.

Skarga had already dealt the fusilier a blow that quieted him. He dropped without a groan.

Both men rushed on through the great Gate of Kings, for morning had come, and the gray fabric of dawn was gorgeous with the sunrise.

Stefan was still asleep when Jan and Skarga stole into Ujedski's hovel.

(*To be continued.*)

Jack London's Resignation from the Socialist Party

Honolulu, March 7, 1916.

Glen Ellen,
Sonoma County, California.

Dear Comrades:

I am resigning from the Socialist Party, because of its lack of fire and fight, and its loss of emphasis on the class struggle.

I was originally a member of the old revolutionary, up-on-its-hind-legs, fighting, Socialist Labor Party. Since then, and to the present time, I have been a fighting member of the Socialist Party. My fighting record in the Cause is not, even at this late date, already entirely forgotten. Trained in the class struggle, as taught and practiced by the Socialist Labor Party, my own highest judgment concurring, I believed that the working class, by fighting, by never fusing, by never making terms with the enemy, could emancipate itself. Since the whole trend of Socialism in the United States during recent years has been one of peaceableness and compromise, I find that my mind refuses further sanction of my remaining a party member. Hence my resignation.

Please include my comrade wife, Charmian K. London's, resignation with mine.

My final word is that liberty, freedom and independence are royal things that cannot be presented to, nor thrust upon, races or classes. If races and classes cannot rise up and by their strength of brain and brawn, wrest from the world liberty, freedom and independence, they never in time can come to these royal possessions . . . and if such royal things are kindly presented to them by superior individuals, on silver platters, they will know not what to do with them, will fail to make use of them, and will be what they have always been in the past . . . inferior races and inferior classes.

Yours for the Revolution,

JACK LONDON.

Mrs. Jack London's "Log of the Snark"

By Beatrice Langdon

IN THE absence of other lengthy biography of Jack London, Mrs. London's "Log of the Snark" serves well, for she has given us an intimate study of her husband in the day-to-day life of their remarkable adventure. One learns of Jack's disposition, his habits of work and play, in a way that would be impossible for any one but his hourly companion to handle. The book is full of intimate touches that picture the exuberant Jack in all his variety.

Their union was ideal, each constantly striving to find some more endearing term to confer on the other. Jack had a shower of names to which he was everlastingly adding—"The "Skipper's Sweetheart," "Jack's Wife," "Mate Woman," "Mate," "Crackerjack," "Pal." She showered him with as many. Their exuberant enthusiasm, vitality and spontaneity kept pace with the dancing hours. Everything was a delight, especially adventure, a word they both spelled in huge capital letters. All this is set forth in Charmion London's "Log of the Snark," her first book. The way it came to be written "was mostly due to Jack. Be it known that he detests letter writing, although a more enthusiastic recipient of correspondence never slit an envelope. When I decided to keep a typewritten diary of the voyage to be circulated in lieu of individual letters, my husband hailed the scheme with delight."

The Snark measured fifty-seven feet over all, with a fifteen foot beam, drawing six feet and fifty tons of metal on her beam. Friends of the Londons suggested such names as "Petrel," "Sea Bird," "White Wings" and "Sea Wolves," but Jack and Charmian, with a higher flight of imagination, settled on "The Snark," so happily invented by Lewis Carroll. The vessel was planned in 1905. But the great fire in San Francisco in the following year upset the work, and the vessel was finally completed, April 25, 1907. So gallant a little craft deserved some consideration, but the contractors had their own opinion on this score. London had naturally specified for the best materials to be had. Later it was discovered that inferior supplies had been used, with the result that several times the lives of the voyagers were imperiled during heavy storm stress, and were saved only by Jack's splendid seamanship and ingenuity.

The happy adventurers passed through the Golden Gate, outward bound, on April 25, 1907 sighting Maui May 17. At Pearl Harbor they spent a month of delight at Hilo (Hawaiian Islands), a month of vexatious delay for engine repairs, weaknesses that had developed during the trip from San Francisco. Crossing the line, November 30th, they sighted land in the Marquesas, December 6th, to the profit of Jack. He had wagered with a fellow voyager who declared they would not reach Nuva-Hiva by Dec. 12. They made Tahiti April 5, and entered Pago Pago harbor, May 3. That same month they touched at Apia, Samoa and Savaii. From the Fijis they sailed to the New Hebrides, reaching Fort Resolution, June 11th. In July they became the guests of the owner of the Pennduffryn Plantation, Island of Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands. There they spent several weeks before resuming the progress from island to island. It was during this period of

the voyage that Jack began to show signs of serious illness. The malady manifested itself by intense burning in the skin, due, it was thought, to the nervousness experienced in whipping the Snark into sailing shade.

He and Mate discussed the situation. Jack declared that if he could slip back to his home in the Valley of the Moon, California, he would be able to pull himself together with a rush. And he did. The party went to Sydney, Australia, and took passage to California. They had planned to be gone seven years, and, because of Jack's sudden illness, returned in eighteen months.

Up to almost the last minute, the skipper and the skipper's wife, exuberant with life and adventure, never met a dull day. There were games of cribbage and poker, much writing and reading, and family boxing matches. (Mrs. Jack is an experienced boxer, tutored early by her husband.) They fished for dolphin, bonita and shark, and used baited hooks, harpoon and rifle shot at the larger fish. They slept on the deck in the beautiful tropic moonlight, took their trick at the watches at the wheel, and stood by in gales and in patching recalcitrant machinery. The crew of half a dozen found only exhilaration in everything about them.

Charmian London in her diary sets out all this in intimate form, even to the sea she learned to know so well:

"The sea is not a lovable monster. And monster it is. It is beautiful, the sea, always beautiful in one way or another; but it is cruel and unmindful of life that is in it and upon it. It was cruel last evening, in the lurid, low sunset that made it glow, dully to the cold, mocking ragged moonrise that made it look like death. The waves positively beckoned when they arose and pitched toward our boat laboring in the trough. And all the long night it seemed to me that I heard voices through the planking, talking, talking aimlessly, monotonously, querulously; and I couldn't make out whether it was the ocean calling from the outside of the ship, herself muttering gropingly, finding herself. If the voices are of the ship, they will soon cease, for she must find herself. But if they are the voices of the sea, they must be sad sirens that cry, restlessly, questioning, unsatisfied, quaint, homeless little sirens.

* * *

"Jack enticed me out to the tip end of the bowsprit, with a heavy sea rolling. I must frankly admit that I felt shaky climbing out, with my feet on a stell-stay only a few inches above the crackling foam, and my hands clinging to the lunging spar. But it was wonderful to watch the yacht swing magnificently over the undulating blue hills, now one side hulled in the rushing, dazzling smother, now the other, the sunshot turquoise water rolling back from the shining, cleaving bows, and mixing with the milky froth pressed under. Now the man at the wheel would be far, far below us, sliding down that same mountain. But he never overtook us, for about that time we were raising our feet from the wet into which we had been plunged, and were holding on for dear life as the Snark's doughty forefoot pawed another steep rise."

* * *

At Tahae in the Marquesas the travelers, on renting the only available cottage, were happy to find that it was the old clubhouse where Stevenson frequently dropped in on his visits to that place. The Marquesas women's looks were disappointing to the white women, but the race has not been improving since the far off days when Norman Melville called them the fairest and handsomest women of the South Sea islanders. There was feasting in honor of the Snark's advent: calabashes of poi-poi, made from bread fruit, where the Hawaiians use taro; and purke (pig)—fourteen huge cocoanut-fed hogs roasted whole in ovens of hot stones. The barbaric music was up to all expectations, and there was dancing not to be found fault with by seekers of the outlandish. The procession to the feast sup-

plied a "vivid, savage picture." One man wore a silk hat and a "tattered rag of a calico shirt;" there were several battered derbys, and the king's son wore ducks and a straw hat. The hula-hula was danced to the music of an accordion. And when Mrs. London visited the vai, she mourned; Melville saw it blooming and happy, now it is unwholesome, the remnant of the people ragged in civilized calico, and wretched. But in Ho-o-umi Valley the explorers found "a little vale that looks as Typpe must have looked in her hey-day," a bit of aboriginal fairyland. Here was a "prospect of plenty." Rich lands border the stream that threads the valley, breadfruit, bananas and cocoanut palms thrive. Copper-skinned natives fish in the river. Grass huts, "the quintessence of savage picturesqueness," dot the landscape. In the little village at the mouth of the valley the explorers met "a Marquesan Adonis," a lithe, strong specimen of manhood, whose memory they cherish as of the approximation to the Typean of older chronicles.

Going into Papeete, after being saluted by the U. S. Cruiser Annapolis, the Snarkers were hailed from a native craft flying a red flag. Standing, in the canoe, was "a startling Biblical figure," a tall, tawny blonde man, clad only in a sleeveless shirt of large mesh fishnet and a scarlet loin cloth. "Hulloa, Jack; hulloa, Charmian!" It was astonishing. Suddenly they recognized him as a friend last met in California, some years before, and whom they called the "Nature Man."

"What's the red flag for?" asked London.

"Socialism, of course."

"Oh, I know that; but what are you doing with it?"

"Delivering the message," and the flag-bearer made a sweeping gesture towards Papeete.

"To Tahiti?" asked London, incredulously.

"Sure."

The Nature Man brought better things to his white friends than to his dusky proteges, for he left aboard the Snark a basket filled with clear white honey, two ripe mangoes, cocoanut cream and alligator pears.

* * *

And Mrs. Jack London goes on with her narrative:

"I am writing at a little green-topped table on which lie my five-shooter and a Winchester automatic rifle containing eleven cartridges. Outside is an intermittent gale of wind, thrashing the banyans and palms, whipping the breakers into hoarse, coarse roaring, varied by blasts of thunder and lightning of all descriptions; and through the clamor I can just catch the pulling-calls of desperately hauling men on yacht and reef, as they work to clear the vessel at high water . . . I hear no shots, and am fairly certain our crowd is not being annoyed by the scoundrelly man-eaters ashore. I am not exactly happy with my man out there, tired and anxious and supperless; and the yacht, in spite of almost unbelievable staunchness, may break up in the night. They could get away in the whaleboats —but what would they meet if they tried to land on the beach—the savages knowing the ship had been deserted!"

* * *

"Jack has just finished a beautiful South Sea story, entitled 'The Heathen,' and is now deep in a novel, 'Adventure,' with the stage of action right here on Pennduffryn Mountains. Besides our steady work these past three weeks and over, we have boxed, ridden horseback and swum at sunset, sometimes in tropical showers when the palms lay against the stormy sky like green enamel on a slate background, with ever an eye for alligators."

Mrs. Jack called Jack's work "Two hours of creation a day." Jack vilified the stunt by dubbing it "bread and butter."

* * *

All very fascinating is this record of voyaging in the South Seas. It was in these same Solomon Islands

that the greatest adventure befell the party. Some of the inhabitants in the interior still reflect the avatism of their forebears, and are charged with being head-hunters and cannibals. Danger signs, in landing in such places, by no means passed with the day of Captain Cook; there is an added nuisance: some of these islanders now carry rifles with soft-nosed bullets. A fact which explains that Mrs. Jack London, while in that locality, slept with a rifle by her side and carried a revolver in her holster by day. Jack found occasion to give a little exhibition of quick firing with an automatic pistol, just to impress the natives.

It was in this situation that the party one day heard the news of the murder of friends near by, Claud Bernays of the Penduffryn Mountain Plantation, and Captain Keller of the ship Eugenie. Jack made a note of this cannibalism in order to meet in this country the attacks of certain critics who derided his "realistic" stories of the South Seas regarding cannibalism and other forms of murder. Since then other authentic cases have come to light to fortify Jack London's position.

And what of the good ship, "The Snark?" She was sold "for a fraction of her cost," estimated at $25,000, to an English syndicate, and handily was used by them for trading purposes in the New Hebrides. Later the Londons heard of her in the Bering Sea, off Alaska, and later still they met friends who had been aboard her at Kodiak, Alaska, in 1911. In 1912, she was reported to have donned a coat of new green paint and was harboring around Seattle. The Londons had reached that city a short time before, from a five months' wind-jamming voyage from Baltimore around Cape Horn, and had left just before the Snark reached Seattle.

In whatever part of the Seven Seas "The Snark" may poke her adventurous nose she is certain to make history, for it was written all over her during her planning, building and the extraordinary experiences she gave the Londons and their friends in the adventurous South Seas, as is most entertainingly set forth by Mrs. Jack London in her "Log" of that vessel.



Spiritual Healing Divested of Mystery

By Peter V. Ross, Christian Science Committee on Publication

ONE of the writers in "The Overland" for April brings out some rather interesting phenomena of what he calls "mental and spiritual healing" as practiced during the past three centuries. He distinguishes between cures effected by mental processes and those wrought by spiritual influence. He affirms that pain may be allayed, and even some physical disorders "due to subjective conditions," be relieved, through mental means. Cures which, unaided by material means, produce actual physical results or changes that can be seen in the patient's tissues are, he admits, accomplished through spiritual interposition as distinguished from mental operations. These latter healings are to him inexplicable; they represent, he says, "miracles in our day. They are not, he declares, like the cures of Christian Science, which is, he claims, "neither Christian nor scientific."

So much has been said and written as to whether Christian Science is a misnomer that any direct discussion of the question at this time would perhaps not only be profitless but actually tiresome. However, a presentation of the fact that Christian Science effects cures plainly observable in structural changes as well as cures of nervous and functional ailments, and some explanation of the modus operandi of such healings, can hardly fail to interest the inquirer and at the same time afford him the most convincing evidence, next to actual demonstration, that Christian Science is precisely what its name indicates—both Christian and scientific.

Christian Science has been so frequently and successfully employed in recent years as a system of healing that it has become almost a matter of common knowledge that all forms of disease yield to this Science, and anybody who, through study and practice, is competent to speak on the subject, would hesitate to say that one form of disease offers more resistance than another. For anyone to argue that Christian Science cures some kinds of disease but cannot cure others, amounts to nothing more than to argue a lack of information on his part. The question, then, is not, Does Christian Science heal? but, rather, How does Christian Science heal, even to the extent of working changes in what is called the physical structure of the body?

When Mrs. Eddy wrote on page 86 of Science and Health that "Mortal mind sees what it believes as certainly as it believes what it sees," she threw in sharp relief a truth which previously had been hinted in the popular proverbs, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," and she thereby reminded us, more definitely, perhaps, than had ever before been done, of the illusory character of the testimony of the corporeal senses.

A man believes in ghosts, and straightway, especially if stimulated by a guilty conscience, he may see one. What he sees corresponds with what he believes. His companion who does not believe in ghosts, and whose conscience is clear, sees none. Normalize the first man's thought by substituting for his superstitious belief the understanding that ghosts do not exist, and by destroying the sin and fear which disturb his mentality, and he can no longer see a spectre.

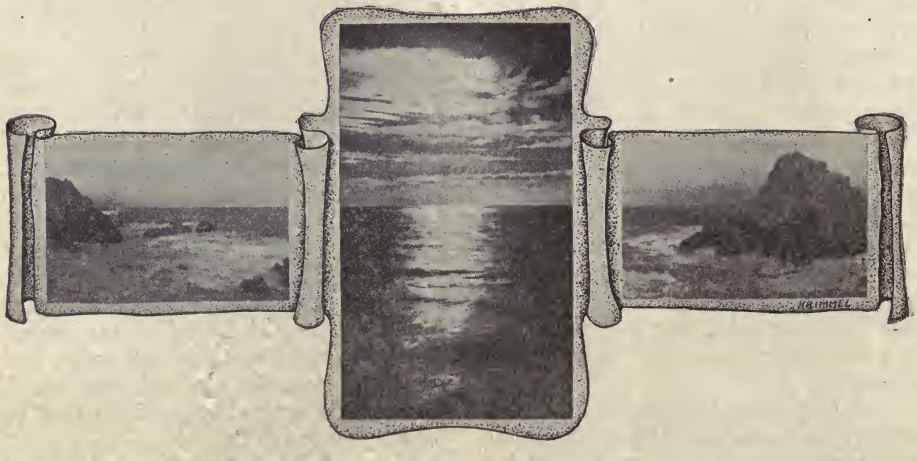
The individual is educated to be-

lieve in disease and to fear it. With his thought thus fixed on disease and perturbed by apprehension for his own safety, he presently seems to experience sickness and suffering. Correct the mistaken belief in disease and remove the fear of it by instilling in thought the truth that disease has no actual existence and that there is nothing to fear when God is all presence and all power, and disease with its attendant symptoms vanishes.

The human mind sees in the human body not what is actually there, but rather its own thoughts objectified. Obsessed by false beliefs, and perhaps tormented as a consequence of sinful indulgences, this mind may see, or suppose that it sees, a member of the body diseased or wasted or even broken. Enlightened by spiritual understanding, the hitherto darkened human mind gains a more accurate concept of things, and in place of a diseased organ or a wasted sinew, or a fractured bone, will see and experience health, harmony, wholeness, symmetry.

We have supposed that what we call physical forms and objects are fixed and substantial, but are they so? Are they not rather thoughts projected or embodied? If so, a change in thought necessarily produces a change in the outward form in which the thought has clothed itself. The human body is itself simply the product of the human mind. It is that mind's concept of a man. As the mind and the concept change, the man's so-called form and physical structure change. Dominated by error, the human mind forms a very imperfect concept of man—a man sick and sensual; controlled by truth, this mind forms a more nearly perfect concept—a man free from blemishes either moral or physical.

The corrective power which disillusionizes the human mind and establishes a consciousness of health and harmony in place of supposed discord and disease is thus seen to be spiritual truth; and the practical application of Jesus' precept, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," is at once discerned. What is the truth which will liberate us from disease? Is it not that truth, inculcated by the Bible, that God is Life, the life of every animate being, and therefore that Life is eternal and indestructible? When the truth dawns on human consciousness that Life and Deity are one and the same, then Life is seen to be omnipotent and omnipresent, and disease, which is opposed to and destructive of Life, is recognized as having no power, presence or actuality. Viewed in this light the healing of disease by metaphysical processes or spiritual means, though it produces so-called physical changes, is neither mysterious nor miraculous.





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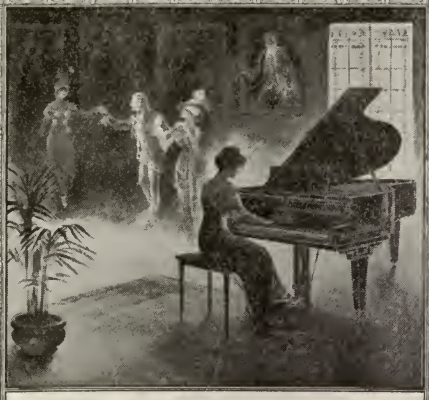
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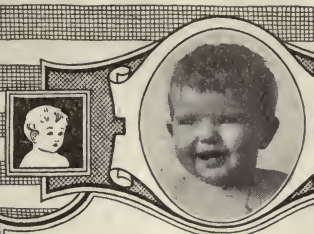
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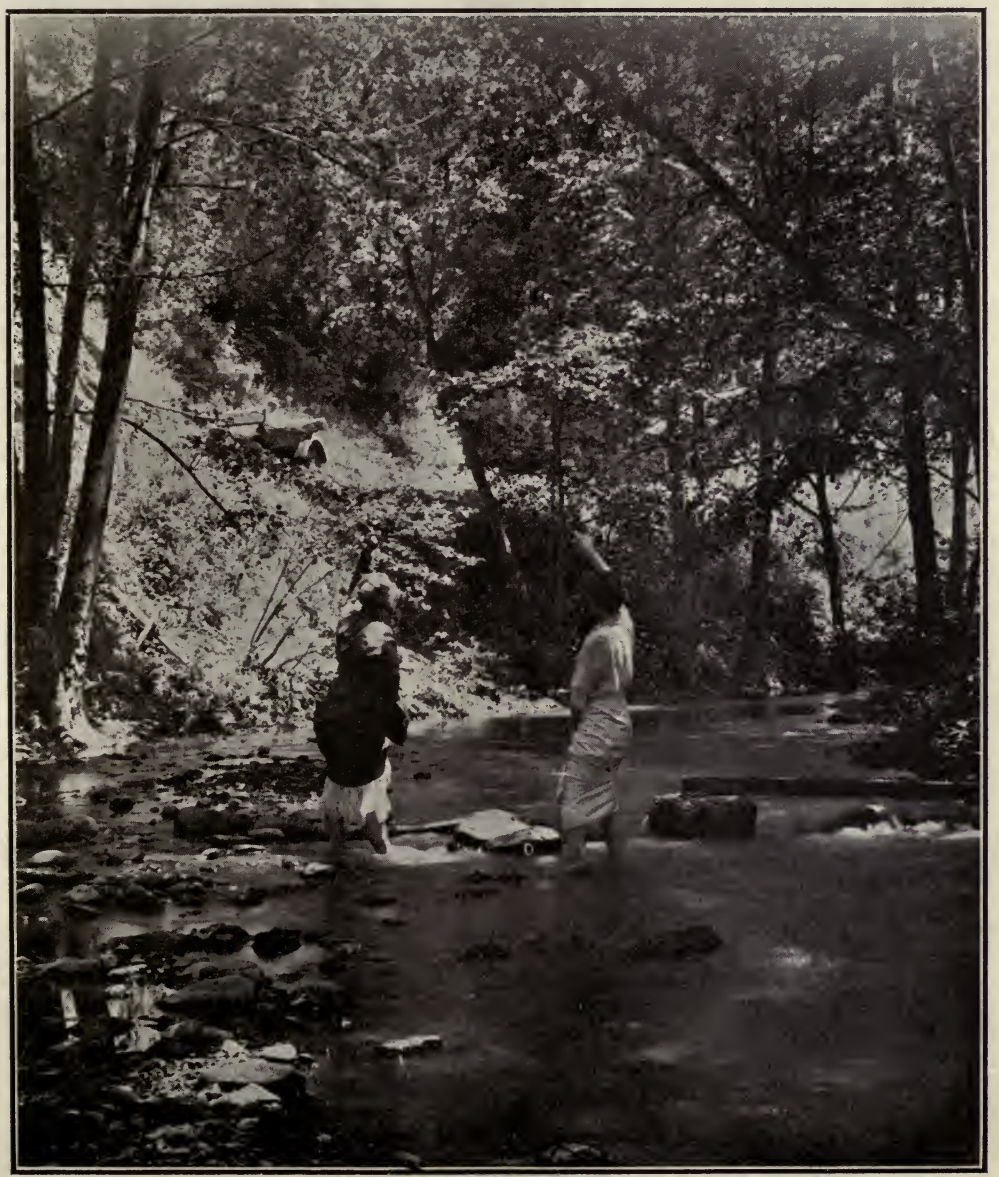
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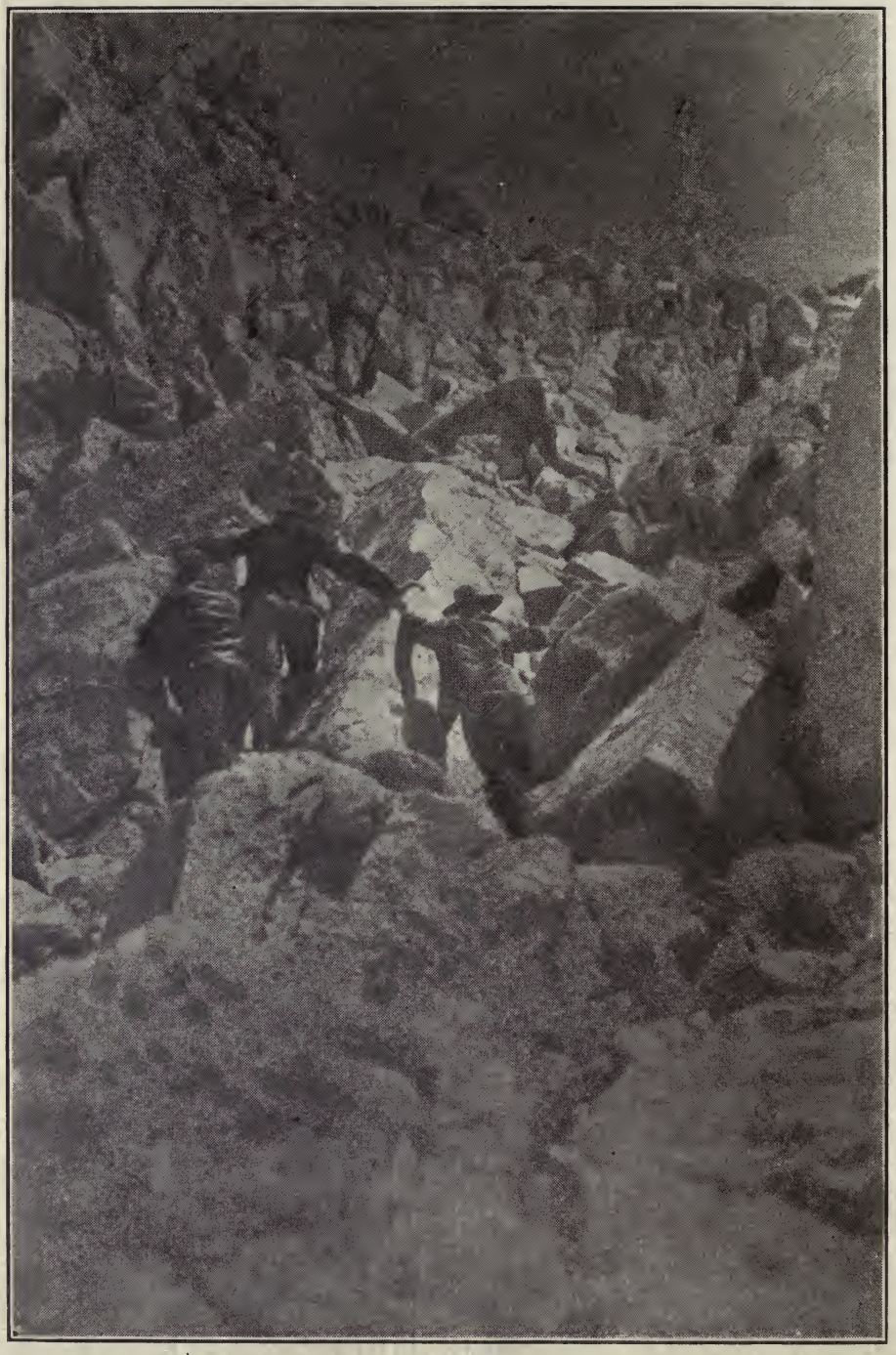
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A tree-lined roadway in the Hillsborough country home section.



Nearing the summit.

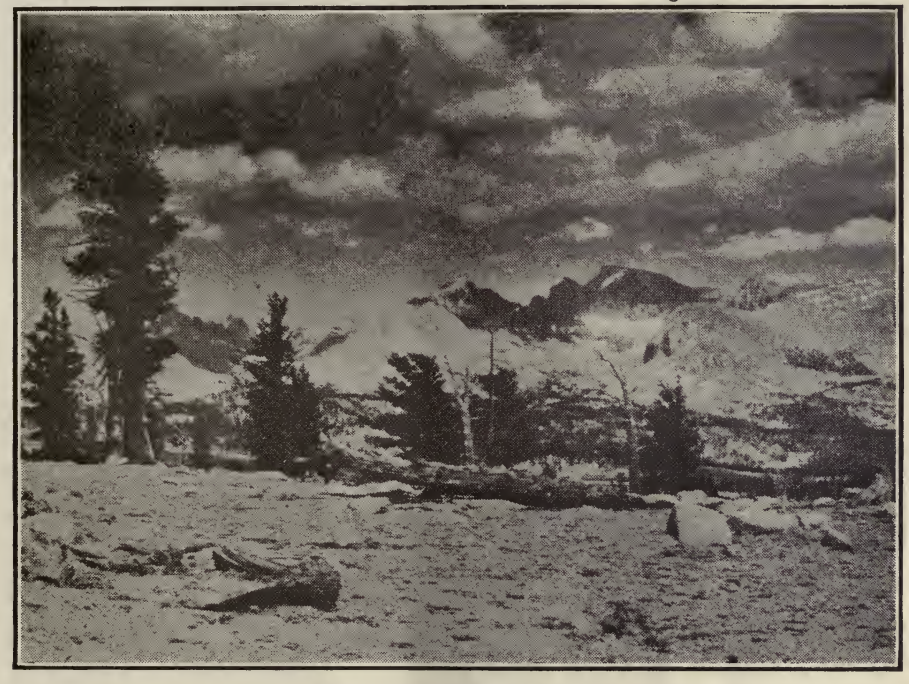
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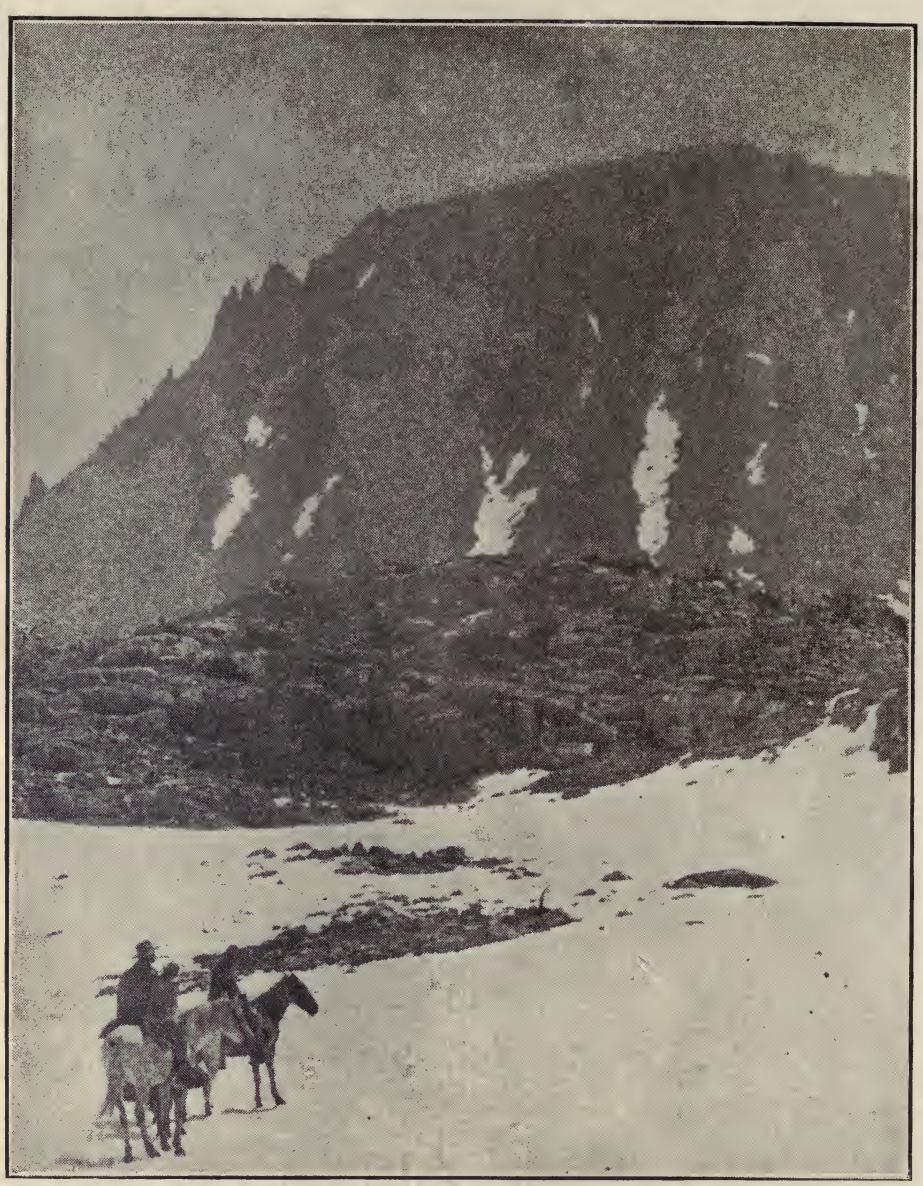
Mt. Whitney from the West.

The Ruler of the Range

By Clarence Cullimore

IF YOU have followed the rocky zigzags that lead to the mountain tops, if you have been lured, by the siren of the open trail, up to the heights of exhilaration that set every nerve a-jumping, then, each successive season you will search for some plausible excuse to cast aside the shackles that bind to civilization, and leave the stifling valley for more abundant living in the rugged wilderness among the mighty peaks. Here you will, on a frosty July night, sit by the crackling juniper logs, and know that in all these old woods of ours there is naught of consequence in the list of human attributes, save it be a man's character and a man's manhood.

If you are not of this great fraternity of mountaineers, you still pos-



Mt. Whitney, from the plateau at its base.

sess a latent gem of primitive manhood that may blossom forth and lead you to the wilderness. Come with me, and we will travel to the ruler of the range. It is not a lonely crest, dominating its surroundings in solitary independence, but, rather, a Titian brow whose dignity and awesome grandeur are enhanced by the lofty group of wild and savage pinnacles that stand attendant on the sharp, terrible crest.

Mt. Whitney, clothed in ramparts of bronzed pines and sunken snow banks, glacier-burnished and ice-chiseled, from the huge, broad buttresses up through wild ravines and spacious galleries ornamented by deep-fluted, slender minarets and a profusion of broad domes, rears its crown above all



On the edge of the timber line, Mt. Whitney, California.

other mountains in the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

Its altitude is 14,502 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated, in an air-line, about twelve miles directly west of the village of Lone Pine in Inyo County, California. This approach is very precipitous, but, by its western side, travelers from the San Joaquin Valley may reach its base through a series of easy climbs, consuming not more than ten days' time. At Crabtree Meadow by the mountain's foot, you will lie awake at night on a fragrant bed of pine needles to look far above at patches of snow that linger late into the summer. Overhead, the cold, white stars sparkle with a new and more compelling brilliancy. Your very being tingles with



The lone Smithsonian cabin on the crest of Mt. Whitney.

desire for daylight to dawn on the morning of your ascent of the loftiest peak in the land.

From Crabtree the climb is difficult but not hazardous. There are no precipitous heights to scale, but, withal, it requires a stout heart and toughened muscles to labor through the rock-rooted foxtail pines up to the knarled junipers that fringe the timber-line. This sparse and tragic growth is sprinkled, here and there, with bleached and barkless sentinels that have lost their struggle for existence against the fierceness of the winter's blasts.

The winding, zizzag trail leads over slippery, polished rocks, through a bog or two, and then over patches of last winter's snow, where, underneath a snow bridge hung with crystal icy-



Shivering on the sheltered side of the cabin on the summit.

cles, rushes a sparkling rivulet. Now, the common trail leads you through an abrupt chimney, carved out of solid rock. There are other chimneys that lead almost to the summit. Whichever way you go, hands and arms will be of service in the climb.

From the mountain's side you look back at a wild, forbidding wall of rock, scarred and ice-hewn, at whose feet there blinks two eye-like sapphire lakes from out their sockets of snow and ice. Pushing upward, the rock, on which you have for a moment balanced, slips to leap with tremendous bounds into the chasm below. Each time you pause for breath, you behold a more expansive, wilder-growing panorama, until at last you struggle over the jagged blocks of rock to the highest jutting ledge of all. Here stands the stone cabin, built in 1909 for observations by the Smithsonian Institute.

Shivering on its sheltered side, you look below. Almost two miles beneath, to the east, there stretches a dreamlike picture of the Owen's Valley. Its river winds through desert olive, sagy waste to touch the vivid green spots where lie the villages of Independence and Lone Pine, then on to a broad expanse of shimmering sunlit blue of Owen's Lake.

Beyond this valley is another range that shuts from view the lowest land in the United States—Death Valley.

Turning to the west, you find a more tremendous awe-inspiring sight. Down thousands of feet and far away lies the valley of the Kern, nourished by a hundred snow-fed branches. To the south of this appears the vague blue where lurk the thousand wonders of the canyon of the King's; and all about, as far as the eye can reach from the snowy ranks of Kaweah and far beyond Mt. Brewer, myriads of snow-crowned peaks, passes and amphitheatres stretch in wild, surpassing magnificence.



A lone sentinel on the mountainside.

It is here that for one brief moment you can forget the petty quibblings far below, and lose your own identity in the exhilarated freedom and reverent exultation that cries aloud your kinship to the maker of the hills.





A camp in Indian territory.

Three Years a Captive Among Indians

By J. A. Leeman, M. D.

AMONG those who came to Texas in the early days was Joseph Sowell, from Tennessee. He came with his young family and two negro women, and settled on Red River at a place still known as "Sowell's Bluff." Later he moved back from the river and settled within the present limits of Funnin County. The county was very sparsely settled, and often raided by bands of hostile Indians, and Joseph Sowell was authorized to raise a company of minute men for the protection of the settlers.

These minute men were to always be in readiness at a moment's warning to mount their horses and go in pursuit of a band of hostiles. They had no regular camp, but remained at their homes, always having a horse ready and their guns in order. When Indians were discovered in the country the man who first saw them was the runner to notify the minute men. On one occasion, Captain Sowell and his men followed a band of raiding Indians and overtook them near Red River, and a severe fight ensued in which eight Indians were killed and three minute men wounded.

The home of Captain Sowell was in the edge of a prairie, the timber circling around his place from the east to the northwest, the distance north to the timber line being about half a mile.

Late one evening in the summer of 1842, John Sowell, a boy 13 years of age, was sent by his father across the prairie, north, to drive up the milk cows, which had a habit of stopping in the edge of the prairie to graze, instead of coming on to the cow pen. On this occasion the boy had crossed the prairie and was near the edge of the

timber when two Indians rose up out of the tall grass within a few yards of him. He turned and ran, but one of the Indians soon caught him and dragged him into the woods, at the same time choking him, so that he could give no alarm.

The Indians had their horses tied in the timber, and when they arrived at the place where the horses were they stripped all of the clothing from the boy, even to his hat, and threw them on the ground. They then placed him, naked, behind one of the Indians on the bare back of the horse.

They then set out towards the northwest, rapidly, keeping in the timber. All night they rode fast, and all the following day in the hot sun, and the boy's back was badly blistered. He had a thick head of hair, which came down over his neck, and was a protection to those parts. The Indians expected pursuit, and often looked back the way they came.

Just before sundown they came to a creek, and the Indians dismounted and staked out their horses, and while one started a fire the other went to hunt a deer. When John was lifted from the horse and his feet placed upon the ground he was unable to stand, and fell. His back was very sore from the sunburn, and he turned over on his chest and lay with his face on his arms during the night. He knew after the long night ride that his father had no chance to rescue him. Trailing could only be done by daylight. The hunter soon returned with a small deer, and the two Indians sat and broiled and ate of the meat, and talked in a low guttural tone until far into the night.

In the meantime there was great excitement at the Sowell home, and in fact all over the settlement. The cows discovered the presence of the Indians when they arose from the grass to catch the boy, and at once ran across the prairie towards the house, holding their heads high, and some of them occasionally stopping to look back. Captain Sowell noticed



A corner of a group of Indians.

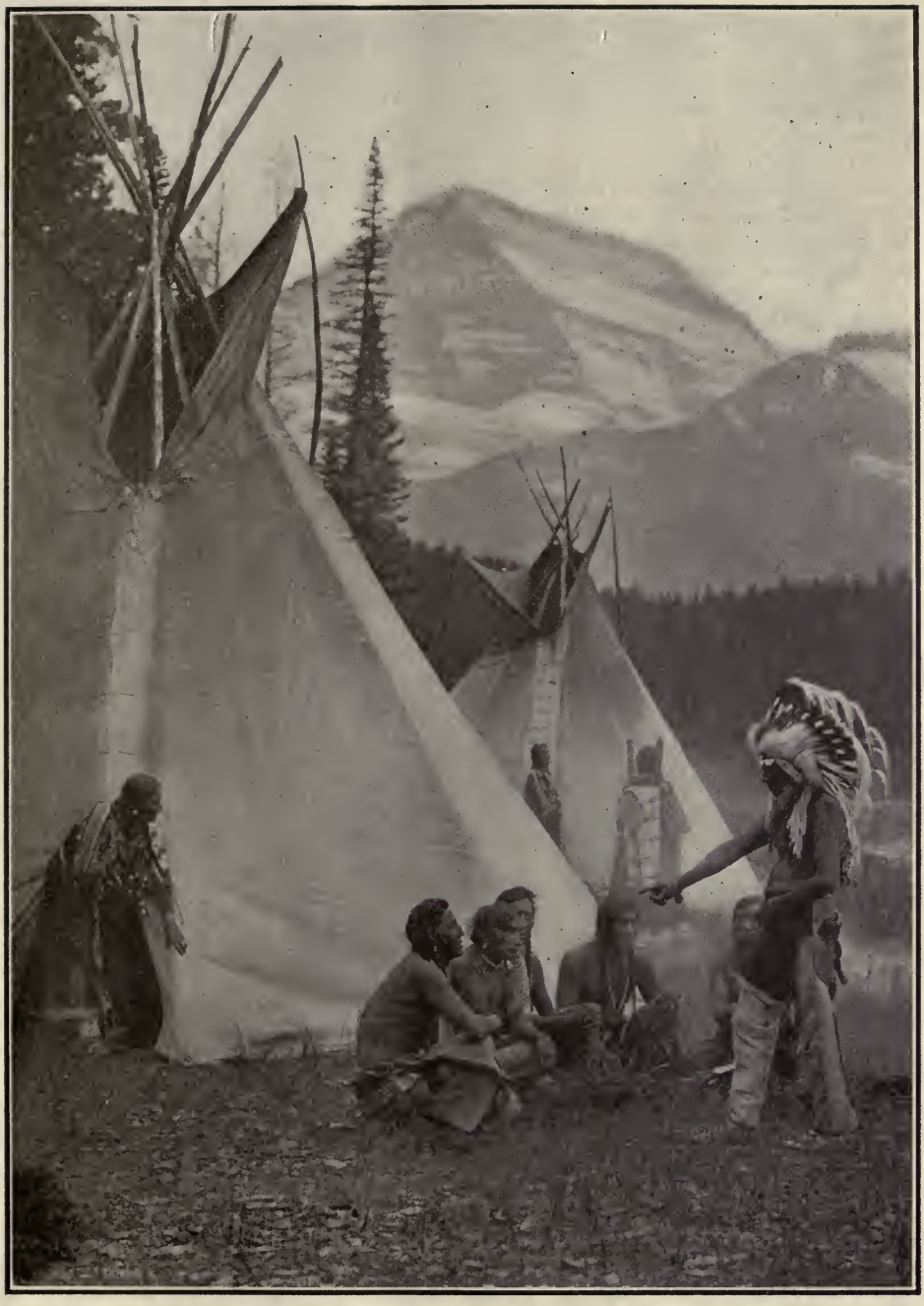


Visitors in the Indian camp.

the commotion among the cattle, and at first thought his son was running them in, but soon abandoned that idea when he saw that the cows were frightened as they dashed up. They were used to the boy, and would not run from him in that manner. Sowell now thought of Indians, and became uneasy about the boy, and walked out a short distance to see if he was coming, but seeing nothing of him hurried to the house and told his wife that he believed Indians were around and he was going to see about John. He took down his rifle and pistols (muzzle-loaders) and hurriedly left the house.

The mother and the two negro women now greatly excited, went out and looked across the prairie as long as they could distinguish objects. The captain hurried around the prairie, concealed from view in the timber. It was now getting dark, and he could see nothing of the boy or hear anything that would give a clue as to what was transpiring. He knew that it would not do to call, as that would disclose his presence to the Indians, if it were Indians, and they would slip up on him in the darkness and kill him, and no assistance rendered the boy. So he went cautiously, alert to every sound, determined, however, if he heard an outcry from the lad to go to him regardless of consequences. But all was still, and he retraced his steps to the house, hoping that the boy might have arrived, but such was not the case. His wife and the negro women were almost frenzied, and it was all the captain could do to keep them from crying aloud.

Those old-time plantation slave women were almost as devoted to the children of their masters as their mothers, and would risk their lives or even die for them. The captain now told his wife and the negro women that they must keep quiet and watch and listen, and if they detected the presence of Indians to quit the house and take to the woods and hide themselves in the darkness. He had to leave them alone and go to notify the minute men that he was not satisfied the Indians had killed John or



Holding a pow-wow.

taken him captive. Saddling his horse he hurried away to the nearest minute man, four miles away, told him of the situation, and instructed him to make haste and notify the others, and all to meet at his house. He then hurried back home, and found the situation as he had left it.

Before midnight all of the minute men had arrived, fifteen in number, and a bold search commenced with lights, hunting for the body if the boy had been killed. Nothing was revealed, however, until daylight, and then the clothes were found. The lack of blood stains or marks of violence on the garments, gave some assurance that the boy had not been killed, and was a captive. It gave the wretched mother some relief when the clothing was carried to the house, and she eagerly examined them. Only a torn place in the collar of the shirt where the Indian gripped him hard while dragging him to the horses.

It was soon discovered that only two Indians had been present, and the captain picked five of the men who had the best horses to go with him on the trail, and sent two young fellows to stay as guards at his house. The others he sent back home, fearing that other Indians were in the country, these two only branching off from the main band. What anxious hours were these while the mother waited to hear tidings of her boy, her only child.

All day the pursuers rode as fast as they could under the circumstances, following a trail, but only twenty miles were made by dark, when the trail could no longer be followed until daylight again. That night the captain correctly reasoned thus: The Indians had covered forty miles the night before and at least fifty on this day, and were now sixty miles ahead. He saw that it was hopeless to continue the pursuit, and the party returned, the minute men to their various homes, and the captain to his and also to an almost broken-hearted wife and mother.

* * * *

Next morning the Indians ate some more of their meat, and then one of them approached John, who was still lying on his chest, and seeing the large puffed up blisters on his back, struck them hard blows with his hand and burst them. He then jerked the boy to a sitting position and offered him some meat, but he was sick and mad, and refused to take it. His back felt like it had been salted and peppered.

The Indian now thought of a plan to make his captive eat. He sharpened a stick, and then cutting off a morsel of meat, stuck the stick through it, and then held it to the boy's mouth. John kept his mouth closed. The Indian then commenced jabbing the stick to his mouth, and he was compelled to open it and take the meat to keep his lips and gums from being lacerated by the sharp stick. Both Indians laughed and then another bite was held to his mouth, and he took that also. A large piece was then handed to him, which he took, and commenced to eat.

The Indians packed up and set out again, still making John ride naked behind one of them. Before noon they met a large band of Indians of their own tribe, Comanches, and led by their head chief, "Buffalo Hump."

He talked to the two Indians, and then rode around and closely examined the captive. He seemed to be angry at the way they had treated him, and sent John on to the main camp in charge of only one Indian taken from his band, and to punish the other two made them join his band and go on the raid which he was now starting out on. He also furnished a buffalo skin for the captive to ride on.

When the main camp was reached, it proved to be a large village, situated on the Wichita River, near where the town of Wichita Falls is now on the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad. The rows of tepees or wigwams extended a mile or more along the river, but far enough back to be out of danger of high water.

John was taken to the center of the village, where there was a large tepee, and turned over to an old Indian squaw



Squaws on the way to the gathering.

—the chief's wife. The first thing the Indian woman did for John was to wrap a dressed deer skin around his naked and blistered body, and tie it on with a leather string around the waist. In the next few days she made him some Indian clothes out of dressed skins, leggins, moccasins, cap, etc. She also painted a red spot on each cheek and one on the end of his nose. She treated him well, except she made him work nearly all the time bring water and wood, dressing skins, attending to horses and other things. There were many horses being herded in the valley, and a good per cent of them belonged to the head chief. These horses had been stolen at various times from the settlers. The great chief had now gone to get more horses,

scalps and captives.

There were other prisoners in camp, boys and girls, and John often saw them, but they were not allowed to converse with one another.

In the center of the village and near the chief's tepee was a pole set up in the ground, and it was hung full of scalps of all sizes and colors, red scalps, black scalps, long hair of women, and baby scalps. At night the Indians would gather around this pole and dance and sing. The scene, lit up by numerous fires. War parties were coming and going most of the time, bringing in horses and hanging fresh scalps on the pole. One party brought in the scalp of a woman with long, thick hair, and John imagined that it was the scalp of his mother. It looked like her hair when she would take it down at home to comb it.

The Indians were not always successful in their raids. Many brave pioneers were in the settlements, and the Indians were often beaten with the loss of warriors. Occasionally, also, in their raids among the whites they encountered the Texas Rangers and generally got the worst of it. When meeting up with one of these disasters they would hurry back to the village and have a big pow-wow for several days of mourning. The Indian boys annoyed John very much. They gathered around him, pulled his hair, slapped him in the face and did many other things to annoy and hurt him. For fear of the other Indians, he made no resistance, but finally the old squaw became tired of these attacks, and made signs to John to hit them. John was a stout frontier boy, and he went at the young Indians like a wildcat. He caught hold of their long hair, jerked them to the ground, stamped upon them and soon had a dozen or more running away. After that drubbing they left him alone.

When the chief came back, his squaw evidently told him what a fighter their captive was, for soon he made a bet with another chief that the white boy could whip his boy. They bet a horse each, and led the two boys up near "Buffalo Hump's" tepee, where the fight was to take place. When the young Indian was brought up whom John had to fight, he took a good look at him and was satisfied that this boy was not in the scrap which he had with the other Indian boys, and also that he was well made and taller than he was. He dreaded the encounter with this Indian lad. The great chief of the Comanches was betting a horse on him, and he must fight to win. If he lost, what could a poor captive pale face boy expect from a maddened savage who held human life so lightly.

The fight was long and desperate, and soon both were covered with blood. John could clinch and throw the Indian, but could not keep him down and beat him until the victory was won, as he tried time and again to do. The Comanche boy could whirl as quick as a cat and throw John off, and he had to regain his feet quickly to keep himself from being pinned down. At last the Indian boy began to weaken. John's hard knuckles had beaten the skin from his head and face and his lungs almost knocked loose by hard blows and kicks in the side. After a few more rounds the young brave turned his back, staggered to his father and stood with bowed head, mutely admitting his defeat.

"Buffalo Hump" claimed the horse and took hold of the rope which the other chief was holding, but this chief was not satisfied and would not turn loose. He went to the white boy and examined his knuckles, as if he suspected some trick, and still would not give up the horse. Loud, angry words ensued, and both chiefs drew their tomahawks and stood facing each other in a menacing attitude. At this crisis, the squaw of "Buffalo Hump" rushed between them and held up her hands. Strange to say, both chiefs at once belted their tomahawks, and the horse was duly delivered to "Buffalo Hump."

For several days after the fight John could hardly walk or move about, and his right hand was swollen to twice its

natural size, and he could not sleep for pain. Finally the old squaw beat up some herbs and made a poultice, which she bound to the hand, which soon had a good effect and the swelling decreased.

As time went on, the chief allowed John to have a bow and some arrows, but without spikes in the arrows, and let him go out with the Indian boys to shoot rabbits and prairie dogs. The Indian boys were not allowed to have spikes on their arrows, either, but the arrows were sharpened, not flat, but round, to a small, tapering point, and then burnt black in hot ashes to harden them. Small game was killed by them. From then on John and the Indian boys got along. He and the boy whom he fought often hunted together and became great friends. They had many friendly bouts of wrestling, running foot races, etc., to see who was the better in these things. John learned the Comanche dialect, and could understand the Indians. He found out that when he and the Indian youth, whose name was Nacona, were out alone that Nacona was responsible for him, and must bring him back or kill him if he attempted to escape.

When John was about 15 years of age he was allowed to have spikes in his arrows, and go out with the warriors to kill deer and antelopes. The buffalo range was some distance off, and he was not allowed to go that far. They would not let him go on raids, even to fight other tribes of Indians, which they often did. On one occasion a band started out to make a raid in the white settlements, but soon returned minus six warriors. They stated that long before they reached the settlements they were attacked by a party of white men who rode splendid horses, and who fought so fiercely and so close up that they were bound to give way with the loss of six warriors. This encounter created a good deal of excitement in the village. The men whom these defeated warriors encountered were Texas Rangers.

During the years of captivity when John had become an Indian to all outside appearances, he still longed to see the folks at home, and laid plans to escape. He had become satisfied that his mother had not been killed by the Indians, as he feared. From the conversation of warriors, he learned that most of their raids were near Red River. When he laid a plan to escape and thought of the long stretch of wilderness country, 200 miles, which lay between him and his home, a territory constantly being crossed by roving bands of Indians, Comanches, Kiowas, Lipans, Caddoes, Wacoes and other tribes, he felt almost certain he would be recaptured.



A wickiup on the plains.

More than three years passed, and in the meantime General Houston had made a treaty with the Comanches at the "Wichita Village," as it was now called by the whites, for the Texas



A group of rangers

Rangers had been making expeditions into that country, and had fought and defeated a band of warriors and located their stronghold. Part of the stipulation of the treaty was that the Comanches should bring all of their captives to the State capital, Austin, and there turn them over to their friends and relatives.

The three long years had been a sorrowful period to the inmates of the Sowell home. They had no idea of the fate of John, whether killed or yet alive. His father went about attending to affairs at home, or following and fighting hostile bands of raiding Indians. He seldom mentioned the name of his son where the mother could hear.

The time came for the treaty proposion to be put into execution, and the people were notified far and near for all those who had lost children by Indian capture to come to Austin on a certain date to identify the captives that would be brought there.

Here was a gleam of hope for the bereaved home of the Sowells. The mother wept for joy, and the negro women shouted. Captain Sowell, however, left home for Austin with a heavy heart, hoping against hope and fearing and dreading to come back without John. When the captain arrived at Austin the Indians had not yet come in, but General Houston was there, and told Captain Sowell, whom he knew, that they were being escorted in by a company of rangers and a runner who had arrived that morning reported that they would be in on the following day. It was known that the Indians had quite a lot of captives.

When the Indians arrived at Austin great excitement prevailed. Friends and relatives rushed here and there calling names and occasionally shouts of joy announcing that some lost one had been found. Captain Sowell was under the impression that he would pick his son out of any crowd. With these thoughts he walked slowly through the noisy crowd, looking here and there. John recognized his father, but sat erect and still on his pony, waiting to see if his father would recognize him. Three times the old man walked around his horse, but merely glanced at the tall, straight young warrior, as he supposed, who sat still and

looked way off towards the Colorado River. The captain finally gave up his search.

General Houston was watching the father, and was very much interested, for he held the frontier captain in great esteem.

Sowell sat down, bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands.

John, who had been watching him out of the corner of one eye, sprang lightly to the ground. He was directly behind his father, and taking a few steps tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Hello, Pap! Don't you know me?"

The captain sprang up as if shot, and whirled around. He knew the voice, but not the wild looking painted Indian, but something in the eyes and merry smile convinced him that this was his son, and with open arms clasped him in a strong embrace and with great emotion exclaimed:

"Johnny! My son, my son!"

General Houston witnessed the scene, and tears rolled down his cheek, and he came forward to greet the lost boy. Then came a long exchange of explanations between father and son. After they had satisfied each other with an account of the three lost years, John't hair was cut, the paint washed off, and he was clad in the clothes of his own race.

It was a long ride to the Sowell home, but the two finally arrived there. While riding over the prairies and some distance from the house, they were discovered by John's mother and the negro women. The captain beckoned with his hand. This removed all doubts, and the mother and her servants came running. The negro women shouted and madly clapped their hands.

"Bless de Lawd, here's Johnny! Bless de Lawd, here's Johnny!"

And John was folded in his overjoyed mother's arms.

Oregon Women in Politics

By Fred Lockley

LET the women of the Nation look to Oregon. Oregon women are pointing the way to political equality. If you don't believe it see what happened at Umatilla in Eastern Oregon at the recent city election. Umatilla is on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad and is on the south bank of the Columbia River near the mouth of the Umatilla River. It is the junction point of the Waluula-Spokane branch of the C. W. R. & N. Railroad. In the early days it was the head of river navigation to the mines of Eastern Oregon and Idaho, and it has never recovered from the old-time atmosphere of the days when it was a wide open town. For years the women of the town have asked the men to "clean it up," but the men have put the women off with vague promises or the statement that women don't understand politics.

This year the women were particu-

larly insistent that the candidates who were running for office make some definite pledge of making the town of Umatilla a cleaner and better town to raise their children in, but the men, as usual, told them to attend to their house work and their sewing societies. The polls were open on election day, December 5th, from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. Up to 2 o'clock the election was strictly a stag affair, no women having come to the polls. The clerks and judges of election decided the women folks had decided to boycott the election because the men candidates would make no promises.

At two o'clock the women began coming to the polls, until it was evident that every woman in town had cast her ballot. Their appearance was greeted at first with amusement and afterwards with consternation. It was evident that there was a slate, and it looked as if the regular slate was to be cracked and possibly would be badly broken.

Regular candidates laughed at the efforts of the women to mix in politics —that is, they laughed till the vote was counted, since which time not one of them has even smiled.

E. E. Starcher, who is the chief dispatcher, was up for re-election as Mayor. He knew he was safe because he had the solid railroad vote, and that means election at Umatilla. When the final count of votes was officially reported it showed that Mayor Starcher had received 73 votes while his wife had received 101, and he, poor man, didn't even know his wife was running. R. F. Paulu, the candidate for City Treasurer, is still wondering what struck him, for the vote showed a landslide to Mrs. Robert Merrick. Robert Merrick was running for councilman, but he didn't run very far or very fast, for Mrs. R. F. Paulu made a race that made it seem that Mr. Merrick was standing still. Mrs. G. C. Brownell defeated A. W. Duncan, one of the best known merchants in Eastern Oregon, for Councilman. R. B. Murton was easily defeated for Councilman by Mrs. B. Spinning. Mrs. H. C. Means defeated H. Barkley for the Council, and Mrs. J. H. Cherry demonstrated to H. B. Hull, the regular candidate for City Recorder, that a woman has forgotten more about politics than a man ever knew.

When the shouting and the tumult was over, and there was no sound but the low moaning of the defeated candidates, the women said: "We decided to clean up the town. We were tired of the old style of politics in which indifference, inefficiency and ineptitude prevailed. There has been an utter lack of business ability shown in the administration of our civic affairs. We are going to make Umatilla a city in which its citizens may take pride. We are tired of apologizing for conditions here that long ago should have been remedied."

The women made a clean sweep. There is not a man left in office. They took office January 1st, at which time the Mayor appoints a city marshall. The men are bringing all the pressure possible to bear on the new officials to appoint a man for city marshall, but the women are making no promises.





Jose Toribio Medina and His Wife

A Visit With Jose Toribio Medina*

By Charles E. Chapman, Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of History, University of California

IN CHILE one hears a great deal of the heroes of the war of independence against Spain, O'Higgins, Cochrane and San Martin, of the beloved hero of the war of 1879 with Peru, Arturo Prat, of the poet Bello, and of the historians Vicuna Mackenna and Claudio Gay. These are but dimly known names in the northern world, except to men who have specialized in the Latin-American field, but where will one go in the scholarly world and find a man who has not heard of the colossus of bibliographical lore, Jose Toribio Medina of Santiago de Chile? It was with something of the feelings of a pilgrim entering Jerusalem or Mecca that I approached the Calle Doce de Febrero, in which street, at number 49, is the house of Senor Medina. A sumptuous and elegant street? Far from it! There were only two houses in the block that were two stories high, and neither bore the number 49. The servant girl who took my card when I had reached the house informed me that Senor Medina was not at home, but if I would come the next morning *at eight,* I would certainly find him. I half wondered if he had given orders to return that answer to all who called —so as not to be disturbed in his invaluable work, or so as to test their sincerity—but I resolved to make a supreme effort and be there next morning *at eight!*

Later on, this day, I paid a visit to the Biblioteca Nacional. As I was taking my leave of Senor Laval, one of

*I have borrowed freely, especially for exact biographical data, from a pamphlet of Armando Donoso entitled: *Vida y Viajes de un erudito—Jose Toribio Medina.* (Santiago, 1915.) I have used nothing, however, that did not come up in my conversation with *Senor* Medina.

the librarians, he asked me to meet Senor Blanchard-Chessi, head of one of the most important sections of the library. We went into the latter's office, and I was presented in due form.

"Perhaps you would like to meet this gentleman who is working here," said Senor Laval, in an absolutely casual tone, indicating a little old gentleman who had three or four volumes open before him. "Senor Medina, permit me——!" Senor Medina, indeed! Perhaps I *did* want to meet him! There was nothing in Santiago I wanted more! I nearly "jumped out of my boots" with enthusiasm. So I sat down and chatted awhile with Medina and Blanchard-Chessi, and pretty soon I prepared to leave, for it seemed almost criminal to take the time of Jose Toribio Medina. But no—he would not have it! On the contrary, he said that he had done enough work for one day, and suggested that we stroll down to his house, where he could show me his library and his printing establishment. So we walked down—went all through the house—were joined by Senora Medina and had tea. Nor was this all, for I was invited to come to luncheon next day, an opportunity of which I most certainly availed myself.

I had visualized Medina as a man of tremendous, almost forbidding erudition, cold and precise in speech, and bent in figure with the weight of his learning. I was right, certainly, as to the vastness of his knowledge, but in everything else I was wide of the mark. At the time I visited him (in August, 1916), he was not quite 64 (born October 21, 1852), a small man, certainly not over five feet four inches tall, and with a youthful vigor and a pair of eyes of such exceptional keenness that one might place him in the forties, despite the partial appearance of gray hair. His conversation, too, has a lively sparkle, full of anecdote and jovial reminiscence. Withal, he is a simple and modest man. He has been told of his world-wide fame, but hardly seems to realize it; he views his reputation as if it belonged to another man related, in some indefinable manner, to himself.

And yet, what a life this man has had, and what a work he has done! His life in large measure explains his work, and is perhaps a very worthy lesson in the science of bibliography. His father, though a man of literary talent himself, frowned on the similar aspirations of his son, planning for him instead a career of *practical* utility in the field of law and politics. Medina, in fact, became a lawyer, and a national deputy and secretary of his party, but even in these active years he was preparing himself for his later career. He read with avidity the old chroniclers of the colonial era, and by way of variety displayed an interest in literature in general, in folklore and in ethnology, writing several articles on these subjects, among which may be noted his translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline." In succeeding years, too, he studied not a little in the field of natural science and astronomy, all of which subjects he considers to have been of great help to him in his historical deductions. In 1874 he was appointed secretary of the Chilean legation in Lima, a fortunate appointment which marked the turning point of his career. Despite the hard work of the legation, Medina found time to visit the libraries and archives of Lima and to publish several historical studies. In 1876 he decided to visit the United States, in order to attend the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and although this necessitated his resignation from the service, he carried his resolution into effect. For three months he was in the United States. By this time he had made up his mind to follow the career toward which he had all along been inclined; so he now set out for a journey of study in Europe. For several months he was in London, working by the side of Pascual de Gayangos in the British Museum. He then went to Paris, where he frequented the Bibliotheque Nationale, going later to Spain, where he stayed, on this occasion, but a short time. In June, 1877, he was back

again in Chile, and in the following year he published his three volume "Historia de la Literatura Colonial," the fruits of his journey to Europe.

Possibly the keenest and most persistent desire of Medina's literary career, cherished since boyhood, and only now about to be realized with the publication of the third and fourth volumes of his work, has been the study of the life of Ercilla, author of the famous poem, "La Araucana." It was this which led him soon to undertake a dangerous journey to Araucania in southern Chile, a journey rendered difficult, not only by the lack of means of communication in that day, but also by the hostility of the Araucanian Indians, whom he came to study at close range. Upon his return, Medina plunged into his work, which was to appear later as "Los Aborigines de Chile," but, before he could finish it, war broke out, in 1879, against Peru and Bolivia. At first, Medina was connected with the manufacture of cartridges for the army, but, having invented a method which facilitated that manufacture, he was promoted and sent north to Iquique. His principal service in that region was as judge of the district, a post which he held for a year and a half.

A fortunate acquaintance in Iquique with Patricio Lynch procured for Medina an appointment as secretary of legation in Madrid when the former was sent as minister to Spain. For several years Medina made the most of the opportunity which had been given to him, being encouraged in his researches by the Chilean government, which granted a small sum of money for the making of copies. No less than 365 volumes of copies, of 500 pages each, were the result of his labors. Furthermore, he formed valuable friendships at this time with men like the Duke of T' Serclaes and the Marquis of Jerez de los Caballeros, with Monsignor Della Chiesa (now Pope Benedict XV), and especially with men of letters like Menendez y Pelayo, Campoamor, Nunez de Arce, Tamayo y Baus, Fernandez Guerra, Zaragoza, Fernandez Duro, and a host of others. Laden with rich materials, Medina returned to Chile in 1886, in which year he married Mercedes Ibanez y Rondizzoni. From that year until 1892 he was engaged in a mad fever of publication, no less than 24 volumes appearing over his name, among them his "Historia del Tribunae del Santo Oficio de la Inquisicion en Lima" (2 v.), "Historia del Tribunal del Santo oficio de la Inquisicion en Chile" (2 v.), "Coleccion de Documentos para la Historia de Chile" (4 v.), "Coleccion de Historiadores de Chile y Documentos Relativos a la Historia Nacional (4 v.), and various of his "Imprenta" series and other bibliographical works.

In the midst of his work there came the Chilean revolution of 1891. As a partisan of the Liberal president, Balmaceda, he was regarded with suspicion by the other side, and his house was searched three times in the belief that it was his printing press which was publishing the Balmacedan literature being circulated in Santiago. At length, Medina was obliged to take refuge in Argentina. Eight months he remained in Argentina an exile, but in this period he became the friend of General Bartolome Mitre and other outstanding figures in the scholarly ranks of that country, besides preparing his "Historia y Bibliografia de la Imprenta en el Antiguo Virreinato del Rio de la Plata. In October, 1892, he went again to Spain, where he remained four years. If his previous journey had been remarkable in its results, this was even more so. Not to mention several works of his that appeared while he was still in Spain, he published, in the seven years following his return to Chile in 1896, no less than 78 volumes. Some of these were of documents, with notes by Medina; others, works of bibliography; and still others, volumes of history proper.

Late in 1902 he left Chile on a new voyage of discovery, going successively to Lima, Guatemala and to various cities of Mexico, always in search of bibliographical data and always adding new friends, such, for example, as

Presidents Estrada Cabrera and Porfirio Diaz of Guatemala and Mexico, and the Mexican scholars Vicente Andrade, Nicolas Leon, Genaro Garcia, and others. Then he went to France, and later on to Italy, working, among other places, in the library of the Vatican. In 1904 he was in Chile again, with the materials for a fresh campaign of publication. In the next eight years he published more than 60 volumes, bringing to a close his monumental works on the bibliography of the Americas.

In 1912 Medina made a fourth visit to Spain, this time resolved to realize his ambition of procuring materials about the poet Ercilla. After overcoming innumerable difficulties, he was successful in his task, and the years since 1913 have seen the preparation of his four volume work on Ercilla, two of which have already appeared, while the other two were in page proof at the time of my visit with Medina. Naturally, this phenomenon who exudes publications has put forth several other volumes in the past three years. By a narrow margin Senor Medina missed yet another long trip, in 1915. In that year, President H. Morse Stephens of the American Historical Association invited him to attend the meeting of the association in San Francisco, offering to pay the cost of the journey. When the letter came, the Medinas were in the country at a point where mails arrived very infrequently. Thus it was that the invitation was received too late. Otherwise, according to Medina himself, he would have accepted.

And now the house. Although it is but one story high on the street front, it gets to be quite big, farther back. The greater part of it is devoted to Medina's library and his printing establishment. Naturally, Medina could not afford a first class printing press, for he is not a wealthy man. His is nothing more than a hand-press, the third which he has had since 1877, and from these three have issued the greater number of his works. Ordinarily, he employs three or four men in his printing establishment, and sometimes many more, when there is a pressure of work, but on this day, a Monday, there was only one man at work, for Monday in Chile "is a day lost," said Medina, the national curse of a drunken week-end requiring an extra day to get over the effects. The great Medina himself often sets type and turns the wheel of the hand-press. What a sensation every lover of learning must feel to be in this house which has meant so much to the world, where miracles have been wrought in the face of tremendous difficulties! As Medina stood by his hand-press talking with me, it seemed as if I were in the house of a Gutenberg, with Gutenberg himself accompanying me. In another room we found a quantity of paper to be used in future volumes. The present scarcity of paper, due to the European war, has not affected Senor Medina. "I foresaw what was going to happen," he said, "and procured an extra supply."

Medina's library, or rather his series of libraries, is one of extraordinary interest and value. Of books of a general nature there are few. One room is devoted to his own publications, and others to his bibliographical treasures and manuscripts. Each room has little more than a passage way, for the books have overflowed from the stacks into huge piles on the floor. He has accumulated about 12,000 volumes of other men's works, virtually all of them being of a date prior to the end of Spanish rule on the American continents, a hundred years ago. On Mexico alone he has no less than 8,000 volumes, all published before 1821. His particular hobby has been the collection of editions of Ercilla's "La Araucana," although he has not been able to get all of them. Many other rare works are in his possession, such, for example, as the "Thesoro Spiritual de pobres en lenguas Michuacal," published in Mexico in 1575, of which only four copies are known to be in existence, and even more the "Manuale Sacramentorum" and the "Ceremonial y Rubricas Generales," pub-

lished in Mexico, respectively in 1568 and 1579, and each, so far as can be ascertained, the only known copy in the world. "What a task you must have had," I said, "not only to collect this wonderful library, but also to get the bibliographical data about the other volumes referred to in your works!" "Yes," he said, "but the hardest work is not collecting; rather, it is in verifying references to books or editions of doubtful authenticity. One item may require the work of a historical monograph—and then you reject it."

An account of the life of Medina, or even of such a visit as I had, would be incomplete if it should fail to give generous space to Dona Mercedes Ibanez de Medina, wife of the great bibliographer. The Ibanez family claim descent from the Marquises of Mondejar, a noble Spanish house, but they are famous on their own account, because of their participation in the political life of Chile. Senora Medina had traveled widely before her marriage, for her father was in the diplomatic service. For a year she was in Washington, during Grant's administration, where she learned to speak English. President Grant once talked with her for half an hour at a reception, which was the longest he had ever spoken with any one person at such an affair, according to the next day's papers. "I was only a little girl then," she said, and indeed she looks as if she were still in the forties. She is both immensely proud of her husband, and unaffectedly devoted to him. "The two principal duties of a wife," she said, "are to help her husband when she can, and not to disturb him at other times." She herself reads proof, makes out bibliographical cards, and in fine does every little bit of intellectual drudgery within her power, to help the work along. One day an American professor and his wife came to the house when Medina was out, whereupon the senora showed them about. She did it with such enthusiasm and understanding that the gentleman said: "I now understand why Senor Medina has been able to do so much work. He is *two*."

It is at the table that one sees Jose Toribio Medina at his best.* There he is full of joviality and anecdote. "Did you know that I came near being an American?" he said. And then he told how he and a friend took rooms with a private family in Philadelphia, the year he went to the Exposition. For the fifteen nights that they were there, neither went out of the house at night, so attractive were the two daughters of the family. Medina's friend, a well known diplomat to-day, married one of the young ladies. Medina likes to talk of the American scholars he has known, such as Bingham, Coolidge, Lichtenstein, Moses, Rowe, and Shepherd. "Most travelers who come to Santiago go to the hill of Santa Lucia," said Senora Medina, "but the Americans come *here*.". Referring to his copy of the "Laudationes quinque" of Bernabe Echenique, published at Cordoba in 1766, the first work in the history of printing in Argentina, he told the following curious tale of how he came to acquire it. During his stay in Argentina he became intimately acquainted with a bibliomaniac whose instinct for collection was so great that he did not refrain from stealing rare volumes, when other means of acquiring them failed. One day, this man visited the rich library of the Franciscans of Cordoba. He was shown about the library, but as his habits were not unknown to the friars, the attendant who went with him was told not to leave him for an instant. At length, in an out of the way corner he saw no less than five copies of the "Laudationes quinque," which he felt that he must obtain. How to get rid of the attendant was the question. An idea occurred to him; he pretended to faint, and fell like one dead to the floor. The startled attend-

*—As we were finishing our luncheon *Senor Don* Domingo Amunategui Solar, President of the University of Chile, came in. He has been in the habit of dropping in for a moment at this hour, every day for the past twenty years, for a word or two with his friends the Medinas. *Senor* Amunategui is not only a university president, but also a distinguished historian.

ant ran for help—and the bibliophile pocketed all five of the rare volumes. One of these he gave to General Mitre, who in turn gave it to Medina.

While he was in Guatemala, Medina worked in a building which was only a step from police headquarters. Now and then, his bibliographical toil was interrupted by the sound of shots at the latter edifice, for people were executed there almost daily. One day he was invited to an audience with President Estrada Cabrera. A friend told him that various officers were posted behind curtains in the audience hall, with revolvers cocked, ready to shoot any visitor who made the least motion which seemed to them suspicious—whereupon Medina did not accept the invitation. As evidence of the unstable state of affairs at that time, Medina tells of having to get a permit from the Minister of the Interior to leave the country, and in order to embark at San Jose, a telegram from the President was necessary. Nobody was excepted from these requirements, not even foreign diplomats.

Of another type is the story he told about the poet Bello. Bello married an English girl, who never learned to speak Spanish well, in particular mixing her genders, using the masculine when she should have used the feminine and vice versa. On one occasion, when she had said *la caballa* (for *el caballo*), Bello said to her: "For heaven's sake, woman, either use the masculine all the time or the feminine all the time, and then occasionally you will hit it right."

These anecdotes tell something of the nature of this amiable gentleman, but there were others which tend to prove that the man who is recognized abroad as possibly the greatest that Chile has produced, is not fully appreciated in his own land. On one occasion a distinguished foreigner came to Santiago, and desired to call on Senor Medina. "Do you know where Jose Toribio Medina lives?" he asked a cab driver. "Certainly," was the reply. It did not seem strange, even that a cab driver should know the residence of Chile's great man; so the gentleman said no more. Presently he arrived at the house of Senor Medina, but it proved to be, not that of Jose Toribio, but that of a certain Medina, known as a proprietor of race-horses.

Gradually, due to the honors accorded him in foreign countries, a realization is dawning in Chile that Jose Toribio Medina is a man of note. This feeling has not gone very far, however. On several occasions the government has given small sums to assist in his publications, but on several others it has promised funds, and then withdrawn them. The government's action in the case of the Ercilla documents is in point. In 1903 the owner of the documents offered to grant the privilege of copying them for 6,000 francs. A bill for that sum in the Chilean congress failed, on the ground that it was a useless expense. Several years later, that sum was voted by the government, but not paid over. After Medina had completed his work and published two of the volumes, the government withdrew the grant, on grounds of economy, leaving Medina to pay the bills. Verily, a prophet is without honor in his own country. "I sometimes wish my husband had been born in England or in the United States," said Senora Medina; "there they esteem a man for his work, but here, if one says nothing about himself, people think he does not amount to anything. My husband is too modest; he will not praise himself."

One wonders at the short-sightedness of the Chilean millionaires who have lost a chance to immortalize themselves by failing to finance this man, whose reputation will live when even their family names have passed away. "If some wealthy Americans, like Carnegie or Huntington, could be brought to realize under what difficulties you are doing your work," said James Bryce, on the occasion of his visit to the house of Medina, "they would almost certainly want to assist you financially." A Chilean Senator was present at the time. "No," said Medina, "it is not necessary; the Chilean government gives me all I need."

"Out of patriotism," said Senora Medina, who was telling the story, "he would not tell the truth, which was quite different." "Furthermore," added Medina, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was trying to produce an effect on Senator X—but it did not work."

And yet, could Jose Toribio Medina have done much more under any circumstances? Up to two years ago he had published 226 volumes, since which time a number of others have appeared, to say nothing, not only of his collection of books and manuscripts, but also of his collections of medals, coins and what not. It is wonderful to have done so much in any event, and still more wonderful to have done it in far-away Chile, with such slight means at hand. If Chile and the Chileans have done little to help, it is to be hoped that they will make amends, some day, by recognizing the merit of this extraordinary man.

THE SOLDIER

What care he if wood's abud
With the thorn's spring offertory,
Tears of fag and dust encrud
Eyes now blind to Nature's glory,
And he sees but meadows gory
With his comrades' pooling blood;

What care he if moors are sweet
With the thrush's lyric wonder,
On his ears, resurgent, beat
Shrapnel-skirl and cannon thunder,
And the moans of mangled under
His ontrampling, bleeding feet.

What care he if lilac's blow
Gardens with her perfume drenches,
Quivering his nostrils know
Fetors from the muck of trenches,
And the warm, wet fever-stenches—
Reek with wounds' ensanguin'd flow.

What care he if spring, unfurled,
Thrills anew his homeland neighbor,
Dulled to seasons' sway, he's hurled
On towards bayonet and sabre,
Busy with the bloody labor
Of a hate-envenomed world.

DOROTHY DEJAGERS.

GUNS OF GALT

An Epic of the Family

By DENISON CLIFT

(SYNOPSIS—Jan Rantzau, a handsome young giant among the shipbuilders of Galt, joins pretty little Jagiello Nur at a dance in the Pavilion. There the military police seek Felix Skarga, a revolutionist. Jagiello fears that a lover, Captain Pasek, of the Fusiliers, will betray her presence at the dance to old Ujedski, the Jewess, with whom Jagiello lives in terror. Jan rescues Jagiello. Later when Pasek betrays Jagiello to Ujedski, and seeks to remain at the hovel with her, she wounds him in a desperate encounter. Ujedski turns her out, and she marries Jan. Later Pasek indicates that he will take a terrible revenge upon the bridal pair. A son is born to Jan, and he idealizes his future even as he idealizes the growth of the world's greatest superdreadnaught, the Huascar, on the ways at Galt. After the birth of Stefan, Jagiello tries to tell Jan of her sin with Pasek, but her strength fails her at the supreme moment. Jan buys a new house for Stefan's sake. Ujedski visits Jagiello and threatens to reveal her sin to Jan. Jagiello goes away, and Jan, helpless, calls in Ujedski to care for Stefan. Meanwhile, Pasek presses the military tax revengefully against Jan. Desperate, Jan works day and night to meet the tax, but at last loses his house and moves into Ujedski's hovel. Skarga now induces him to join the Revolutionists. The meeting is attacked by the police, and after a thrilling fight, Jan escapes with a terrible wrist wound.)

Chapter XXIX.

JAN QUICKLY closed and bolted the door.

Safe for the moment, he and Skarga set about changing their river-drenched clothes, and removing all traces of their night adventure.

The first thing Jan did was to bind his left arm with a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood at his wrist. The wound was a nasty one. The little fusilier's sabre had laid open the flesh to the bone. Skarga took a strip of linen and bound it tightly around Jan's wrist.

The men moved stealthily about the little room to avoid awakening the Jewess. But Ujedski had heard them come in, and their panting had aroused her suspicions. For many minutes she lay on her pallet, eyes staring at the ceiling, ears alert to interpret the strange whisperings she heard. At length, overcome by curiosity, she cautiously got up, climbed upon her stool, and peeked through a crack in the flimsy partition. The vision of Jan's arm covered with blood startled her. She remained on tiptoe, staring fascinated, at moments resting with her ear to the wall to catch every word.

From a wooden chest in the corner at the head of his pallet, Jan brought forth some old clothes; coats, trousers and waistcoats with frayed edges, long since abandoned. These he shook out. Slowly, for his hand throbbed with pain, he exchanged a rough suit for his soaked, mud-spattered garments. Skarga donned a second old suit, fitted a round astrakhan cap on his head, and

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pulled the vizor well down over his eyes. When he spoke again, his voice was low-pitched.

"Comrade, I owe my life to you."

Jan smiled in a quiet way, depreciating his own heroism.

"I must now bid you farewell," continued Skarga. "It is five o'clock, and soon the streets will be filled with toilers. I dare not remain here longer, for fear of compromising you. The police will search for me, and if they find me here they will hold you. Then we should both be punished—perhaps by military murder. I shall return to Guor, for after last night's adventure there will be a heavier price on my head."

He smiled thinly. He extended his hand. Jan grasped it warmly.

"Comrade," said the big man, "after listening last night to the woman who had lost her sons, I am one of your Reds!" He winced with pain, and continued: "Jagiello—my wife—came from Guor. Should you hear anything of her, I beg you to let me know."

Skarga promised. Jan pressed his hand with fervent wishes of godspeed.

So Skarga went out into the morning, a staff in his hand, a limp in his walk, his face concealed under the astrakhan cap. He was transformed in appearance from the pursued Revolutionist who had entered the house not a half hour before. He disappeared along the tortuous street, limping away under the trees, more a poor mendicant than an enemy of the Empire.

When he was out of sight, Jan shut the door and sat down at the table in the corner.

He ate his breakfast of rye bread and cold lentil soup, which he poured over his bread.

Stefan had not yet awakened. The little lad slept peacefully, his face resting upon his chubby arms, his breath sweet and regular. Jan went over to him, bent above him lingeringly, kissed his soft, warm cheek and his stubby little nose, and his eyes, and his golden hair—his mother's hair. So long as Stefan was safe from harm the world might go its merry way.

Then, as Jan bent above his boy, a fearful thought dawned upon him.

Suppose the three fusiliers that he had encountered an hour ago under the Gate of Kings, had recognized him? Suppose——?

Sinister conjectures rushed through his mind. Suppose he was known to them? Suppose they should come to arrest him? Suppose they should find him guilty and send him to gaol? or out of the country, exiled? or murdered him, as it was rumored they had often done to men dangerous to the government?

What, then, would happen to Stefan, his boy, the most wonderful thing in all the world to Jan? Who would take care of him? Who would buy him warm winter clothes? Who would send him to school, or teach him anything?

The horror of these things burst upon Jan suddenly, numbing him, overwhelming him: the fact that he had endangered his life, that he might be discovered in the silent room, a piteous, desperate creature, a human soul swept with terror.

And any of these things might easily happen! He had attended a secret meeting of the Revolutionists; he had defied the soldiers of the Emperor, he had met in fierce combat with three fusiliers, had wounded and possibly killed one or more, had had his hand almost severed from his body—a fatal, tell-tale sign of his night's exploits!

He knew that a political prisoner was the most helpless, pitiable thing in Carlmania. Whoever defied the Emperor did so at the risk of his life. With deadly cunning the military police traced him to earth, threw him into prison, and often he was never heard of again. There was no escape, no relenting. Punishment was inexorable.

What hope, then, had Jan of escape?

The more he reflected the more terrified he became. His instinct was to seize his boy as he lay asleep, dress him, and strike out for the frontier immediately, burying himself in the fast-

nesses of Russia or Austria. His face became gray with acute mental suffering, dwarfing the agony of his hand. Fear shook him like a leaf—deadly fear for his boy. His eyes became in a moment sunken and horror-struck—the eyes of a beast at bay.

Then suddenly Stefan stirred, rolled over, stretched his little body, and settled himself for further sleep.

In that moment Jan heard Ujedski moving about on the other side of the wall. The new day with its routine was upon the house. And somehow all seemed for the moment so safe, so free from peril, that the big man laughed at his fears, shrugged his shoulders, as though shaking off the memory of a hideous dream, pulled on his cap, and prepared to join the Toilers thronging the street on their way to the shipyard.

He washed the blood from his hand and removed the tourniquet, hoping thus to prevent discovery. He tucked in little Stefan tenderly, wrapping the bit of red blanket snugly around his body. Then kissing him he went out quickly, and closed the door.

Chapter XXX.

Jan clenched his fingers in a moment of pain. The deep red wound was concealed in his long coat sleeve. It burned like fire, crisping his nerves. In moments of greatest anguish he thought of Stefan, and the pain subsided, so overshadowing was his love for his boy.

As he had done each day for years, Jan went down to the shipyard and took his place under the towering side of the Huascar. On this morning the Superintendent of Construction ordered Jan's gang to the work of casting ingots in the furnace room.

Great vats of molten metal, white-hot, were conveyed on cars dragged by little snorting locomotives along a smoky wall to the huge Siemens-Martin converters, which pour the smoking streams of metal into the molds. Here a man, stripped to the waist, regulates the machinery that tips the vats and sends the stream of living fire to be cast into ingots of soft steel weighing three tons. In the converter a stream of air blown upward under the metal by powerful force pumps purifies the quivering, livid mass, shooting forth jets of violet-crimson flame and clouds of sparks.

Jan took his place beside the converter lever. Below him, Nicholas and Androkoff were regulating the cars.

"Just now I saw two fusiliers by the Pump House looking for somebody," confided Nicholas in a whisper.

Androkoff knew of this. "Somebody that's got something the matter with his hand," he said.

"How do you know that?"

"The men are showing their hands."

"What are they doing that for?"

"Don't know. Strange, eh? Nothing the matter with my hands. Perfectly good hands. See! They want somebody that's got something the matter with his hand."

"Slower! Slower!"

Jan's voice bellowed out to the engineer of a locomotive. When the cars sidled into the exact position for dumping, Jan bent nearer to Nicholas to catch every word.

"But what's wrong with the hand of the man they are looking for?"

"How should I know? The Superintendent's with the fusiliers—he's helping them find their man. God pity him! I do! Probably a Red. I pity them. Easy to send them to prison and worse. Sometimes they're murdered, I've heard tell. Remember little Johan Edda?"

"He went to Belgium when he got out."

"He never got out!"

"How do you know that?"

"I've tried to find him. He lived with me near a year. God pity him! I've searched everywhere . . . He never got out! . . . And now they're after another one. Poor devil! I hope he makes away. I hate to see them sent down to Nisegrad. Salt mines! The dampness gets into their throats—takes them off quick-like.

Poor little Johan Edda! . . . Look there!"

Nicholas faced the long tracks that converged near the Construction House. Two fusiliers had suddenly come into view. The Superintendent accompanied them. They were inspecting the hands of each toiler as they approached the converters. Jan gazed with fear-struck eyes. Who was the fusilier with the tufted pompon in his hat? Pasek? Did that builder extend his left hand? Did Captain Pasek glance at the man's hand? Now was he looking at the hand of yet another toiler? And yet another? And another . . . ?

A thick, black dizziness appeared before Jan's eyes. He staggered and would have fallen had he not felt the rear of a car at his back. He was weak from loss of blood. Could he be mistaken? Ah, surely he had not seen true! The green light from the blinding-white metal was plying hellish tricks with his vision . . !

Now another car trundled along the track, its great vat seething with the liquid metal. Instantly he was alert. The fusiliers were forgotten. "Hoist!" he commanded. A huge crane lifted the vat. "Down!" The derrick chain settled. Down came the vat with its boiling metal. He bent forward into the scorching nimbus of the metal; his body tingled with the fierce heat; his eyes saw only a violet flood of fire as he pressed the lever controlling the force pumps. Then in a flash he released the little Jeva cock, threw the crane pin, and the metal hurtled into the molds in quivering cascades.

He leaped back, jumped to the ground from the car, and the vat trundled on.

Blinking, he looked down along the tracks, beyond the panting little locomotives.

The fusiliers had drawn nearer. One by one a group of toilers filed past them, each holding out his hands for inspection. Could this thing be possible? Ah, surely the blinding light was playing havoc with him. Surely this thing that he seemed to see could not be! Surely there were not two soldiers near the lapping-hammers! Surely they were not coming nearer and nearer to him, with the irresistible onrush of the sea!

Oh, God! His senses must be playing him false!

He started violently. The spectre of the grim-visaged line filing past became sharper as his vision cleared. Now he saw Captain Pasek distinctly. He was nattily attired with red tunic and white trousers. He looked out of place in this world of grime and soot and dinning sounds. Oh, surely they would come no closer! They were the fanciful creatures of a sickly imagination; they moved with elaborate gestures; they were now but twenty paces away!

Jan's wounded wrist no longer pained him. The wound in his heart was greater—raw, bleeding; and before his eyes was no longer the violet light of the flowing metal, but a little lad's face, peacefully sleeping. The cry that was in his heart, the impetuous, passionate revolt, the formidable instinct to strike—shook him like a cataclysm. In a moment Captain Pasek would face him—cornered at last where there was no escape. Nisegrad—and a lingering death in the salt mines! Or Floryanska—locked in the heart of a stone cliff! But what mattered that? "Stefan! Stefan!" was the cry that ruptured his heart.

"Nicholas! . . . Andıokoff!"

The Superintendent shouted up to the two builders.

"Here, Nicholas, your hands . . . Androkoff, your hands . . . And you, Jan!"

Nicholas and Androkoff, with quizzical smiles upon their faces, stepped down to the ground before the fusiliers. They extended their hands for inspection. With a quick gesture Pasek dismissed them.

"Jan!"

A car trundled down the track toward Jan, with a great vat of fresh metal for the molds.

"Yes," responded Jan.

"Come down here!"

"Yes!"

Jan had already climbed up onto the moving car, which now came to a stop. He lunged forward, released the black little Jeva cock at the side of the vat, and threw up the crane pin, releasing the metal.

"Oh, Jan!"

"Yes."

Pasek glanced up as the flood of fiery metal danced from the vat.

"Jan! Jan! Jan Rantzau—*you!*"

The eyes of the Captain of the Fusiliers met the eyes of Jan in an instant of grinding hate.

In that instant the vat swerved; the chain loosened, permitted it to settle until it dropped to the level of the car-tail. The cascade of blinding-white metal rushed over the edge! Below, a dozen men were at work! The devouring stream would bake them alive, withering them beyond recognition!

Even as the metal rushed to the edge of the vat, Pasek's voice rang out like a clarion call of triumph.

"Jan Rantzau—*you!* Your hand, please!"

Jan no longer saw the Captain of the Fusiliers—nor did he hear his voice.

His eyes were fascinated by the tipping vat. Like lost souls in a roaring inferno, the toilers in the pit below raised their arms above their heads in pitiful gestures to shield their faces—raised their voices in croaking, fearful cries.

Jan had neglected the vat an instant—and this was the penalty! . . . The giant of the shipyard lunged ahead, reached out with his left hand and steadied the vat! The metal poured across his hand. The man, naked, primeval, shut his jaws with a click, closed his eyes, lifted the vat back with his tremendous strength, locked it into place, and directed the flowing metal back into the mold!

The deed was over in an eye-twinkling.

Jan staggered against the car-tail, swinging his left hand behind his scorched body.

Pasek had run around the side of the car, to climb up to where he could behold Jan's hand.

When he leaped upon the car he came face to face with the giant.

"Jan, your hand!" he cried exultantly.

Jan drew the brown thing that had once been his hand from behind his back and held it up for the Captain of the Fusiliers to see. His eyes glowed with triumphant glory.

Chapter XXXI.

After the swift and unspeakable horror, Captain Pasek passed on with his companion.

Jan stared as he disappeared from the shipyard. His eyes were dulled; his face was pale as death. In agony he bit his lip until the blood spurted. In unutterable pain he opened and closed his remaining hand spasmodically.

For the moment Jan was the victor. He had destroyed the evidence that linked him with the Revolutionist meeting.

He stood like a bronze statue, transfixed with anguish, but triumphant over the man who had persecuted him. He breathed defiance, his powerful chest heaving tumultuously.

He climbed slowly from the car onto the ground. The car, having deposited its burden, rumbled away along the narrow tracks.

Nicholas, Androkoff and a dozen workmen rushed frantically to him.

"Jan, come with me!" cried Nicholas.

"Wrap your hand in this waste!" exclaimed Androkoff.

Jan gazed with maniacal, staring eyes at the crowd surrounding him. He heard the babel of voices, the cries of sympathy, the cheers and exhortations of his friends as waves breaking on a far-off shore. Impulsively he started forward, towering above them all; he pushed the men aside like so many pygmies, and staggered away in the direction of the shipyard gates.

"He is mad!" cried Nicholas, aghast.

"God! did you see his eyes?"

Jan groped his way out of the yard, bent and misshapen, a monstrous, tortured wreck, silent in the awful tragedy that had come upon him. Instinctively he went toward Ujedski's house.

He was no longer the dominant giant of the shipyard, straight and handsome; all in a moment he had collapsed —broken like a reed, twisted with grief and suffering. He had become an old, old man; his breath whistled from his body; his eyes were dulled and agonized. The arms that had once been steel fibres were now gnarled trunks of trees. Days and nights of toil had marked him with fatal impress. His hair hung low over his forehead, thickly matted, lowering like a cypress. His body heaved and rolled like the prow of a ship bucking the mountains of the sea.

On and on he went, and not a whisper of the terrible pain that lashed him like a hurricane came from his lips; only the blood that, jetting under the grip of his teeth, trickled from his mouth. His face was slashed and scarred from flying strands of steel, and ashen under the grime.

Now blind and insensate, he entered the Street of the Larches. One thought burned in his chaotic brain: Pasek had determined to ruin him, to send him to prison, if indeed he escaped the horrors of a military death for treason. For the moment Jan had beaten him, beaten him with fearful toll—but what of the days to come? That Pasek would double his efforts to obtain evidence against him was inevitable. The Captain *knew* that Jan had attended the secret meeting of the Revolutionists. The sabre cut across his hand would have been eloquent evidence, and combined with the story of the three fusiliers, would have sent him to his doom. Jan had destroyed the evidence of the sabre cut. But he knew that Pasek would find fresh evidence, and the court, eager to believe suspicions of treason against the military policy of the government, would find him guilty. It was the fate of hundreds before him. It would be the same with him.

What happened to him mattered little, he reflected. But what would become of his boy? At best Ujedski was a poor makeshift; and with Jan in prison there was no telling what hardships and persecutions might be visited upon Stefan. It became clear to him that there was only one thing for him to do: to go away with his boy.

Thus determined, he reached Ujedski's hovel. The old crone was away. Stefan saw him coming and ran up and threw his arms around his father's neck.

"What did you come home so early for?" he asked, childishly.

Jan laughed, hoarsely. "Get your hat and coat, sonny; we're going on a long journey."

"Where to?"

"I don't know."

"Over those hills, papa?"

"Over those hills, sonny."

"And is mamma over those hills?"

"I hope so, sonny."

"Are we going to find mamma?"

"Perhaps."

"When are we going?"

"Now, sonny."

The nights would be cold, so Jan buttoned on Stefan's warm little coat and fastened his black astrakhan cap on his yellow head. His eyes roamed around the little room that had once been Jagiello's. Folded away in a drawer he came upon the red bodice that he had given her on that wonderful night years before. By it he remembered her best, so he kissed it and laid it near his heart. Then swinging Stefan up to his shoulders he went out through the gate.

Ujedski, returning home, came face to face with him.

"Jan, it is only noon, and you are home from work?"

"I am going away."

"Going away! Going away!"

"Ujedski, I am in trouble. You must not ask me. Some day I will come back. I will send you rubles . . ."

"Not much, Jan Rantzau! If you are going away, you must pay me first!"

"I will send you rubles," repeated Jan.

"You will pay me before you go!"

"I have no rubles for you now."

"Then you are not going!"

Swift and terrible anger rose in Jan. The time to escape was short enough, and the old crone was holding him for a few miserable rubles! She had been hard enough on his boy since Jagiello had gone away. She had been mean to his mother before him. She had given Jan only a pallet of straw and a few old rags with which to cover his body; and on winter nights he had been too cold to sleep. She had made Stefan care for her ducks and sheep, had sent him on long trips to the shops to carry home heavy bags of beans and lentils upon his tender back. She had beaten the boy when the mood came upon her. And she had made Jan pay for all this, pay her ruble after ruble, far in excess of the service she had rendered, until he had been driven to toil at night and suffer unknown sacrifices. This was the beldam who now confronted him, threatening him if he did not pay to her the last ruble that he had chastised his body and soul to earn.

Blind-driven hate choked Jan. He glared at Ujedski, transfixed. The glitter in his eye frightened her out of her wits. She clutched her shawl and started back from him.

"So I am not going!" cried Jan in a voice deep and horrible to hear, hoarse like a raven's croak. "So I am not going!" He reached forward with his claw, waving it toward Ujedski.

When she beheld it a spasm of fear swept over her. Turning, she ran swiftly into the hut and slammed the door. She remained peering out of the window, her face yellow and drawn, her bony fingers trickling across her throat.

Jan laughed: deep, noiseless, mocking laughter, and turning quickly, strode away toward the Jena bridge. This he crossed, and went up on the heights, climbing with great strides, his back bent, his face staring at the sodden ground.

It was July, and the hills were brown under the blazing sun. Brilliant steel-blue flies darted through the grasses. Thousands of white butterflies rose from the coppice. The somnolent hush of noon lay upon forest and stream, far mountains and great sunny fields.

As Jan mounted, the town fell away below. Ahead was the forest of Laszlovar, lifting straight and dense. For the last time Jan looked back at Galt a free man. The giant Huascar lay peacefully in the sunshine. Her sides were honeycombed with swarming figures. Jan had been one of her builders—nothing more.

In another moment he was striding through the forest.

He wondered, dully, if the police had yet learned of his departure, and were on his track. Would Ujedski tell of his hasty retreat? Or would fear restrain her? And how much did she know?

Stefan leaned forward and kissed his shoulder. "Dear, big papa," he said.

"Dear sonny!"

"Can I have a drink, papa?"

He swung Stefan to the ground, and they walked through forest aisles where the sun laughed deep within the glades. A stream flashed away through a shallow ravine. He made a cup of his good hand, and Stefan drank the cool, clear water. Wild figs and grapes grew along the bank, and these they ate together.

As the afternoon waned they came out into a sun-gold meadow. There was a vigor in the air, and Jan stretched his arms, and lifted his face to meet the vagrant sea-winds. It was a beautiful meadow, carpeted with trembling wind-flowers and blue lobelias.

But he must not linger, for the sun was setting. He must reach O-Moldovo town before night. So, swinging Stefan once more to his shoulders, he pressed on.

An hour later he came to the edge of the forest. The setting sun was shining red upon the roofs and spires of O-Moldovo.

Twenty miles he had come, and now the rutted cart-way of the ox-teams became visible through the white larch trunks. A peasant, driving a cart of hay, appeared on the road. As he drew nearer, the little bells on the straps of the buff-colored bullocks jangled musically.

"Ho, there!" cried Jan, as the peasant came up. "Will you take us to O-Moldovo? We have come a long way, and are tired."

The peasant responded cheerfully, and drew in the lumbering bullocks.

Jan and Stefan climbed up into the cart and sank into the hay.

Jan concealed his left arm in his blouse so the peasant could not identify him by the appearance of his hand.

"Coming from Galt?" asked the ruddy-faced stranger.

"No," replied Jan, fearing that this man might be asked about him later; "from Bazias—from the monastery, where I was a gardener."

The bullocks ambled slowly down to O-Moldovo, and the sun sank, a ball of fire, behind the towers of the town.

Night was coming on, with all its shadows and its terrors, but what mattered it then, for suddenly all the bells of O-Moldovo set up a lively carillon, a melancholy farewell to the changing day. O bells of O-Moldovo! Chiming soft and sweet, from temple and chapel, pealing out across the sunny downs and shadowy hills, bells languorous and stately, bells clangorous and rebellious, bells tolling with brave abandon, sending their echoes ringing through the countryside! Of all the bells of O-Moldovo there are none so sweet as the convent bells at dusk.

Chapter XXXII.

While O-Moldovo's bells were still ringing, and the last ruddy shafts of the sunlight were playing upon the towers and ancient battlements, Jan entered the town in the hay-cart, and, thanking the peasant for the ride, climbed down and made his way through the village streets.

The shops were closing up for the day. The shop-keepers were busily engaged in fastening doors and windows. In a pork shop Jan bought food with a ruble. Then swinging Stefan once more to his shoulders, he went in the direction of the citadel and the ruins beyond the broad river that divided O-Moldovo.

The quaint streets were filled with children shouting at play; and upon the doorsteps squatted women gossiping. Jan went unnoticed through the dusk, and as night shut down, came to a road that wound through a lonely churchyard to the ruins of an old castle. The building lifted out of the blue twilight, a grey-green pile, its ancient stones covered with ivy, haunted by strange birds that flitted in and out of the balconies on silent, eerie wings. The ruins were unspeakably lonely.

"I'm getting sleepy," said Stefan at last. His little head nodded on Jan's shoulder.

"We're going asleep soon," said Jan.

"Where? In here?"

"Yes, sonny."

"But it's so dark, papa, in there!"

"It will be sunrise soon."

"But you won't let anything happen to me?"

"No, sonny."

"I know you won't, papa . . What's that?"

"That's an owl, telling us 'good-night,' sonny."

The owl continued to hoot, and presently a crescent moon appeared in the west. In its sickly glow Jan felt his way along the facade of the ruins. He entered the portals and came to a series of heavy pillars, thickly entwined with ivy, out of which bats and night birds darted in alarm. The place was open, and above the stars burned brightly. He saw the huge monolithic structure of an arch, and entering beneath it, came to a sheltered place that once had been a causeway.

He felt a tiny mouth close to his ear. "Papa, you won't let anything happen to me?"

"No, sonny. We're going asleep now."

He set Stefan down. He gathered dry grass into a corner, and presently had prepared a soft pallet for his boy. Then wrapping him snugly and tenderly in his coat, he lay down beside him and took the little hands in his big right one, and kissed the little man to sleep.

After the gentle breathing had become regular, Jan lay awake through the midnight hour, flat on his back upon the hard ground, staring up at the stars, his mind recounting the horrors of the day. His hand burned and throbbed with increasing pain, as it had for hours; but he had stifled his anguish to hide it from his boy. His hand, terribly burned, was wrapped in strips of rag, and he kept it concealed in his blouse. . . But the pain in his hand was less than his mental suffering. The horror of suspense, the dread fear that his pursuers might discover him—kept him awake until exhaustion overcame him, and he sank into a heavy sleep.

Chapter XXXIII.

At dawn, three soldiers came stealthily to the ruins of the ancient castle. They left a white-roofed house in the Foreign Quarter, passed like shadows through the Street of the Eastern Gate, and reached the great bronze doors studded with rusted iron bosses.

The three soldiers wore long military capes. Rifles with blue steel barrels glinted on their shoulders. Their faces were set and determined—hard faces, made hard by the business of killing.

These men had arrived overnight from Galt. They had questioned every peasant who had traveled over the cart-ways the day before. They had found the rustic who had given Jan a ride, and him they questioned relentlessly. The peasant was a simple fellow, afraid of the law. In excited, broken sentences he told of meeting a big man with a little boy upon his shoulder, and letting them ride in his cart into O-Moldovo. He had left them near the railway station, and they had wandered off toward the castle.

An hour later Captain Pasek and his guard entered the portals of the castle. The new day was paling the eastern sky. The ancient pile was ghostly with solitude. In the center of the grounds there had once been a wonderful garden; here were the remains of a white marble summer-house with walls of lace-like fretwork. The sun, coming up over the hill, burst with golden splendor through the tracery . . . Pasek stepped silently from pillar to pillar. He held his rifle ready. But he did not need it this morning. For suddenly, while passing under the arch, he came upon his quarry in a corner. Jan lay stretched on the ground, his arms thrown wide, and upon his chest slumbered his lad. Even these fusiliers, with hearts steeled against human appeal, paused in the hunt to gaze in silence at the father and son, cheek side by side, slumbering peacefully. Little did the slumberers dream at that moment that three Mauser tubes were pointing down at them.

Finally Pasek said: "He's a match for the three of us. Better take him while he sleeps."

At a nod from their Captain, the fusiliers advanced cautiously, and quickly pinioning Jan's arms, locked the heavy police chains upon them. With a convulsive heave of his body, Jan awoke, vaguely realizing that he had been trapped. Stefan opened his eyes and began to cry in a frightened little way. Jan tried to leap to his feet, but the chains held him, and he fell back with a cry as of a wounded animal at bay: *"Oh-e-e! Oh! Oh!"* Instantly he was up again, his eyes wide open, his senses clearing, chest heaving, the great muscles of his arms biting into the chains. He was a giant after a century's sleep, rising, throwing off slumber, making the earth tremble with violent convolutions. Finally he got to his feet, his eyes flaming. Stefan wound his arms about his legs. "I won't let them hurt you, papa," he sobbed.

"Take the boy away!" commanded Pasek.

Jan's right arm enfolded his lad. "No! No!" he cried, deathly fear clutching his heart.

A fusilier advanced to carry out the order.

"Papa, don't let them take me away!" begged Stefan.

The soldier reached forward and seized the boy by the arm.

In that instant, with incredible swiftness, Jan struck. All the strength of his body poured into his huge arms, and, lifting them above his head, locked with stout chains, he brought them down with terrific force upon the head of the fusilier. The soldier crumpled upon the ground.

Pasek raised his rifle and struck Jan over the head, felling him. Then he and the third soldier chafed the wrists of the unfortunate fusilier until he was able to rise to his feet and sit upon a stone bench. Pasek seized Stefan roughly and set him down beside the wounded fusilier. Jan's eyes opened and he stared about dully, through a black haze, looking for his boy. He tried to lift himself to his elbows, but the pains in his head increased, and he sank back wearily. He was like a wounded lion in a net, helpless before his captors, watching with sorrowful eyes his young taken from him.

When Pasek spoke his voice was low and triumphant: "Where is Jagiello Nur?"

Jan gazed at him, stupefied.

"If she were here now she might bind up your hand and your head," laughed Pasek. Blood was trickling from Jan's forehead. Pasek changed his tone to that of a pitiless inquisitor: "Where is Skarga?"

After a moment Jan managed to reply: "I do not know."

"Don't lie to me! You do know. Madame Ujedski saw him with you in your room after the meeting in the barn. 'The Firebrand' was not in your room after you left yesterday morning. He departed about six o'clock. Where did he go?"

Again Jan replied: "I do not know."

Pasek's voice became adament; his eyes glinted cruelly; he came nearer Jan, unsheathing his sabre.

"You do know! You do know! Tell me, where is The Firebrand?"

Jan remained silent. Suddenly he felt an edge of cold steel upon his arm —his left arm! And a voice roared above him: "You do know! You do know! Where is Skarga?" Then darkness shut in about him, and through the swirling maelstrom, like the boom of breakers on a far strand, he heard the insistent cry of his enemy: "Where is Skarga? Where is Skarga?" The cadence rose and fell with the surge of the blood through his veins. He would not answer. He swooned. The loss of blood left him a shattered wreck, his great strength ebbing away. To him the world became a black whirlpool shot with stars.

But there was no darkness in the universe.

Rose and crimson morning lights danced through the balconies and towers.

Presently a peasant drew up at the castle with his cart, and Jan and Stefan began a weary journey back to Galt. *(To be Continued.)*

THE OFFERING

Sweet with the incense of the night
In golden urns of twilight brewed,
The winds of evening bear to me
A peace renewed.

But sweeter than the breath of bloom
And attar that the roses brew,
The gift the twilight brings to me—
My dreams of you!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

A Letter From the Boy

By L. W. Huntington

Camp "Recuperate," Shasta County, California.

July 10, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER:

Am enclosing you Dr. L—'s account of his experiences in Southern California after leaving medical college away back in '86. The Doctor don't know that I took his words in short hand, because if he did he would not have given so much professional detail. He thought that I was writing a letter to F——, so he talked along for an hour or two to Fritz. We were lying on our cots in the tent after a hard day's fishing in the upper Sacramento, and if I remember rightly, the Doctor got started on the subject of prohibition. He maintains that legislation is not absolutely necessary to abolish the overconsumption of alcohol, as nowadays intemperance is dying a natural death wherever men assert the sense that God gave geese. They know in their hearts that it doesn't pay, and for that reason alone time will see an end to it. He said that of course there are still those backwaters of civilization where law and order is in inverse ratio to the amount of whisky consumed, but that even these places will know reform if the manufacturers of "red-eye" ever thoroughly realize that the welfare of their busines depends upon proper regulation.

To illustrate his point the Doctor compared the tendency in California to-day with the rough and ready conditions he found when he started to practice medicine. I wish you could have heard him, mother. Our M. D. is a fine fellow, and he talks in such a simple, straightforward manner that a fellow don't feel any doubt whatever, the way you do when some people start to reminisce. I had an awful job to keep up with him some of the time, as I was pretty tired and the river pounding along outside almost lulled me to sleep, but I guess you and Dad can read it all right. When you finish, please put it away in my desk where I can get it when I come home, as I want to work some of the local color into a story for O—if possible. All well—except the Doctor, who has got too much pep. for an ordinary mortal. He may have come up here to rest and recuperate, but you wouldn't think so to see him rough-house us boys or outwalk us every time we hit the trails. He leads the simple life instead of follows it. The candy arrived O. K. It tasted like more. Thank you for sending my sweater.

Your loving son,

J.

P. S.—You ought to hear Fritz's new matutinal ditty which he chants every time it is his turn to cook breakfast. Some lumberjack "sang" it to him (with profane variations) the other day up on the mountain, and he can't get it out of his head. What with said "song" and the Doctor's wet towel (he being a cold bath enthusiast, prescribing COLD water as the best liquid stimulant), there are great opportunities for prolonged slumber in this camp in the early morning hours! As per Fritz:

"Arise, you husky buckos, and dress
by the light of the moon,
The coffee's boiling on the stove and
breakfast's ready soon.
What right has a man to lie abed who
works a twelve hour day?

It's not for the likes of such as you to sleep when you hit the hay."

Yrs,

J.

* * * *

" . . . those wild times are especially interesting to me because of my own experiences in San Diego County as a physician during the years '86 and '89. That was the period in the history of Southern California when the big real estate 'boom' was on and life was very exciting throughout the southern part of the State. Many fortunes were made and many more undoubtedly lost in the mad frenzy of speculation. Of course, this booming condition had its bad as well as its good effect upon the South, there being a decided influx of "hard" characters, especially of the gambling fraternity.

"I graduated from college on April 2, 1886, and about May 1st began looking about for a professional opening. Considering possibilities of future increase of population, I decided to go to San Diego, and it was not long before I found myself on a California Southern train bound for new fields and a career. I was only twenty-four years of age, so you can imagine the greatness of my desire to relieve the sufferings of humanity! I made up in enthusiasm what I lacked in practice as my practical experience was very limited. In fact, I had yet to attend my first case in private capacity, but it so happened that the Fates did not keep me waiting long. That very day, after leaving Colton, I received my initiation. The train had stopped at the small way station of Temecula (the scene of Allesandro's escape to San Jacinto in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona") where an old box car on a siding served as a ticket and telegraph office. Soon after our arrival I noticed through the car window a hilarious cow-puncher parading back and forth upon the small station platform. From all appearances he was well fortified with "100 proof," for he waved his long "45" in the air, shooting promiscuously, and accompanying each shot with wild cowboy yells. Evidently it was great fun for him, but as a sport it was short lived, for I noticed that one of his shots penetrated the wall of the box car office and instantly there was a great commotion about the doorway. The drunken vaquero sobered immediately, and the last I saw of him was as he started to run down the railroad track. About that time the brakeman came through the train calling for a doctor. I responded instantly, and started a still hunt for my ever elusive medicine case.

"In the box car I found that the telegraph operator had been shot while seated at a table taking train orders from the wire. As I entered, the man was still in an upright position at the table, though looking ghastly pale and holding one hand to his bleeding side. With the other hand he continued to operate the telegraph key.

"I immediately urged the man to lie down and allow me to learn the extent of his injury, but the plucky fellow said, 'No, wait a minute, Doc, until I get an answer to this message. It's the last one I'll ever take.' And he actually made me wait until he received the reply which, in itself, was interesting, for it seems that, after the first shock of his wound, he had wired the nearest railroad hospital that the Temecula agent had just been fatally shot. The answer read, 'Special with surgeon on way.'

"I did all that was possible to relieve the poor fellow before the special arrived, and my train left, but, even so, he was overwhelmingly impressed with the idea that his wound was fatal. He imagined that he was bleeding internally, and I learned a day or two later that he never really reacted from the shock, but died in complete collapse. An autopsy disclosed the fact that the wound was entirely superficial, with very little loss of blood, the ball being removed from the muscular tissue near the spine, thus proving to a marked degree the effect of mind over matter.

"My headquarters for the days in San Diego were in the old Horton

House, which was then the principal hotel of the city. The boom then in progress had filled the house with a fine assortment of 'sharks,' speculators and Eastern visitors. Business was flourishing. The city was overflowing with 'boomers' of all kinds, some living in tents and others in hastily constructed shacks, as a man might buy a lot on a business street one day, putting up a rough shelter along with his deposit, and the next day sell out for twice as much as his purchase price. I can remember cases where such transfers of property were repeated several times in a week, each sale netting from 50 per cent to 200 per cent profit over the preceding exchange. A lot worth $2,500 would in seven days enhance to the value of $20,000! Of course, such feverish inflation was bad, very bad, that is, from an economic point of view. Some one had to pay the fiddler. In my purely medical opinion, this sort of frenzied finance is psychological, a form of hysterical insanity, and San Diego has suffered, as much as any city I know, from repeated attacks or relapses of this disease, although its present state of delightful permanence shows no evidence of its growing pains.

"At the end of two weeks I began to realize that my professional business was failing my youthful expectations. It seemed that people were too busy to waste time in sickness. I became restless, and accordingly decided that my professional skill might be better appreciated in the nearby country where young M. D.'s were not so plentiful. Through information given me by one Charley Chase (old-time druggist of San Diego) who evidently realized how anxious I was to get busy, I learned that there was a good opening for a doctor in the mining camp of Julian. Among other things I learned that Julian was a little town in the Cuyamaca Mountains, about 60 miles north of San Diego, and that the first stage left for there in the morning.

"Well, you can believe me, I caught that stage with a high heart. You have no idea how eager I had become to be among people who needed a doctor. Why, that long trip to Julian seemed heavenly to me, and indeed it was most enjoyable. We traveled through a wild and interesting country which, to this day, remains indelible in my mind, due, I suppose, to the glamor of newness and the elation consequent upon my brighter prospects. There was but one other passenger on the stage, and I was indeed fortunate in having him for a traveling companion, as I soon discovered that he was none other than Professor H. G. Hanks, California State Mineralogist. His words of wisdom and kindly advice to the ambitious young M. D. that day will always be treasured.

"Fortune smiled from the first day of my stay in Julian. We arrived some time after nine o'clock at night, and I had hardly settled myself to rest after the jouncing of the old concord when I was summoned to a case. With the ice thus broken, it was but a little while until I had work in abundance. And I had to meet it all single-handed, consultation being almost impossible, with no other practitioner nearer than sixty miles. Cases which to-day seem simple enough caused me great mental agony under those circumstances. Often I was at my wits end, but expediency and good fortune saved many a patient. Due to the lawlessness of the town and its nearness to the Mexican border, most of my cases were surgical rather than medical, consisting of gunshot and knife wounds, and the many forms of accidental injury connected with mining. There was more use for catgut than quinine. The town being 'wide open,' was infested with renegades, desperadoes and gunfighters, whose main occupation was the pursuit of trouble, and I can vouch for the many times they found it—especially on pay nights, when the miners were in town. At such times my hands were full caring for torn and battered humanity. These men seemed to think that they could carouse and fight as much as they pleased, now that they had a 'Doc' to 'fix 'em up,' and I, for one, saw the havoc which whisky

wrought since my duties exposed to me the seamy side of life in the wild and woolly West. It was depressing, that continual inflaming of the senses with bad whisky. Why, I patched up men repeatedly, only to have them come back to me again after some wild and vicious jamboree. And this condition was not confined to the whites alone. Though it is illegal to sell firewater to an Indian, drunken redskins were a very common sight, and it is common knowledge that if you give an Indian enough to drink he will fight his weight in wildcats. Accordingly, I was often called upon to repair the damage following the periodical influx of natives from the nearby San Isabel Indian Rancheria. Oh, it was a jolly life!

"There was a Justice of the Peace in Julian. Also there was a Constable, and they both kept saloons. They would sell anybody whisky regardless of his age, color or degree of intoxication. And, strange to relate, if a man got into trouble from drinking said whisky the Constable would arrest him and be paid by the county for doing so. Following this, the unfortunate would be haled before the J. P., who held court in the rear of his saloon. That officer of the law would discontinue serving drinks long enough to preside, and thus earn a fat fee himself. Of course, all reports and testimony had to be sent to the county-seat and here also the Justice made money at the rate of seventy-five cents a page. Oh, it was certainly rich picking for the guardians of the peace.

"Well, sir, I had a great time establishing offices in Julian. There were no vacant rooms of any description to be had, and it was not until Howard Wilson, postmaster and general merchant, came to my rescue that I was sure of a location. He offered to build an addition to his store. I accepted the offer gladly and within a week was proudly installed in my first office. Being thus settled on Main Street, I came to feel that I was of some importance in the metropolis, and it was not long until I had met most of the 'Prominent Citizens.' Among them I remember there was a Jewish merchant, Levy by name, who, beside his regular hardware and general merchandise business, acted as coroner when occasion arose. As to the frequency of occasion, I might add that this latter occupation kept Levy quite busy. You could not doubt that fact had you seen a few of our really bad men. They were the genuine article, prehensile trigger finger and all. Of course, among them were some characters typical of our present movie gunmen, swaggering, loud-mouthed lead sprinklers, cowards at heart, but the inherent badness of the majority was real enough. They did not require Dutch courage of a Saturday night. Whisky was only necessary to make them reckless, and when once properly primed with 'forty rod' these fellows were indeed a menace to life, being hypersensitive to insult, and as ready to put out a human light as they were to shoot the flame from a lamp behind the bar.

"As usual, among all these village drunks, there was one who predominated by right of might and quickness of eye and 'draw.' In this case it was old Pat O'Day, ex-prizefighter and Arizona 'malo hombre.' Pat was no beauty, as masculine beauty goes, as he had been very much disfigured by wounds received in a gunfight in a Julian saloon some sixteen years before. Just to enlighten you as to Pat's character and to show you how gritty a real badman can be, I'll tell you about that fight as it was told to me by a certain 'old timer' who witnessed it. Of course, the brawl was disgusting and sordid, but it was no more so than the times in which it occurred. It seems that somebody who was 'after' Pat succeeded in getting 'the drop' on him and pulled trigger first. Pat fell shot through the side, but still as game as his name implies. He returned the fire from the floor, and the fusilade became hot and heavy. His opponent continued his gun play from behind a card table, shooting Pat point-blank in the face several times. The old fellow never quailed, but spat blood and

teeth, shouting, 'Shoot, —— ye, shoot.'

"When the '45s' were empty and the smoke of battle had cleared away sufficiently for the bartender to come from behind the safe and the patrons to emerge from the back room, they found Pat still breathing and his opponent dead.

"The first time I saw Pat was one Saturday afternoon. You can judge from the day of the week just what Pat's condition was. His attire consisted of what is known as a miner's 'full dress,' being nothing more than shoes and trousers. He was pacing up and down Main street daring anybody in the world to come out and fight him. I learned from casual passers-by, who paid little heed to his challenges, that this performance was a favorite 'stunt' of Pat's when in his cups. It did not necessarily mean trouble, but, even so, it seemed to me that he presented a rather ominous and forbidding sight. He seemed a walking epitome, a grotesque example of the effect of that liquid hell that comes in bottles. In his prime, Pat had evidently been a very powerful man, but as I saw him there, with the terrible scars on his left side exposed, and his right side still magnificently developed despite the ravages of innumerable drunks, I was conscious of a feeling of half repulsion and half pity.

"Now, the queer thing about Pat's sprees was the fact that, after satisfying himself that everybody in town was a coward, he would march into Howard Wilson's store in the post-office building and there buy himself a new shirt, whether he needed it or not. This habit of entering the store half naked had become very disagreeable to the proprietor, and Pat was warned that if it occurred again he could surely expect trouble. Well, Pat followed in the rut of habit, and was unfortunate enough to interrupt Mr. Wilson as he was waiting upon some women customers. I suppose this latter fact incensed Mr. Wilson more than usual, for he seized a chair and felled the man on the spot, after which he dragged him out and dropped him over the store porch.

"I was informed of the occurrence and had Pat carried to my office, where I worked over him for two hours before he regained consciousness. Several times I thought he would die. He was such a battered and worn old wreck!

"Upon investigation I found that Pat had no home, not even a room that he could call his own. The emergency hospital facilities of Julian were limited to my small office, or, as I found by a happy thought, the hay mow of the livery stable nearby. We removed Pat to the haven of the hay, and there I attended him until he was again able to use his good right arm at his job as windlass man in a mine near town.

"Pat expressed much gratitude to me for my care of him, and told me that he would never forget the kindness. At the time I paid little attention to his words, little knowing that within a short while I would have occasion to thank my lucky stars that he was my friend. Which fact is a commentary upon the life of a physician under most circumstances. The path of duty is often a dark and devious way wherein one encounters much thin ice. It was like this:

"I was awakened one night about one o'clock by a loud rapping on my door. A number of voices called to me to 'come quick, Doc, all hell has broke loose down at Davis's saloon, and about a dozen o' the boys has been shot up.' On hurrying out, I found my way to the scene of the 'scrape,' lighted by a number of men with lanterns. They were all very excited, as well they might be, for the scene that met my eyes upon entering the saloon was indeed terrible. The place was a wreck. Four men had been shot in an argument as to the straightness of a poker deal, and they lay in a welter of blood and broken tables, mirrors and glassware. In the center of the circle of devastation lay the cause of the trouble, one Jack O'Brien, a notorious gambler. He was badly wounded in the chest, just over the heart, and

as the life blood flowed he shouted in a maudlin fashion: 'Git my boots off, boys, git my boots off. Don't let me cash in with my boots on.'

"A hasty examination of the wounded convinced me that O'Brien was the most seriously hurt, so, after administering first aid to the others, I confined my attention to the gambler. Fortunately, I was able to check the excessive hemorrhage, and, with the help of a number of his friends, had O'Brien placed on a window shutter and carried to his room. There I made a careful examination and discovered that one of the large arteries supplying the left arm and shoulder had been severed and that the internal blood pressure had forced a way into the soft tissues of the neck. The man's hold upon life was decidedly precarious, and I told his friends that I did not see how he could possibly live more than a few hours. I applied dressings and gave him every attention through the night, momentarily expecting him to die, but with the coming of daylight I was greatly surprised to find that he was reacting somewhat for the better. It seemed a miracle to me then that a man could live in such a condition, and I am sure that the average man could not have rallied from it.

"As O'Brien improved from day to day, I became quite jubilant. His recovery would be a feather in my cap, without a doubt, as the community was well aware of his condition. I watched the man closely, fearing possible complications in his left arm and shoulder, which were paralyzed and pulseless, but as he continued to mend I became confident that a few weeks of quiet would put him upon his feet, though he would always be crippled. Well, so much for my hopes. In about ten days, my patient became unruly and announced to me one morning that he was feeling 'bully' and intended to go down and see the boys. There was a foot of snow on the ground at the time and it was bitterly cold, but he persisted in spite of my warning that to move from his bed would cause his death. 'Aw, what's the dif', Doc,' he said, and sometime during my absence he arose and made his way down to the very saloon where he had been shot. He 'sat in' at a game until two o'clock in the morning, when he became delirious, and when I was notified I found him lying on a billiard table more dead than alive, with a raging fever. It is needless to say that O'Brien died very shortly.

"Following the gambler's death I was called upon by Levy, the coroner, to perform certain requirements of the law in regard to the location of the bullet that had been the indirect cause of O'Brien's demise. Shortly afterward I was notified by a deputation of O'Brien's gang that there was to be 'no cuttin' of Jack,' as it was a gambler's superstition that an autopsy brought bad luck to camp. I paid no attention to the warning, but went ahead with the work, as is customary in any civilized community. You can imagine the shock it was to me when, later on, I was confronted by a murderous looking mob of desperadoes, bent on 'taking care' of me. The realization of what I was 'up against' and the suddenness of it fairly made my hair stand on end, for it is a fact that a man in the hands of such a lawless crew would hardly be considered a safe hazard by a life insurance company. For a few moments I did not know just what to do, as these representatives of Judge Lynch were bristling with '45s' and bad humor, but I backed myself against the door I had just left, and asked them as boldly as possible just what they meant by holding me up in such a manner. Their answer would not bear repeating, but their actions were so extremely obvious that I would have traded places gladly, under any conditions, with—well, even with the president of Mexico. There was no room for argument, as my friends were as one in their determination to decorate a nearby tree, but, and I am thankful to be able to say that little word, about that time a ruthless tornado descended upon them in the form of Pat O'Day. He used his heavy pistol as a club, knock-

ing men right and left, until he was at my side, where he turned and loosed a volley of rough and ready eloquence that would have made a wooden Indian blush. The effect was instantaneous and complete. Pat was master of the situation in a twinkling. 'Come on, docthor,' he said, 'and I'll let daylight through the first wan who lays a hand on ye.' I followed my fighting Irishman through the crowd of glowering individuals who, each and all, knew that Pat was as good as his word. It was beautifully done, and to this day I marvel at the prowess of the deformed old drunkard whose sanguinary eye instilled the fear of sudden death, and incidentally saved me from becoming a notch on some badman's pistol butt.

"Thereafter, and until the wrath of the gang subsided, Pat was my self-appointed bodyguard. It was an effort for him, poor fellow, but he remained sober, and appeared at my side whenever I had occasion to pass through town. 'Docthor, dear,' he would say, 'the thirst is pullin' at me vitals, but I'll see yez through this, God bless ye, and th' devil take th' black buzzards that would do yez harm.'

"So on ad infinitum. Each day brought its new problems, its new cases of bodily injury, and always it seemed that in the background was the spectre of the cause, whisky, whisky, whisky. Sometimes I would be called away into the pine-clad mountains to some miner's cabin where, perhaps, two miners, partners and the best of pals, had sought solace in that which 'enters the mouth to steal away the brain,' and had ended in mortal combat or had rolled into the open fire of their hearth, there to be horribly burned. Then again I might receive a call from my old friend Hicks, a half breed Indian, who would announce that I was needed at the Rancheria to sew up the bucks and squaws that had carved each other to ribbons at the prompting of John Barleycorn. Hicks himself would usually be in need of surgical attention, and as for his people, I would find them undergoing the reaction of the white man's curse and lying in their pitiful mud and willow huts nursing every manner of wound that drunken hands could inflict.

"Oh, yes, and I should mention the time that Hicks dragged himself to my office after receiving a friendly slash across the face by a 'representative' citizen simply because he was 'too good lookin' for an Injun.' You should understand that this was done in a playful mood by a white man who was only 'happy drunk.' It will serve to show the status of the Indian in those times, and may throw a little light upon the reason why the white man in 'Ramona' could kill Allesandro with so little compunction.

"Such was life in the far, far West, when every freight team brought its barrels of liquid fight to the mountain towns of our State. In the years that have passed since then and now, I often wonder if conditions have changed very much under the pressure of our twentieth century enlightenment. I doubt it. Also I will continue to doubt it as long as human nature remains the same and our gin mills grind on undisturbed."

PROGRESS

Wave followed wave to "Westward Ho!"
And touched the Pacific strand,
Reflecting to the East a glow
Through the charming OVERLAND.

M. C.

Cotton Growing Under Irrigation in the Southwest

By Percy L. Edwards

IN THE Imperial Valley of California cotton is a paying crop on land under the influence of a semi-arid climate. The Colorado River is the great life giving artery supplying a system of irrigating ditches that carry the water into the cotton fields of this section. The combination of soil, climatic conditions and water have produced results very satisfactory to growers and somewhat remarkable. Had the cotton growers of the South, in ante-bellum days, been confronted with the problems of expensive irrigation projects and wages, it is not altogether improbable that less cotton would have been produced in the South. But these days in which we live are fraught with wonderful accomplishment in scientific agriculture.

A late special government report on the cotton crop gives conditions in the Imperial Valley better than in any other section of the cotton belt. Within six years cotton growing in this part of the country has become important enough to be mentioned in government reports. To-day the crop in the Imperial Valley has not only arisen to the dignity of being mentioned; it is referred to as likely to help out the serious shortage that has driven prices to the highest notch in the experience of the cotton market.

Such a condition relating to one of the world's greatest staples, suggests the telling of a story of much interest, especially in these times of "war and rumors of war," when cotton is contraband more prized than gold.

An Empire Regained from the Desert.

What is known as Imperial Valley lies along the western bank of the Colorado River, in Imperial County, in the State of California, and extends to the southwest into Mexico. The valley on both sides of the international line is about 110 miles. On the California side the valley is forty miles wide, and, geographically speaking, is below sea level. A time not so very long ago, it was known as a part of the "Colorado Desert." In 1900 the population was mostly Gila monsters and horned toads, where now are the homes of 45,000 industrious, well-to-do people. The settlers of this section are not alone growing cotton, for this little empire, borne of desert conditions, a few years ago, now leads all sections of his big State in dairy products.

Imperial County is about twice the size of Delaware and nearly one-half the size of New Jersey. It seems to be ideal in both soil and climatic conditions for this staple. Nearly 110,000 acres of cotton were planted in this and the little Palo Verde Valley to the north, just over the county line in Riverside County. The crop of this season is estimated at 75,000 bales, of 500 pounds each. To put this crop in shape for marketing, there are sixteen gins, three cotton-seed oil mills, and two compressors now in operation in Southern California.

Some idea of the growth of cotton planting in the Southwest may be understood from the following figures: Three years ago the crop harvested was 7,250 bales from 8,500 acres. Last year 43,000 bales were harvested; that amount is nearly doubled for the present year. From creditable sources it is learned that upwards of 140,000 acres will be planted next season. Over on the Mexican side there was

harvested an estimated acreage of 60,000. This acreage is along the lower Colorado, where the lands are very fertile and the long staple variety of cotton called Durango does best. The acreage on this side of the boundary line is controlled by American planters, and the product is ginned on the American side, mostly at Calexico.

Just inside the international border is located the intake from the Colorado River. To avoid the high hills directly facing the beginning of the great canal, it takes a sudden sweep to the south down into the cotton lands on the Mexican side, then turns to the northwest into the channel of the Alamo River, and thence distributes the water through its laterals into the Imperial Valley. There are subject to this great irrigation project 700,000 acres of land in this valley, and, at the time of writing this, nearly 380,000 acres are now within reach of the main canal and its laterals. The cost to the settler is about $3.50 per acre.

The Colorado River of Agriculture Use

The greatest stream in all the Southwest, for its great benefit to agriculture, is the Colorado. For it gathers to itself the drainage of all the section of this country lying west of the Rockies and having a natural outlet at the Gulf of California. Engineers tell us that 16,000,000 acre feet of water is annually distributed through its course. That is sufficient water to irrigate 5,000,000 acres of land throughout the year, if it is properly distributed on the land. This river, like the Nile of Egypt, attains its greatest volume when most needed during the growing season. True to the calendar, the high water mark in its course to the ocean is reached at Yuma, about the time of the summer solstice, June 21st.

The Colorado, in the past, has been credited with a reputation in keeping with the wild bronco that roamed the pasture places along its banks and kicked its heels in the face of the venturesome cowboy. But the unruly habit of kicking over the traces has been conquered by astute engineers in the government service, and now the great river has become a most valuable aid to man's efforts in this semi-arid land.

This section of the United States, commonly referred to as the Southwest, appears to be in a state of evolution, notwithstanding that great progress has been made along certain lines of endeavor. It is essentially a country depending on the water supply from the Colorado to render it of agricultural importance. Up to the time when the great irrigation canal brought the life giving waters of the river to the dry farms of the hardy pioneers, there were many misgivings about the future of this country.

Since then the face of things has undergone a wonderful change. And the most wonderful of the new crops is cotton. A remarkable thing about it is that this great staple, heretofore believed to be in its natural home in the Gulf States and the Carolinas, here flourishes to an extent unknown in the South, and at the same time is found growing alongside great alfalfa fields, where herds of the best dairy cows to be found anywhere in the country graze about the open fields the year around.

The Palo Verde strip of cotton land lying close under the western bank of the river, in Riverside County, is about 25 miles long and contains upwards of 100,000 acres. This soil is made rich by years of feeding from the overflow of organic matter from the river, which has decomposed in mixing with the soil. These lands are found to be suitable for cotton and some remarkable crops have been produced. From a seventeen acre field was harvested 28½ bales, the average weight being 500 pounds per bale. This is the short staple variety, and sold on the market for $1,705. Charles Donlon, the owner of the land, gave the cost of production as $640. This would leave a net return of $1,065, which is above $62.50 per acre. When the average acre production in the cotton States of the South is only $22 per acre, the advantage to cotton growers in this section may be easily figured. It is true that the cost

of production of cotton in Southern California is much more than in the Gulf States, on account of irrigation expenses and the higher price paid for the labor necessary to produce the crop. However, the returns seem to justify this. Mr. Donlon, who is raising cotton in this section is one of the well known lima bean growers of Ventura County. He is now dividing his time between the two crops. This coming year he is preparing the ground for 200 acres of cotton.

Cotton Growing Under Old and New Conditions.

Of the fourteen States producing cotton a year ago, Southern California is credited with the highest production, 500 pounds per acre. The average for the United States was 182. Virginia, with 330 pounds, came next. The average price paid for California produced cotton, thirteen cents, was the highest paid for cotton in this country, for that year. The value per acre yield was for California $79.95, as compared with the next highest yield, $32.50, and the average for the United States, $22.36.

The lack of proper soil feeding and rotation in the South, has reduced materially productive values of the cotton fields. Under old conditions, the cotton crop was left to ignorant supervision, and there was almost entire lack of crop rotation. With such conditions prevailing and the lack of stock for fertilizing, the best of the cotton lands of the South never produced up to their capacity, and such as did produce a paying crop were soon sapped of their vitality. Many of the overseers were as ignorant of proper methods of soil treatment as the negroes who did the work. Under such conditions, cotton planting in the Old South became either a sentiment to which the owners of the old plantations clung, as they did to slavery, or a desperate attempt to make the land produce a living from the only crop the farmers of the South knew how to raise.

A great change has taken place in methods of farm operation in the South and many of the old cotton plantations are now very productive. The advent of live stock, cattle and sheep, on the farms, is doing wonders for depleted soils. Farmers of the Southwest have learned this lesson. Most farms of a general character are plentifully supplied with cattle, hogs and sheep. The growing of alfalfa for pasturage and hay, the latter fed on the farms, is the making of the irrigated lands of the Southwest. It is now known that the cotton plant does not take so much strength from the soil as either corn or oats. With a better knowledge of crop rotation and soil feeding, the cotton planters of the Southwest are in no danger of repeating the experiences of the planters of the Old South.

An inexhaustible water supply for irrigating the fields and the selection of varieties of cotton seed peculiarly adapted to climatic conditions hereabouts, warrant the assumption that the Southwest will be an important cotton producing section of this country. Besides, there are no evidences of the presence of the boll weevil pest up to this date. There are, from careful estimates, upwards of 2,000,000 acres of available cotton land in Imperial and Riverside Counties alone. An acreage about equal to that of the State of North Carolina.

Varieties and Qualities.

While the short-staple cotton, the variety generally grown in the South, is at the present planted in larger acreage, the Durango variety, a long-staple upland cotton similar to that grown in the Yazoo River delta in Mississippi, is becoming a favorite with the later planters. This Durango cotton has a fibre about 1¼ inches in length, and sells at from two to five cents per pound more than the short staple. This long staple variety costs a trifle more—less than a cent to a pound—to grow it, and it produces quite as much per acre. About 40,000 bales of the Durango variety was harvested in Southern California this sea-

son. With prices at the top notch this season, cotton is one of the best paying crops in the Southwest. In the Imperial Valley, especially, there are preparations going forward for a large increase of cotton acreage. The new extension of railway facilities to the town of Blythe has given great impetus to cotton planting in that section, and the acreage will be doubled. The short staple variety, up to this year, generally grown in this section, will give way to the long fibre variety, the conditions in this valley being especially favorable. Egyptian cotton can be grown successfully also, but at present the wages paid help make it less profitable than either of the others.

A fitting acknowledgment of the efforts of cotton growers of the Southwest to build up this industry, is found in the projected erection of a large factory at Los Angeles for the purpose of spinning the cotton.

A SIERRA DELL

Within a wood where willows droop
And summer's sun is cool,
The nixies and the shade-elves troop
Across an em'rald pool;

And cascades play in rainbow-flight
Upon a spangled screen,
To merge amid the shimm'ring light
Within the mirrored green;

While lilies cup the amber spray
And waft their breath through space
To draw each iridescent ray
Through boughs that interlace;

And margin-stones in opal-hue
Glint sun-waves through the air,
That catch in gems of sparkling dew
On webs of filmy hair,

That cling along the water's edge
Where pearl-beads kiss the fern,
And breezes woo the tangled sedge
Through days of unconcern.

STANTON ELLIOTT.



Paternity

By Mary Bliss Whited

IT WAS Indian summer in California, and for days the big, four-horse wagons from Bavousette's vineyard had been crawling over the mountain roads, carrying wine-grapes to the Italians. Each morning men and teams went forth; to Pichilli's, to Corrello's, to Cassini's.

On Thursday, Louis Bavousette himself delivered the purple freight to old Andrew Martinoni, down on Indian Creek, and on Friday the neighbors, John Costello, Rafael Borlini and Frank Pastori came to help Andrew make his wine. In the evening, when the work was done, they sat on the porch of Andrew's house, smoking and talking about the family who had moved into Fantozzi's old place. Andrew said little, but he was glad that some one had taken the old cabin. It would be pleasant to have such near neighbors. For Andrew considered the little house perched on the steep side of the mountain, a mile above, near.

He had been lonely since Victoria deserted him. Most people pitied him when she ran away with Luigi from Massini's ranch, but some of the older Italians shrugged their shoulders, and said old Andrew had been foolish to expect his young, city-bred wife to be contented in his lonely little house on the creek.

Andrew never complained of Victoria's defection. Secretly he thought it was punishment for his treatment of Rosa. The neighbors did not know about Rosa, for Andrew had a still tongue, and Rosa was an episode of his youth. But since Victoria's flight, Andrew had thought a good deal about Rosa.

Eighteen years before, Andrew and Rosa had married in Italy, and a few months afterward, Andrew had left for America. Like hundreds of his countrymen, he had intended to send for his wife later, and like hundreds of others he had not done so.

When he was a prosperous, middle-aged man he had met Victoria, and she had set about to marry him for his money. It was she who took him to the smart American lawyer, who secured a divorce for him, she who laughed away his scruples about remarriage and suggested a civil ceremoney. And Andrew, dazzled by her youth and good looks, had half-guiltily consented, without consulting a priest as he wished.

A brief winter with his bride, crying, sulking, complaining of the loneliness, the snow, the monotony of life on Indian Creek, had convinced Andrew that he had made a mistake, and when he returned, one day, from a hunting trip, to find that Victoria and Luigi had decamped, it had been with feelings not unmixed with relief that he accepted the situation. Months afterward, when word came to him that his wife was dead, he was glad. The news removed the fear that Victoria might inherit his property after his death. The thought of her squandering his money had disturbed Andrew not a little. As time went on, he grew to think more and more about adding to the hoard in the rusty can buried beneath the peach tree in the garden; less and less about what he wore, or ate, or had in his rough cabin. The neighborhood Italians said that each year Andrew grew more avaricious in money matters.

The day after the wine making Andrew climbed the zig-zag trail to call

on the new comers. He carried a cabbage and a few late tomatoes as a friendly offering. As he rounded the last turn and came in sight of the house, he saw a powerfully built, black-bearded Italian sitting on a bench before the door. Inside, a woman sat with a pillow on her knee making lace. Andrew could see her swift fingers plying the wooden bobbins, but he could not see her face. He presented the vegetables and introduced himself as "old Andrew." When the black-bearded man asked his name, Andrew with much geticulation and hoarse laughter repeated: "Old Andrew, just old Andrew." It was in truth the name he went by. Those who knew him best called him Martin. Only in business dealings was he referred to as Martinoni.

Presently, the host, whose name was Peter Raffo, called to the woman within to bring wine for the visitor, and when she appeared, bearing bottle and glasses, the flaming dogwood and brilliant poison oak on the hillside whirled and merged into one before Martinoni's vision. The woman in the doorway was Rosa. Fat, swart and sadly changed indeed, but there was no mistake—it was Rosa.

Rosa placed the glasses and bottle of wine on the table beside the door and silently returned to her lace-making. Small wonder that in the stooped and bearded miner she saw no resemblance to the trim, natty bridegroom, fresh from service in the Italian army.

As Raffo poured the wine a shower of stones and gravel announced the arrival of impetuous feet, and a boy and girl of seventeen or thereabouts, so much alike that no one could doubt they were twins, clattered down the steep trail above the house. They carried tin buckets filled to overflowing with luscious wild plums, and ran into the yard, eager to display their find, but Raffo scowled at the red fruit and harshly demanded why they had not brought back mushrooms, which, it appeared, he had sent them in search of. The joy died out of the faces of the twins, and they slunk into the house, suddenly dull and stolid.

The wine in Andrew's glass slopped over the rim and spilled in a red stain on his blue and white jumper. This ugly, black man had called the boy Andrew. Could it be possible——

All the way down the crooked trail, old Andrew stumbled in a daze. He had a son. Taller, straighter, finer looking even than Arturo Bolini, who had been to the Brother's School in San Francisco, where he had learned to keep accounts and write a beautiful hand. And Rosie, the girl, was his daughter. Rosie, who in looks far outshone Julia Borlini. What would he not do for these children! In the can under the peach tree was gold enough to send young Andrew to the great university at Berkeley, if need be; to buy Rosie silk dresses, a gold chain with a dangling cross, a watch like Julia's.

Andrew's tiny cabin was in full view before it occurred to him that there were a number of things which might prevent an avowal of his paternity. He did not know whether Rosa was legally married to Raffo. Andrew had always distrusted the quick decree of Victoria's lawyer friend. Laying claim to the children might only disgrace them. Then there was Peter to be reckoned with. Peter had an evil look, and if antagonized might prove an ugly factor in the case.

During the months that followed, Andrew learned that fatherhood was not unalloyed joy if one must stand helplessly by and see another mistreat and abuse one's children. Peter proved to be vicious and lazy, and it cut the old man to the heart to see young Andrew's slim shoulders bent to the task of earning the living for the four while Peter hunted, fished, idled and drank wine. Andrew's wrinkled face grew red with rage when he heard that Raffo compelled his wife and little Rosa to chop the stove-wood and drag it up the steep trail to the cabin, and beat them both besides.

Martinoni did what he could to ameliorate the condition of Rosa and the children. He hired the boy to work

on the creek with him, and many a gift of late fruit and vegetables Andrew, Jr., carried up the hill to Rosie, but the father did not dare offer the silk dresses and jewelry with which he longed to deck the girl. He gnashed his teeth impotently when at a gathering of his countrymen, he saw Julia Borlini nudge her sister to look at Rosie's coarse dress and ill-fitting shoes.

Bit by bit Andrew gathered proof of his relationship to Rosa and the twins. Chance references to the old country, photographs taken in Italy, names of friends and relatives almost forgotten, established his parenthood.

On one of Martinoni's rare visits to the Raffo household he discovered something which not only enraged but frightened him. Peter was permitting Chris Anderson to force his unwelcome attentions on the helpless Rosa. Anderson was fifty and unclean of body and soul, but because he had cattle and horses and much money Raffo regarded his suit with favor.

Martinoni, sick with terror, kept close watch on affairs at Raffo's. The old man meant to stop the marriage at any cost, but he was not yet ready to make a move. On Easter Sunday the good Father Brady would celebrate mass at Borlini's place, and he would lay the matter before the priest. Then he would act.

Easter came late that year, and the days that preceded it were warm and alluring. Andrew noted that the boy was distrait, preoccupied; that he worked spasmodically, often leaning on his shovel and staring up the creek at the mountains beyond. The old fellow blamed himself for keeping the lad at work so steadily and planned to give him a holiday. He was wondering how to introduce the subject, as the two sat resting during the noon hour, when Andrew, Jr., who had been gazing out over the creek, suddenly exclaimed:

"By golly, I like to find some buried money!"

The old man was filling his pipe, and the tobacco pouch fluttered from his fingers and fell unheeded to the floor.

"W'at you say?"

"I say I like to find ole man Nelson's buried money."

"Who tell you dat fool story?"

"Arturo."

"Ole man Nelson one ver-a poor man. Arturo l-e-e-tle boy, only so big, when old Nelson die; he not know what he talk about."

"Oh, but o-dders say so too! Old Angelo down on the river say he know old Nelson haf money somewhere."

"Angelo lies. I know old man Nelson ver-a well. When he get se-ek I go often and take him eggs and wine. Sometimes I shoot quail and take over. If I not do dat I tink he starve."

"Sure, he rather starve than spend his money! He w'at you call a miser." The boy came near adding: "Angelo says you're one too," but checked himself and wound up somewhat lamely: "Some day I go hunt for dat money."

"You go fe-e-sh in the river, boy; you get more."

The old man puffed sturdily at his pipe. Finally he asked:

"W'at you do if you find some money?"

"I go to San Franc-e-esco to school like Arturo, then I come back and wear fine clothes and be a big man like Mr. Borlini."

"Humph! If you find any money, Peter—your fadder he take it away from you, boy. You not twenty-one."

"Not much! Peter Raffo only my step-fadder. I never see my own fadder—he dead, I guess. If I find ole Nelson's money I take it straight to Mr. Borlini to keep for me. D'en my mudder she sign paper an' Peter no can touch. Mr. Borlini fix dat."

"I guess you tink M-e-e-ster Borlini know more den anybody roun' here."

"Sure I do."

"If you go way to school and wear fine clothes, I guess you forget your l-e-e-tle sister, Rosie. You do nothing for Rosie?"

"Sure I will. I send Rosie to the convent."

There was a little pile of quartz specimens lying by the door. Andrew selected one of these and aimed carefully before throwing it at a chipmunk which was running about on the pine needles below.

"Arturo say my s-e-e-ster the prettiest girl roun' here—maybe, if she go way an' learn a lot an' come back with some nice dresses, maybe Arturo an' her get married. Den I be relation to the Borlinis. Maybe I go there to live and help run the ranch."

"You sure your ma-ma sign dat paper?"

"You bet she sign it qu-e-e-k. She no want Chris Anderson to marry Rosie."

The old man got up, walked to the end of the porch and stood looking down at his sidehill garden. From the spring above, he had dug a little ditch to carry water to his young onions and lettuce. Part of the stream had been diverted by a clod, and was washing away the earth about the peach tree. Andrew descended the steps and carefully dammed up the break, then he threw a few shovelfuls of earth about the roots of the tree. When he returned, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid it on the shelf inside the door and said:

"I know Rafael Borlini a good many year. I never know him cheat anybody." Then he grinned slyly, and added: "Maybe you come back from San Francisco and marry Julia."

The boy rose and stretched his arms. "I tink we better quit talking foolishness and go back to work."

The next day was unusually warm, and in the forenoon old Andrew leaned on his shovel handle and mopped his face vigorously with a red bandana.

"Boy, I haf funny dream las' night."

"W'at you dream?"

"I dream I go to dat pine tree in front of ole man Nelson's cabin, an' I dig an' dig an' pretty soon I find money."

"Oh-ho, I t'ought you say ole man Nelson no haf money."

"I no tink he haf. I just tell you w'at I dream."

"Why don't you go dig under dat tree, Andrew?"

"Bah! I no believe in dreams."

But the next day he seemed a little less positive.

"Boy, I dream dat same dream las' night."

"Oh, Andrew, go dig under dat pine tree! I bet you find some money."

"No, no, dreams all foolishness."

On the following morning the boy asked eagerly:

"Andrew, w'at you dream 'bout las' night?"

"T'ree nights, now, boy, I dream dat same dream. Always I go dat pine tree in front of ole Nelson's cabin an' I dig an' dig; always I find money."

"Andrew, it sure mus' be true! T'ree nights, always the same dream. Why don't you go?"

Old Andrew shook his head stubbornly. "I no waste my time. I tink too much cheese in the spaghetti make funny dreams."

But the boy could see that the old fellow was disturbed. All day he was unsettled, restless, uneasy.

The next day he was even more so, but there was no one to observe him, for it was Sunday. He tried to read "L'Italia," threw it down, went into the garden, came back and wandered restlessly through the rooms. Finally, he picked up his gun, whistled to his dog and left the house. After he had gone a few rods, he looked back. The little cabin stood darkly silent and desolate in the hot sunshine—inexpressibly lonely. He went on, not up the hill past Raffo's, but down the trail that followed the creek to Borlini's place.

Andrew found a number of his countrymen seated on Borlini's porch, Giuseppe Camozzi, Emilio, Zerga, old Angelo from the river, Steve Petroni and several others. They greeted him noisily and Arturo rose and gave the old man his chair, seating himself on the steps from whence he commanded an unobstructed view of Indian Creek, the bridge that spanned it, and the trail that wound up the mountain opposite. Presently he leaned forward.

"Here comes Andrew Raffo. He's running. He's lost his hat. He's carrying something."

The group on the porch turned, mildly interested.

In a few minutes Andrew's silky, black head emerged from the bushes below the house, a second later he came into full view, his face white and tense, his brown eyes staring straight ahead. Against the bosom of his flannel shirt he clasped a cylindrical object. Without replying to Arturo's salutation, without looking to left or right he mounted the steps, walked to the table by the door, and deposited thereon a rusty tin can.

"Look! Look! I've found ole Nelson's money."

Years afterward, Andrew was discussing the incident with his brother-in-law.

"There is one point on which I have always been skeptical, Arturo."

"What is that?"

"As near as I can ascertain, old man Nelson died in 1897."

"Yes, it was the winter of the deep snow. I was a little fellow then, but I remember the men going to the funeral on snow shoes."

"Well, some of those twenties were coined as late as 1910."

YOUTH NEVER GOES UNTIL WE THRUST HIM OUT

Spring and the song-birds go,
And many lovely things—
Yet, though they come again,
Youth stays, despite the snow,
And to the young heart sings,
Careless of Age, as if she had been slain!

His name is Constancy;
His light shines from the eyes
Of faces rough and worn.
Ah, heart, grieve not, lest he,
Before our awed surprise,
Go with the night, and we face Age at morn!

Youth never goes until
Our own words make him yearn
To say: "I must depart."
Spring and the summer spill
Their beauty, and return,
But Youth, once gone, forever leaves the heart!

EDWARD H. S. TERRY.



The Mirage

Charles W. Pettit

HE DIDN'T know any more about the desert than a coyote or jackrabbit did about the city. In fact, it was less than forty-eight hours since he, a tenderfoot from the East, had got off the train at Yuma, Arizona. Not the Yuma of to-day, but the old Yuma of thirty years ago, with its one-story, sunburned adobe buildings, its population mostly Indians, Mexicans, a few whites, merchants, miners, prospectors, cow-boys and United States soldiers, for old Fort Yuma stood on a high bluff just across the river. Like other Arizona towns at that time, Yuma had its faro-bank, roulette wheel, monte, poker and other gambling games running wide open. The tenderfoot had stood around and watched the games until the fever to play had caught him. Then he bought a stack of chips from the faro bank and bucked the tiger. Losing there, he tried his luck at the roulette wheel, and, when he had gone dead broke, as he had seen several cowboys and miners do, consoled himself with the thought that he was becoming a Westerner and was sure some game sport. Later on, when he began to feel hungry and searched his pockets and couldn't even find the price of a meal, he thought perhaps he had played the part of a fool rather than that of a sport. However, he went to a pawnshop, where he raised a little over three dollars on his valise and overcoat.

At noon that day the thermometer that hung in the big dining room of the railroad eating house registered 127 degrees. As the tenderfoot was paying for his supper he remarked that it had been an awful hot day.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but a trifle cooler than the day before when the thermometer had gone up to 130."

The tenderfoot strolled out onto the bridge, and, looking down into the muddy waters of the Colorado, he thought the thing out. He had lost all desire to be either a cowboy or miner. Whew! This country was too hot for him. He wasn't a hobo; he had never beat his way on a train in his life. He wished he had bought his ticket through to California. Why not walk at night and rest at some station during the heat of the day?

Two hours later he passed El Rio. There the river turns and runs southwest while the railroad continues due west. As he entered the Colorado desert he began to really enjoy the walk, the pure, sweet air, the smell of the sage-brush, the strangeness of it all; for the desert has a lure and fascination all its own, and yet, while under the soft light of the moon, the desert is filled with mystery and dreamy romance, the same desert, under the glare of the hot summer's sun or in the furnace breath of a scorching wind or sandstorm, writes a different story.

Midway between Pilot Knob and Mammoth Tank the tenderfoot stopped for a moment to take off his coat and carry it over his arm, for the sun was coming up early, coming up hot. He glanced south, and, seemingly not more than seven or eight miles distant, was a lake of water and back of it at a little higher elevation, rising almost phantom like out of the sands of the desert, was a good-sized town or city.

He was beginning to feel thirsty, and that lake of water certainly looked enticing; so he left the railroad track and started south over the sands. After he had been walking several hours,

he thought he must have made a mistake in calculating the distance of the lake, for it seemel almost as far away as ever. As he traveled along, the heat and the long walk began to tell on him. He must stop and rest for a few moments. He spread his coat out over a low sage brush, and as he laid down and pillowed his head on his elbow, it made just shade enough to shelter his face from the glare of the sun. He took out his cheap Waterbury watch; it was six minutes to eleven. Of course, he hadn't any sleep the night before. He felt drowsy—and then—well, he had reached the mysterious city of the desert. How strangely quiet the city was; although it was in the middle of the day, not a horse or wagon could be seen on the street, nor a man, woman or child on the sidewalk. Perhaps they were taking a siesta as he had read they do in Old Mexico during the middle of the day; but here was what he was looking for, a drug store with its beautiful marble soda fountain. He took a coin out of his pocket, and jingled it on the counter, but no one made his appearance to wait on him. He took up the largest glass he could find, and put in a dash of lemon, then touched the large spigot and filled it to the brim, but it was not until he had drained the contents of two glasses that his thirst was quenched. He left the coin lying on the counter and walked out and down the street. He must have walked pretty fast, for already he found himself out in the country. He crossed through a row of cottonwood trees and entered a cornfield.

Again he felt the terrible thirst. He remembered that when he was working on the farm back home, husking corn, often they would come to a small patch of water melons, and they they would stop and rest for a few moments and enjoy a melon. He wondered if he could find a small patch or a vine in this cornfield. As he crossed over into the next row he almost stumbled over a large watermelon. He picked it up, and then dropped it on the ground. It burst open, revealing its red, ripe, juicy meat. He sat down beside it, and digging into it with his hand he scooped out a large piece of the heart. He was about to place it to his lips, when a slight rustling sound caught his ear. He looked up, and his eyes were held and fascinated at the sight of a large rattlesnake not more than two or three feet from him, its body outstretched in graceful curves, its head slightly lifted. With its dull, beady eyes, it was looking at him in a fixed stare, and for fully a minute's time (although it seemed more like an hour to the man) save for the lightning-like darting of its forked tongue, the snake remained as motionless as though it had been carved into the landscape.

Then it slowly drew its body into a coil, raised its rattle tipped tail with a buzz of warning, and drew back its head to strike. But, as the snake moved, the charm was broken. The man sprang to his feet and blinked his eyes in the dazzling sunlight; but there was no snake to be seen, only a harmless little lizzard that darted frightened away. He turned and looked around; instead of a row of cottonwood trees and the cornfield, he saw a low sage bush with his coat spread over it. He took out his watch and looked at it. It was one minute to eleven. He had been asleep just five minutes. But where was the city that he had seen from the railroad track? Gone! Even the lake had disappeared. All he could see around him was a desolate waste of gray sand. Then a memory that had been asleep in his mind for years awoke. He remembered such a long time ago, yes, it was even when he was a little boy, he had read that men went out on prairies and deserts, and had sometimes seen an optical illusion called a mirage—sometimes of cities, but more often of water, and, as they traveled toward the water it seemed to recede from them, and, after luring them on for miles, had vanished altogether. Well, he must get back to the railroad track; but, now that he was bewildered, which was north and which

was south? Well, he could retrace his own footprints; but the hot desert wind which had just commenced to puff and blow, had shifted the loose sand and obliterated his tracks. Well, to stay there was to perish, so he started out in the direction he believed to be north. Really it was more west than north. As he traveled on, his eyes grew weary of looking at the glare of the sand. He sought to rest a moment by looking up at the azure, but alas! the tide was out. The waters of the sky had gone back to join the cool waters of the Pacific Ocean and left the heavens as barren as the grounds beneath, and the sun was the king of the desert above and the desert below.

The air ceased to move, save that it quivered a little in heat waves, and, as the wind was hushed, the silence deepened into the awful stillness of the desert, and the man could hear the beating of his heart and the faint crunch of the sand under his feet as he walked. But he couldn't understand why the sun should be so fierce and cruel. Once he stopped and shook his fist at it, but the sun only glared at him, and threatened to burn his eyes out, so he turned and walked on, but then—oh, well, it didn't matter anyway, because it was cool enough now, for he was back on the old farm.

The ground was white with snow. Only a few yards in front of him stood the little house where he was born. It was early in the evening; there was a light shining in the window, the door opened and his mother stepped out and beckoned for him to hurry. He wasn't a man, he was only a little boy; so he ran quickly to her and entered the house. In a jiffy he was in his high chair, seated at the table with his supper before him. He had a piece of brown bread in his hand; his little dog stood up on his hind legs and begged for a piece. As he reached around to hand it to him his elbow struck the lamp. Crash! In an instant the room was in flames. His mother gave a terrified scream, and then the house, his mother, the snow, had vanished. He wasn't a little boy any more; he was a man, alone and lost, and walking on the hot desert sands.

He hadn't been asleep this time, so he couldn't have dreamed this. Merciful heavens! Was this terrific heat driving him mad? Yes, it was only in his delirium that he had seen his old home. He would have laughed out loud, only he couldn't laugh, because his tongue was so swollen; but, with his parched, dry lips, he smiled grimly to himself at the very idea of only one house burning up. Why, the sun had dropped out of the sky and set the whole world on fire! Everything was gone. Even the water was all burned up. There wasn't a drop of water in all the world to drink. Not even a drop, and yet he was so thirsty. What a fool he was to carry his coat around on such a hot day. He threw it down in disgust, but something felt heavy on his head. He took off his hat and looked at it as though it had been some strange thing that he had never seen before. Then he threw it away. Well, his head felt lighter now anyway. Why hadn't he thought to do that before. Now his feet seemed to drag and feel heavy. He stooped for a minute, unlatched and drew off his shoes and threw them away. Then he started to run, not in a straight line, but around and around in rings, then zig-zag crazily on for a short distance, and then again around and around in rings, and as he ran, he tore the shirt off his back, but he wouldn't throw that away. He'd save that to flag a train with when he got back to the railroad tracks, but just then a strange and unlooked for thing happened to him. The ground came up and struck him in the face.

He uttered a smothered cry, and then lay still—so still—that a coyote slinking by stopped and sat down on his haunches and waited. Three or four buzzards idly drifting and floating around on the air currents, commenced to slowly circle. The circles grew narrower. Would it be a race between them and the coyote to see

which would be first at the banquet?

Just then the desert wind, as it ofttimes does, suddenly blew strong and began to lift and pile the sand against the body of the fallen man. Soon there was nothing to be seen save a low mound of sand. The coyote slunk away. The buzzards moved their wings lazily and ceased to circle, but they stayed close within sight of that low mound of sand. For they were wise old buzzards, they knew the desert well. They knew that either that night or the next night the changeable wind would shift the sand again and uncover the feast and so they would wait. The coyote, perhaps he also knew, and had only gone a short distance away to howl and howl, and soon he would return and bring other coyotes with him, and then they, too, would wait.

THE OLD REDWOOD SPEAKETH

Upon my head they've set a price,
 Upon my days the Evil Eye;
With ring-rule and the loaded dice
 I've thrown my fate and I must die.
Break, hour-glass, ere thy sands be run!
Not mine, but Mammon's will, be done.

Ere Tyre and Ninevah was I,
 Proud symbol of my noble clan;
When Israel crossed the Red Sea dry
 I was a joy to God and man.
For all these ages did I wait
For human love to meet this fate?

"No persons have respect with God,"
 So man the compliment repays,
Dooms back to the primeval sod
 The color-guards of nobler days—
Earth's only living indices
Of Ptolemy and Pericles!

Tho' power be his by stress or stealth,
 Dares man the golden precept face?
To civilize him up in wealth,
 Decivilize him down in grace?
Such is the price of low intrigue:
Each forward mile a backward league.

Thus I, ambassador-at-large
 To courts of Solomon and Kings,
Stand here *non grata* at your charge—
 On evil days with meaner things.
Three thousand years an honored name:
Can ye, my headsmen, boast the same?

So be it, vandal breeds! swing wide,
 Strike deep and bring your landmarks low!
Judged be your mortal suicide,
 Your unborn kin must bear the blow,
And on your graves hands yet unknown
For every chip shall cast a stone.

C. E. Barns.

Soldier Poets

Music From The Trenches That Never Dies

By Loring Seavers

THESE are days when our poets, like Keats, die very young. No sooner is their music heard than it is hushed in the world tumult. Just when the notes of the singers have become full-throated and magical with new songs comes the silence, and they sing no more.

It is one of the most awesome and beautiful circumstances of the conflict that just as our soldiers fall in the battle line and more come forward to fill their places, so do others take up the singing of the soldier-poets who are slain. Thus it seems that the music from the trenches never really dies away.

The spirit of Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley that was reborn in Rupert Brooke, "Edward Melbourne," and Julian Grenfell—all three now gone—is still living in men in the trenches to-day.

This outpouring of song which is so significant of the lofty idealism that inspires the British armies to-day has already made a profound impression in quarters which have not been so responsive to other influences on behalf of the causes of the Allies.

Mr. Galloway Kyle, the editor of the Poetry Review, recently received a letter from a distinguished American reviewer, who declared that the circulation of a book like "Soldier Poets—Songs of the Fighting Men" (Erskine Macdonald) in the United States is doing more good than many Blue-books in the presentation of the British case. This American was impressed by the noble aspirations of the fighting men—the entire absence of jingoism.

One, indeed, looks in vain for any vainglorious line or execration of the Huns.

No wonder the neutral is inclined to marvel at the altruism of such warriors and to be moved by a poem like that on the burial of a nameless German boy—"The Grave," by Private Halliday:

They dug his grave by lantern light,
A nameless German boy:
A remnant from that hurried flight,
Lost, wounded, left in hapless plight
For carrion to destroy.
They thought him dead at first until
They felt the heart's slow beat:
So calm he lay, serene and still,
It seemed a butchery to kill
An innocence so sweet.

In the new issue of the Poetry Review are printed several poems by soldiers, one or two of whom have been killed since they wrote.

Fleet Street knew Leslie Coulson well as a youth of a sweet and gentle nature with the soul of a poet, who went to fight in the second month of the war, and was killed leading a charge against the Germans in October last. Leslie Coulson was one of those rare spirits who make no enemies on this earth and who are never known to say a hard thing about anyone. Yet he became a sergeant and a fine soldier. Here are his last verses, "But a short time to live."

Our little hour—how swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
Leaving us but a little while

To dream our dream, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The Gods—They do not give us long—
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short it is
When Love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss
And dies within our first caress.
Youth flickers out like windblown flame,
Sweets of to-day to-morrow sour,
For Time and Death, relentless, claim
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our fates,
To take our fill of armored crime,
To troop our banner, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
One little hour.

Our little hour—how soon it dies;
How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies,
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
Our little hour.

It was like Coulson to sing of "good" rather than "great" deeds.

Shortly Erskine Macdonald will be publishing a collection of about twenty-four of his poems—they will be a valuable addition to the volumes by soldier poets.

A premonition that death is very near seems to have inspired more than one of the poets in their last poems. Here is the final verse of "Before Action," by Edward Melbourne—the late Lieutenant W. N. Hodgson, M. C., as printed in "Soldier Poets":

I that on my familiar hill,
Saw, with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say Good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

Corporal Harold John Jarvis, in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is at pains to show that every sacrifice is worth making for the cause he is fighting for:

If England calls this day—
With yet one aim unwon,
Of all aims just the one
Far dearer than the rest
To woo and win the best
Thing that the world can give—
The Gift of Love—To live
I would not wish.

If England calls this day—
Then shall I die that she
May live in Liberty—
That she may still be great
To rise above blind Hate
Of Foes—Her Flag unfurled,
God's England to the world
For aye to be.

An almost prayerful humility pervades many of these poems. This is how "A Soldier's Litany," by Lieutenant "Richard Raleigh," closes:

And when night's shadows round us close,
God of battles succor those,
Those whose hearts shall ever burn
For loved ones never to return,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
Livera nos Domine!

Next to Rupert Brooke's now immortal lines, perhaps the best poem that expresses the soldier-poet's passion for England has come from Lieutenant Geoffrey Howard:

Her seed is sown about the world. The seas
For Her have path'd their waters. She is known
In swamps that steam about the burning zone,
And dreaded in the last white lands that freeze.

For Her the glory that was Nineveh's
Is naught: the pomp of Tyre and Babylon
Naught: and for all the realms that Caesar won—
One tithe of hers were more than all of these.

And she is very small and very green,
And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
That wind along and lose themselves between
Mossed farms and parks, and fields of quiet sheep.
And in the hamlets where her stalwarts sleep
Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

A new arresting voice that comes from a naval dockyard is that of Egbert Sandford. He talks like this in "At the Top of the Town":

God, here I am—
Right in the heart of the Real,
And the Sham.
—Strange truths to tell:
First—Streets of Heaven
By suburbs of Hell.
Sainthood and Sin—
Parading their best . . . their worst?
. . . Covered in . . .

Full-throated swears—
Some strengthened with curses—
Some sweetened with prayers.

Hovels, fun-folked:
Where Love, Lust, Longing
Run riot—uncloaked;

God, here I am—
Right in the heart of the Real,
And the Sham.

There have just been published in New York the poems of Alan Seeger, a young American, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and was killed in battle on July 4th—Independence Day. His muse, exalted by the life he led in the glorious ranks of our Ally, in the following lines expresses a fatalism which is perhaps characteristic of the fighting race with whom he fought and died:

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade;
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death,
Where spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still.

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.
God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed on silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse right to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—

But I've a rendezvous with Death,
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Such songs as these will make up the "golden treasury" of the songs of our soldiers—one of the beautiful heritages of this war.

Patty Reed

By Katherine Wakeman Cooper

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IT IS MY great privilege to be allowed to undertake a tribute to Patty Reed Lewis, a member of the famous Donner party, known and revered by all Pioneers, Native Sons and Daughters.

It is fitting that I should contribute this article about her, feeble though it be, for she was my mother's girlhood friend and a life-long friend to me, but I take the task up with misgivings, as I know my pen is too weak to set forth the virtues of this noble woman, so I bring to my assistance two great poets, their words best describe her: "A perfect woman nobly planned to warn, to comfort and command." "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou." For whoever has come in contact with this little woman acknowledges the power she has for good; small in stature great in gifts.

There have been many errors committed in California history, none more erroneous than the Little Donner party, for it was Mr. James Frazier Reed, Mrs. Lewis' father, who organized the expedition and fitted it out; late though the recognition be, those who know now call it the Reed Donner party. I asked Mrs. Lewis how the mistake occurred, and she said it had been called the Donner party because a number of the Donners died up there; the lake also took their name.

I have listened to many tales from the lips of Patty Reed, and through them all I instinctively perceive the love of home and family, the love of country, the great love of California, the love of the Native Sons and Daughters, a kind friend to them she is, pity for the sick and helpless, and to the stranger a hearty hand shake and good will.

The dark days of the Donner party are looked back upon not with horror or dread, but with the thought that the kind hand of Providence provided for them in their extremity. The Native Sons and Daughters here honor her every Christmas; this year the Native Daughters sent her a bouquet of carnations on Christmas day, and the Native Sons sent a committee of three to visit her on New Year's day; one carried a note from the Parlor, another a cut-glass vase, and a third a beautiful bouquet of orchids.

Patty Reed was but a child of eight years when the expedition started out from Springfield, Ill., in April, 1846, to reach the foreign lands of California, but her memory is startlingly perfect as to those events, even to details, and as I sat and listened to the wondrous tale from her own lips, the picture passed before me as vividly as the motion picture screen could have shown it, and I remained wrapped in interest for many hours, for it took that time in the telling of it, but for want of space I shall have to be more concise than it pleases me.

Mr. James Frazier Reed was impelled to take this trip by the condition of his wife's health, which at that time was so precarious that a change of scene and climate was imperative.

By the time the expedition was ready to start it had gathered a nucleus of eighty souls; meeting George and Jacob Donner one day, he was asked by them to unfold his plans, and when they were disclosed, they signified intention to join the party; he told them he would be ready to start in

about nine months, and it took about that time to complete his preparations.

Mr. Reed's family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. James Frazier Reed, their children, Virginia Reed, known to her friends as Puss Reed; Martha Reed, affectionately called Patty Reed; James and Thomas K. Reed, also Grandma Keyes, who was in very delicate health at this time, and for that reason Mr. Reed thought it best for her to remain in Springfield, but she desired to be with them as long as possible, and it was so arranged.

Mr. Reed had a wagon fitted out for her and his wife's comfort, it was divided in two compartments, with comfortable beds, the one in the back for Grandma Keyes and the two girls, and the one in front for Mrs. Reed and the two boys; steps were at the side and a stove inside for warmth.

Grandma Keyes seemed better at first, but by the time they had reached a place named by Mr. Reed, Alcove Springs, in Kansas, she became worse and died.

They had neither coffin nor anything available in which to bury her, so Nature was called upon, and a cottonwood tree was hewed down, split in two and hollowed out, her body placed therein and the halves bolted together, and they buried her there in the wilderness, and built a log cabin over her grave with an inscription cut in sandstone to mark it, which was correctly done, as they had a stonecutter with them. Patty Reed says it was the greatest grief to her to have her grandmother resting alone in that wilderness, and that night she prayed most earnestly: "Dear God, watch over and protect dear Grandmother, and don't let the Indians dig her up."

She has never forgotten this sorrow, and some years ago she proceeded to carry out her dearest wish to bring the remains of her grandmother to the foreign lands of California. Accordingly she wrote to the postmaster at Manhattan, near where she supposed the grave to be, and asked him to publish her letter that some one might locate the place. She received about sixty letters. Finally the little spring was found near Marysville, and an old man consented to plow up his fields for twenty-five dollars to try and find the cottonwood coffin if it had resisted the ravages of time, but he died before the effort was made, and Mrs. Lewis found so many difficulties in the way that she finally was obliged to abandon the plan with great regret.

When they reached Fort Hall, they found at a place where they stopped for water that Mr. Hastings had left a note in a cleft stick advising the coming party that if they would take the cut-off instead of the much used Oregon trail they would save about four hundred miles. This would bring them to the California trail. This seemed feasible, yet it was their undoing, for they had not gone one-half hour before they began to cut their way through brush and timber, and this caused them to be thirty days late, and therefore they could not avoid the snows as they expected, while other parties who took the old trail got through without difficulty. This road they blazed is now the only road into the Salt Lake Basin.

They had water for forty miles, but by this new road it was eighty miles before they found any, and they were in the desert when their water gave out.

Mr. Reed started to look for water, but before he went, he told his men to unhitch but not unyoke the oxen, that they would find water for themselves, but his orders were disobeyed; the oxen were unyoked, and finally most of them disappeared; it was supposed the Indians acquired them. Mr. Reed was now in difficulty, as the greater part of their means of transportation had vanished, and he realized that the only thing to do was to cache as much of their belongings as they could possibly spare, and this was done accordingly; he then made arrangements with others of the party to assist him in transporting his family, and divided three years' supply among them, most of them having only a month's supply of provisions.

One day two Indians appeared before them. Mr. Reed tried to conciliate them, and asked them by signs how far it was to water, but only received a grunt in reply. He then knew them to be hostile, and saw others approaching. Turning to his wife, he asked for his spyglass, that he might see how many were coming. As he pulled it out, all disappeared as if by magic; the spyglass was thought by them to be a hostile weapon.

Mr. Reed finally left the party with four or five days' provisions, to go ahead and get supplies; his objective point was Sutter's Fort, which he reached with great difficulty; Captain Sutter immediately agreed to send supplies, which he did; he also sent Mr. Stanton with two Indians who joined the party beyond Reno. The Indians were to guide them, but when it snowed three feet an hour on the 4th of November, the Indians lost their head and took them around the wrong side of the lake. When they found they were making no progress, they decided to return to the cabin, they had passed. It was built by the Murphy family, and occupied by Mose Shellan the previous year. Other cabins were then erected. Mr. Breen cut the first stump for wood for his, and this is now the site for the Donner monument.

The cabins were situated in this way: Reed and Graves cabin, the site of the Donner cross, together; Breen cabin one-half mile nearer the lake, Murphy cabin one-half mile northwest of Breen cabin; Donner cabin eight miles further east.

There were about eighty in the party when it started from Springfield, Ill. About forty reached California.

Mr. Dolan had some meat, about one pound. Mrs. Reed bought it from him; in addition to the money, he wanted Mr. Reed's watch and Royal Arch Mason's jewel, and a steer. Mr. Reed was the first Mason to cross the mountains; it was supposed that Mr. Dolan died or was killed, as Mr. Johnson later bought the watch and jewel from some Indians. It was afterwards restored to the family, and is now in Mrs. Lewis' possession.

Mrs. Reed and her children were now in desperate condition, and would have starved except for two things: the little dog that they had with them made several meals and helped to sustain life; the children were told that Mr. Breen had gone out with his gun, and thus they were not aware that little Cash had given his life for them. Mrs. Reed had bought some hides with which to cover her cabin and keep out the cold. Gradually one by one they disappeared, as she was forced to use them for food. She burnt the hair off in the fire and then boiled them into a kind of glue.

In the meantime, Mr. Reed had left Sutter's Fort for San Francisco, then called Yerba Buena, to seek further assistance. He reached San Jose, when they tried to enlist him to fight the Mexicans, but he resisted, saying he was seeking relief for his starving family and could not be delayed; finally he consented to take part in the battle of Santa Clara, when he acted as lieutenant, and he wrote a description of the battle on the pommel of his saddle, and continued to Yerba Buena; when he reached there, Commodore Hull consented to send relief to the starving immigrants, and men were paid four dollars a day to enlist in their behalf. The Commodore sent an order by Mr. Reed to Mr. Yount at Napa for meat and flour; Mr. Yount had a presentiment of starving immigrants, and at the time the order reached him had Indians drying meat and grinding flour.

While Mr. Reed was gone some of the party got impatient and started to reach California, not realizing that they were then in that State. In the party were Mr. Graves, Mr. Rice, Mr. Foster, Mr. Fosdick, Mr. Dolan and five women. All the women got through finally, and two men; they had not gone far at this time, however, before they were in trouble, and becoming discouraged, returned to camp.

Patty and Tom had been left in the Breen cabin while little Jim was to re-

main at the Graves cabin. One day little Jim, who was at another cabin, started towards them, when little Tom ran out to meet him a man named Keyesburg threatened to shoot him, saying he would make a good meal. Patty ran out and rescued him, and he afterwards stayed inside.

None of the Reed family ate human flesh, though most of the others did.

On the 7th of February the first relief party consisting of Mr. Glover and six men reached the Donner camp; they were to bring out all who could walk; Mrs. Reed and four children started out, but Tom and Patty soon gave out and were taken back to camp. Mr. Glover had given Patty a salt sack of flour and meat for herself and brother; she was to make a spoonful of broth each day, but this was taken from them, and all they had to eat was the remaining portion of the hide which had not been used. They were so exhausted when Mr. Reed, with the second relief party, found them, that he was just barely able to resuscitate them.

Lieutenant Selim Woodworth commanded the third relief party.

They were first taken to a rendezvous, where there were two Frenchmen, John Droe and Dufore, in charge of government supplies; and then they stayed at Squire St. Clair's one month.

Mr. Yount sent a team for them from Napa, where they stayed for some time. On the 4th of July they had a barbecue, and cake. Mrs. Reed made the cake.

Those unfortunate enough to lose their lives at Donner Lake were, first, Bayliss Williams, on the 17th of December, followed by Jacob and George Donner, their wives and five children of Jacob.

Mrs. Graves died the first night out; that night Patty Reed heard her say that she had dropped it, meaning that she had buried some money at the foot of a tree; several years ago a son of Mrs. Graves was searching for it, but could not locate the spot. About that time some woodchoppers found a piece of money at the foot of a tree, and examination disclosed the rest of it.

Several years ago Mrs. Patty Reed Lewis and Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy attended as special guests a convention of Native Sons assembled at Truckee, and were taken by Mr. McGlashan to the scene of the Donner Camp, the first time since those memorable days. He asked Mrs. Lewis if she thought she could recognize the spot where Starve Camp had been; she said she was sure she could, and did accordingly, the split rock assisting her memory. "There," she said, "is where Starve Camp was, by that split rock," and Mr. McGlashan replied: "And there by the root of that tree is where we found the money."

There are living to-day the following members of the Reed-Donner party: Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy, residing at Capitola, Santa Cruz County; Mrs. Patty Reed Lewis, also at Capitola; Mr. Tom Reed, Capitola; four Donner girls, Mrs. Jean App, Knight's Landing, Mrs. Frances Wilder of Byron; Elitha Wilder, Eliza Donner Houghton, Hynes, Los Angeles County —and one of the Breens, Mrs. McMahan of San Francisco.

Recognition is generally delayed, sometimes fatally so. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," but I think to speak good of the living is more to the point. The virtues of the pioneer father have been known, but those of the pioneer mother have been obscured by his greatness. At last they receive recognition through the Pioneer Mother's Monument, a worthy tribute to the mothers of our State. Would that Patty Reed Lewis had been its model, a woman who combines all the attributes of her race, courage, nobility and kindness.

Boyhood Days on the Banks of the Sacramento in the Seventies

By Rockwell D. Hunt

I COUNT myself happy to be numbered among those who were born in Sacramento, the Capital City of the Empire State of the Pacific.

The event occurred far too late to admit any claim on my part to being a real Argonaut: yet it has always seemed to me that I have succeeded in imbibing a goodly measure of the pioneer spirit, since my father came to California in the gold days by way of "the Isthmus," my mother a little later following the ox-team "across the Plains," and my own rearing was in an atmosphere vibrant with the echoes of early days.

At the tender age of but a few weeks I was taken, along with older brothers, my father and mother, to the home of my boyhood, along the banks of the Sacramento, eight miles south of the city. The little country settlement—it is scarcely more even to-day—is called Freeport, and its most conspicuous feature, fit monument to the name, was the great 120-foot liberty pole, erected during the Grant-Colfax campaign, surmounted by a curious red-colored weather cock. This magnificent flag-pole—now long since brought low by time and the elements—was the pride and wonder of us boys in those years following the Civil War, admirably serving as a landmark for miles round about.

In addition to this central attraction the humble settlement boasted its blacksmith, boot-and-shoe maker, innkeeper, and—most consequential of all—grocer, postmaster and saloon keeper combined in one rather pompous personage. Each had his individual history; each was of institutional importance to the neighborhood boys.

But the one commanding presence in the days of my boyhood was the sacred river itself. "If ever river deserved idolatry, adoration," to borrow a phrase from the Poet of the Sierras, "it was this generous Sacramento River of ours—the river that saved the nation with its gold." Moreover, it requires no Herodotus to tell us that a vast empire is the gift of this, the California Nile. The dear old Sacramento, broad and constant, was the companion of my childhood days: that it wielded a subtle influence upon my life I cannot entertain a doubt.

The backward glance now shows a goodly group of pioneer farmers, neighbors of my father, up and down the east bank of the willow lined Sacramento. The Hack's, Lufkin's, Huber's, Johnson's, Hollister's, Runyon's, Green's, and many others, form a list of notables in the eyes of my earlier days whose solid worth has not been diminished by the maturer vision of manhood's estate. Often have I in later days marveled at the dogged persistence and untiring industry of those sturdy men in the long and dubious fight for mastery of their fertile acres during the years when the hydraulic mining along the tributaries of the Upper Sacramento sent its millions of tons of "slickens" and debris down the once clear current to fill the river bed and cause flood after flood to run riot in the lower valley.

But to a healthy boy the "high water times" were full of the charm of var-

ied excitement. What mattered it if the faithful cows, carefully stanchioned in the barn, were found some winter morning standing knee-deep in the flood waters that had risen overnight, and must needs be hurried off to the distant foothills? What if fences and bridges were ruthlessly swept away and the season's planting ruined beyond repair? What if for weeks the only vehicle capable of running on the county road was the indispensable rowboat, and the levees were patrolled night and day by anxious men armed with rifle and shovel, on the look-out for a fresh "break?" It was fun for the boy.

A good rowboat was the sine qua non: ditto a shot-gun. Think of the exhilaration of rowing, with clear keel, over the submerged fields—fences and all—ever on the watch for 'coons and skunks on unsubmerged tops of fence posts, and for jack-rabbits and squirrels imprisoned on bits of levee or knobs of land. How interesting to come upon huge gopher snakes or "blue racers" coiled tightly about some isolated fence post whose base was surrounded by an expanse of many acres of flood waters.

And then to think of the feathered game: the undrained swamp lands stretching along the Sacramento were in their season a veritable hunter's paradise. From zig-zagging jack-snipe to graceful swan and high-circling sand-hill crane, myriads of coveted birds attracted the adventurous Nimrod. Who of those days will ever forget Beach's Lake, or the Willow Slough, or the far famed "Pocket?" No school room instruction in nature study was necessary to distinguish the many varieties of ducks, from the whizzing blue-winged teal to stately canvasback or swift black-jack; every boy acquired such knowledge very much as the "husky" schoolboy of today masters the intricacies of modern football, altogether without conscious effort. Full well did he know the call of the "honker," the gray goose, and the brant, even though perchance nightfall had shut out from view the birds in their flight; likewise he knew which species of curlew was good to eat; he was not deceived into mistaking the ubiquitous mudhen for a real duck; he unerringly recognized the meadow mush-room which his city cousin could never be quite sure was not a noxious toadstool.

In these latter days, when the game laws set up, as it were, a strong presumption against shooting anything not specifically permitted, it must be difficult for a red-blooded boy to understand and appreciate the liberty of action in that time when the general presumption favored shooting anything not specifically forbidden. And the only thing that could at all compensate for not owning a faithful muzzle-loading shotgun was an older brother who did own one. For him the youngster would be an abject and obedient slave on hunting days, following him like a dog, carrying the quarry, and hoping ever that he might be given at least "just one shot." My personal recollections of such happy serviture, as retriever to an older brother, are vivid. Many a time have I dashed into the muddy and icy waters of the lake, with breeches tightly rolled almost to my hips, to capture and bring to land a duck wounded by the proud hunter shooting from the shore.

The bags of game that were sometimes brought in were marvelous to behold. No bag limit prescribed by law in those halcyon days! Wondrous tales were told of the slaughter of wagon loads of geese, and of the numbers brought down by a single charge from a number four "blunderbus." But duck hunting was keener sport than shooting geese. It was in some localities necessary to herd the geese from the fields just growing green with the young and tender grain, where in truth they often proved a real pest. The tantalizing part of this was that the sagacious goose invariably learned to detect the herder who carried a gun, and to pay correspondingly little heed to the unarmed. Of this form of morning exercise the lady who

now prepares my meals has very distinct remembrance—for herding geese on horseback was a task that often fell to the lot of the farmer's little daughter, over in Solano County.

When the river was high, pleasure was often combined with profit in the catching of drift-wood. He was an unfortunate lad that did not possess a good long "pike-pole," with which to secure the pieces of wood that floated within his reach, or lodged on his "drift." Far more exciting than this, however, was the practice of pulling out into the main current in the full-manned rowboat. By full-manned I mean that two sturdy youths plied the four oars, a third acted as lookout in the bow, while the fouth, seated in the stern, managed the rudder and captured the bulk of the wood. It was thus that I, on many a happy occasion, in the dawning days of youth, made one in the quartet of brothers. Experience had early taught the wisdom of rowing up-stream a half mile or more close in along the bank where the current was moderate: then we launched forth into the middle of the great, swift-running river, yellow with "slickens" from the placer mines. All the strength of the oarsmen was required to hold to a given point amid-stream. The third and fourth parties of the crew began at once to reap the harvest and fill the boat with the dripping wood. Now it came in the form of isolated blocks, with good-sized pebbles deeply imbedded, hinting of the far-distant sluice-box, or of billets of pine, oak, willow and cottonwood; anon a great tree, with banners flying, that had been uprooted by a mountain torrent perhaps hundreds of miles away; again—richest harvest of all—floating majestically along came great masses of piling and beams wrenched from some bridge or wharfage that had been ruthlessly swept from its place by the angry on-rush of the flood waters. In the quick struggle to capture such a prize the half-mile or more gained by rowing up-stream proved indeed a boon. For by the time the great logs were securely gripped by rope and spike, so great was the force of the swift current that it required all haste and heavy pulling to bring the boat with its tow safely to land on our own river bank. Many a great drift proved too formidable a freight and was allowed haughtily to pursue its course, tempting other and possibly more fortunate crews as it sped onward.

Each winter left us a supply of good wood which, supplemented by cuttings from our own oak and willow timber, made it totally unnecessary to purchase fuel for home use. It is still a matter of something like boyish pride to recall how the group of brothers, during a part of one season, caught and worked up for the market seven cords of stove wood, the receits from the sale of which (being among our first independent earnings) paid for certain coveted sets of photographs of farmer boys.

While the flood-time and the high water brought excitement and moving incidents without number, I would be loath to admit that the pleasures of the summer were one whit less than those of winter, along the banks of the Sacramento. Who of those days can ever forget the old buckeye tree that sent its branches far out over the river's edge at the neighborhood's favorite swimming place! And was there ever a boy or a girl within a score of miles round-about whose initials were not carved thereon Then, standing immediately adjacent, there was the more lofty sycamore whose lower limb, parallel to the water's surface, seemed specially grown as a spring-board for the venturesome young diver. Some rods further down the stream were the willows, with here and there a wild grape vine climbing upward and clinging to the very top; then came the massive oaks, one of which—a fallen monarch for years—formed a great drift, to circle which taxed the strength and courage of the best young swimmers.

But the crowning achievement was reached when, for the first time, a boy found himself able to swim from shore

to shore across the wide Sacramento. How well I yet remember the proud day when I ventured forth, accompanied by the reassuring rowboat, and succeeded in buffeting the current and the river, finally reaching the drooping boughs of the overhanging willows on the opposite bank.

Like all small boys of Yankeedom we had a fondness for earning trifling amounts of money; the means most commonly employed during the "good old summer time" was the frequent expedition along the river's edge in search of bottles and corks that had been washed ashore by the waves of chance. What a delight to wade along knee-deep in the yellow "slickens," when to the natural love of innocent adventure was thus added the prospect of selling our finds for a few cents or trading them for the little "prize-boxes" of candy, so alluring to that generation of children.

And then those wonderful steamboats! Not merely the light-draft stern-wheelers, but the large, palatial side-wheelers—some of them with great walking-beams—that competed for the passenger traffic between the metropolis at the bay and the Capital City. It is a happy memory to recall their names now—the "S. M. Whipple," the "Amador," the "Chin Du Wan," the "Chrysopolis," the "Sacramento," the "Yosemite," "El Capitan," and the rest of them. And a pity it was that these splendid vessels had to be taken from the river, as its bed filled year after year with "slickens," and navigation by anything but very light-draft boats became impossible during the summer season of low water.

With us the "Whipple" was a general favorite, and for two reasons—because of her splendid speed, almost uniformly out-distancing her competitor in the frequent river races; and because of that marvelous instrument, the steam caliope, on her deck, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and other popular airs. What wondrous music that was to our boyish ears! And sometimes audible long before the steamer had rounded the "bend," which sent us scampering up the windmill tower in gleeful eagerness to catch the first glimpse of the river palace. Happiness was supreme when, in response to the waving and cheers from the windmill and levee the favorite steamboat would swing close in to our shore, and then, ah then! the calliope began to play!

In those days also the river traffic in freight was of huge proportions. We used to marvel at the amount of grain, especially wheat, that passed by our river bank; but when we grew large and strong enough to assist in the loading, and observed the golden grain brought to the levee from a hundred fertile farms, our wonder ceased. There was something inspiring about watching a stanch river boat like the "San Joaquin No. 2" hauling a string of three or even four great barges deeply laden with thousands of tons of wheat destined for the markets of the world by way of the Golden Gate.

But the boyish joys peculiar to the happy spring-time must not be overlooked. Memories of glad spring crowd and jostle one another: only a few may be uttered, many must remain unexpressed.

It was a great day when by virtue of the genial warmth of old Sol we were permitted to throw aside for the season our shoes and stockings and enjoy the touch of Nature that makes all boys kin.

With the approach of the month of May our eager thoughts were turned toward the Grangers' Picnic: were there ever, anywhere else, such wonderful occasions of festivity as the annual May Day picnic at Beach's Grove? That was the day of days, when we were willingly waked and called early. Mother had already baked the great chicken pie, both wide and deep; for the picnic dinner was the feast of feasts, and her piece de resistance was the chicken pie, ample for the group of families that thus yearly united in joyous conclave. The ice-cream, the golden oranges, the merry-go-round, the brass band music,

and best of all, the afternoon sports and races—pleasures with which the children of to-day are surfeited—of such were the allurements to the unsophisticated country boy on the banks of the Sacramento back in the seventies.

Then came haying time—not always filled with unmixed pleasure to the older brothers needed in field or hay mow, not wholly free from the song of the pestiferous gnat, nor yet without its painful memories of the grind-stone to us younger ones, yet withal a happy, busy, rollicking time on the farm. The search for birds' nests in the meadow was rewarded with many an interesting find—nests of many varieties, from gold-finch to valley quail, and from quail to mallard duck and squawking bittern.

A favorite pastime was to follow closely behind the mowing machine, ever on the look-out for nests, especially those of the wild duck, which were easily located when the approach of the machine drove the mother bird to reluctant flight. And what could be more engaging than the spirited chase after a flock of young wild ducks headed for lake or river! The chase was all the more exciting if perchance there was handy by the light-draft "duck-boat," which furnished its full quota of adventure, in summer and winter, in lake and river.

Neither time nor space will permit me to continue. The apparently simple and uneventful life of the farmer boy on the banks of the Sacramento was, after all, neither simple nor dull—it was filled with well-nigh endless variety, affording opportunity for countless activities and a wealth of wholesome pleasures. Every season of the year yielded distinctive experiences—all dropped invisible riches into young lives.

To be sure, there were hardships and deprivations, there was the discipline of early toil and the absence of many blessings that to-day are counted mere commonplaces; but that is another story—such evil portents must not be suffered to obtrude themselves here and mar the present picture of joyous boyhood days. Pleasanter far it is, as with the unfailing exuberance of youth, to cherish only the happy memories, which indeed may easily be held to have crowded out into the limbo of everlasting forgetfulness everything of minor key or of sombre hue.

* * * *

The other day it was my fortune to revisit the scenes of early childhood at dear old Freeport. How all has changed.

The old homestead that in days of yore faced the river and was fronted by that beautiful flower garden (fragrant of memory)—the handiwork of a devoted mother—is but a precious remembrance: the shrill whistle and clanging bell of the locomotive offer sufficient explanation. Gone is the apple tree that stood not far from the flag pole, and faithfully furnished its juicy red astrachans to the boys year after year, always so early in the season; and the sugar pear tree, where the saucy linnets vied with the boys for the first ripening fruit; the lovely oak grove is no more, and the "little grove," which had always seemed a favorite nesting place for the birds.

A solitary stroll down along the river bank discloses no overhanging buckeye tree, with its myriad of carved initials; the lofty sycamore is gone; the giant oaks are as if they had never been. The river bank itself seems cruelly and unnaturally mutilated, the sloping water-front thrown back upon a huge levee to afford a solid bed for the encroaching railroad. In the river, instead of the side-wheelers that made such powerful appeal to the boyish imagination, with wonder-working walking-beams and all, are noted now the stoutly built tug, the great dredger, and the pepper-popping motor boat; but also an improved type of stern wheeler for passengers as well as freight.

Out in the fields the mile race-track has long since passed; the great patch of willows, which had been a wondrous field for exploration for many a boy, has years ago succumbed to the

woodman's axe; and even the upper lake, fringed by many acres of tall tules—the scene of unnumbered winter hunts and exciting summer fires—has virtually yielded itself an unwilling sacrifice to the better drainage of a more "scientific" age.

And the old boys of the seventies are not there now. Their parents—that roll of worthies of forty years ago—have all crossed the great divide, my own father of powerful frame the last of all; and they themselves are widely scattered by their respective callings. Some of them have died. Was it an indication of weakness that my heart secretly yearned for a momentary restoration of the things that were, for a taste of the companionships of my early childhood?

But no—not all is changed. Twittertering birds from neighboring treetops still announce the break of day: the note of the linnet and the oriole, of the lark and the gold-finch are yet true to type. The same gorgeous sunrise gladdens the opulent valley that has become an inland empire. Out in the meadow it is springtime again: colts and calves are gamboling as of long ago.

Best of all, yonder continues to flow the sacred river, pouring out the blessing of riches to all the people. If the buck-eye and the sycamore are gone, the great dyke gives added security against overflow; if the jungle of early days, with its bounty of wild blackberries and grapes, is gone forever, in its place are the fertile fields of fine alfalfa and richly laden orchards of pears, peaches and cherries; if the side-wheelers do not ply the river's waters, neither is the debris permitted now to clog the river bed, and the presence of the giant dredger gives prophecy of even better days for navigation.

The rapidly growing Capital City, more serious attention to intensive and scientific farming, the movement for good roads and the conquering spirit of enterprising people have already brought about a transformation along the banks of the Sacramento, and doubtless foretoken still more of material prosperity.

Yet in spite of all this we who were there as boys four decades ago shall never cease to cherish the memories of that earlier though more primitive time, but shall ever be grateful to the God of fields and rivers for the joys of living on the banks of the Sacramento back in the seventies.

WAS IT A DREAM?

Was it a dream, or did the one
Of long ago steal back and brush
Her hand across my fevered brow?
Or could it be the night-cooled wind,
Had through my vine-hid window crept
And waked me from my troubled sleep?

The choice is mine—I'd rather think
That she, whose mother-life well knew
The cares of earth were hard to bear
Came back; and while her tired son slept,
A silent, night-long vigil kept,
Beside the one who mourns her still.

BURTON JACKSON WYMAN.



Carriers getting supplies of food stuffs.

Chinese Food and Restaurants

By Alice A. Harrison

THERE is a Chinese proverb which reads: "The man who eats fears not his wife." This may help to explain the sleek, fat, unbeaten look of the greater number of the inhabitants of San Francisco's Chinatown. In the year 1915, according to the report of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the import of rice from China alone amounted to over sixty-eight million pounds, valued at nearly a million and a half of dollars. No doubt many a "Chink" was thereby saved a flaying at the hands of his spouse.

In spite of Chinatown's Western environs the spirit of the Orient survives extensively, in markets, marriage, medicine, Mohammedanism, music and moneys, but in nothing more than in meats and the preparation thereof. A Chinaman is naturally endowed with Epicurean tendencies. Hence, he eats what he wants when he wants it. It may be sea-weed soup with lotus berries, or Bow Yee Gong, his euphonious name for abalone soup with bamboo shoots, but when the inner Chinaman sounds the dinner gong he finds the outer Chinaman usually prompt to respond. "Me bleakfast nine o'clock," says Wong Him, "dinner four o'clock," but he makes no mention of the gay succession of snacks that lend joy and variety to his days.

All Chinatown seems more or less busy minding the matter of its eats.



Along the leading shopping street of Chinatown, San Francisco.

The narrow streets teem with errand-going Chinese. Up and down the sidewalks, discreet, uncommunicative, they pass and repass, earnest getters of grub in the vast grub-getting scheme of things.

Proverbially silent of foot, the predominant sound is of banging doors as they push into the markets, but once within the food precincts noises and odors battle royally for supremacy, and many a barking bargain is driven, punctuated by nods and staccato grunts.

Markets there are a-many, sometimes three or four in one block, usually liberally and suggestively interspersed with drug stores. They bear a generic resemblance. Overhead hang plump-bodied rabbits, squabs and chickens ready dressed for the rites of that dietary dignitary, the cook. A series of coops rises tier on tier to the ceiling. In the lowest of these live rabbits rustle disconsolately nibbling greens. Distracted hens on the next story crane inquisitive necks through the bars and cluck in a minor key. Ducks and geese lend aroma and tune, and over all the unvanquished scent of fish arises and pervades the premises. For every fish that floats or swims lies shimmering on an immense counter: great black-bellied sturgeon, spotted sharks, rows and rows of carp and strangely yellow cod, heaps of flounder, sole, sardines, halibut without number, and like a great patch of silver, the inevitable "pen-and-ink" fish" lie in a flaccid heap. Owing to a love of piscatorial produce the best that the briny affords makes

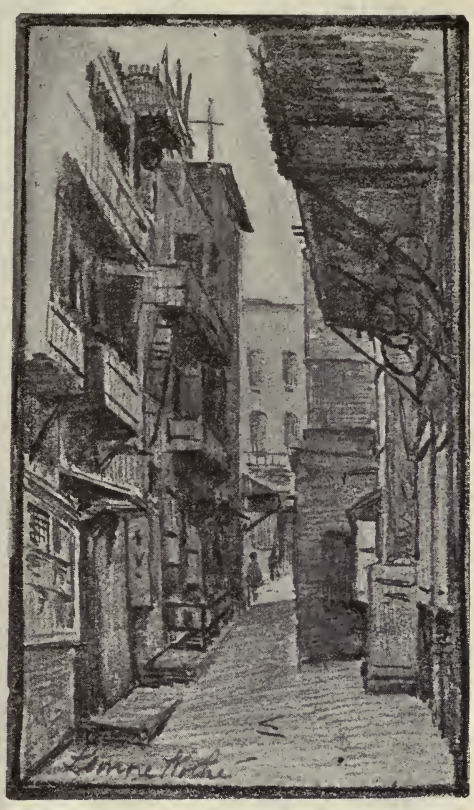


A corner of a Chinatown restaurant.

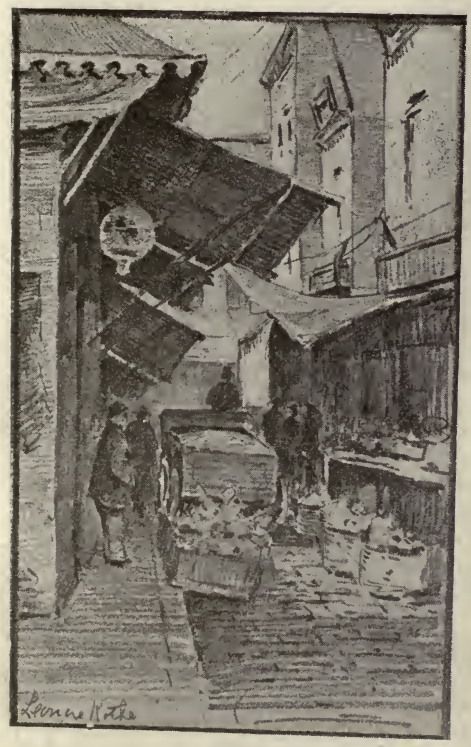
a Chinaman's staple of diet. Every variety of fish known to the coast waters is marshalled for Chinese consumption. Many northern varieties are brought from Seattle, and the waters of the Sacramento River must give up their living to stock the Grant avenue markets. Shell-fish of every sort, crawfish, lobsters, shrimps, crabs, oysters, abalones and tanks full of torpid turtles flank the fish counters.

Here and there a restaurant waves an inviting yellow finger in the form of a "Chop Suey" sign to such as have the courage to venture within. The man of timorous spirit or sensitive stomach who survives the ordeal of a Chinese dinner should be awarded a chop-stick badge for courage.

It begins with Chop Suey, the Oriental device which makes our poor old hash blush for its simplicity. It may be water chestnut Chop Suey, as the bill of fare declares it is. Then again it may be, as the taste swears it is, a few old shoes, brass-buttons and a wornout pipe. At any rate it swims about in a bedragoned bowl, and you eat it if you can. Hard upon its heels comes fried rice with chicken, pork and shrimps, lots of it, soon to be followed by that devil inspired concoction, Cho Go Gong, a mess of meat, eggs, grass mushrooms and bean cakes liquidated into soup consistency. Then eggs await your attention. Eggs! Ah, now you know what happens to the eggs of yesteryear. If after their consumption you have not become delirious, you may be invited to partake of the grandparent of those eggs, whose flavor has been enhanced by liberal applications of bitter melon.

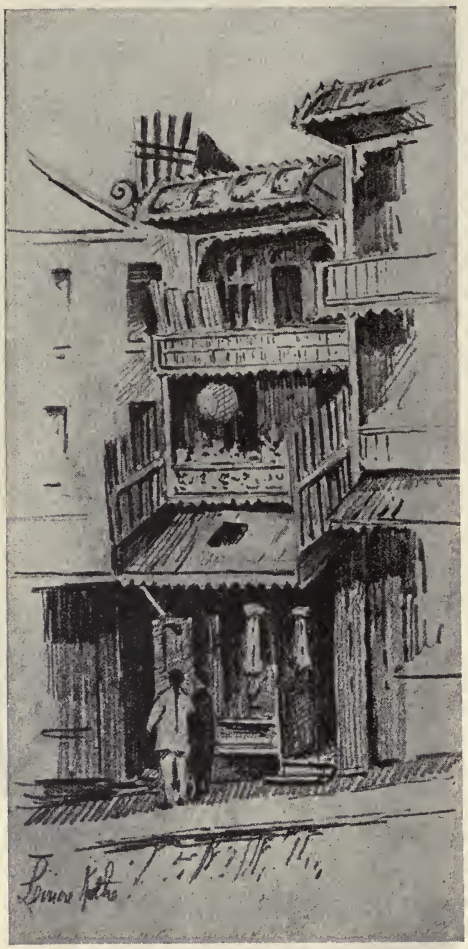


Where the hawkers of Chinese dishes ply their trade.



In Fish Alley, Chinatown.

The meal is quite sure to be butterless, as butter is a food despised. "You smellee all same butter," is an indictment often brought against the Occidental by the yellow folk. The five flavorings, salt, sweet, sour, bitter and



Side entrance of one of the Chinese restaurants.

acrid are ever pronouncedly present. For such as survive the menu a reward awaits in the form of dessert and tea. A reward in truth, for the poetic and fanciful names applied to teas and sweets are amply justified. "Water fairy" suggests a light and delicious beverage, which indeed it is. "Peacefulness" soothes even as it cheers. "Dragon's Beard" is a stronger brew for another mood, and "Butterfly's Eyebrow" is as ethereal and choice as its name. The nectar and ambrosia of the gods were not more celestial dainties than star fruit, green apricots in honey, golden limes and luscious lichee fruit.

That discreet female, the Sphinx, must have been a cousin of the first Chinaman, and between them they have kept a number of secrets. One of these is the reason for the Chinese predilection for dried foods. The most delicious and juicy of all the sea tribes of shell fish are divorced from their native element and dried beyond all recognition. The desert is a swamp compared to the aridity of this field of Chinese "eats."

"To revel and to roister with the succulent oyster" is a dear delusion at an Oriental table d'hote. The leathery and extremely disagreeable looking mass of brown substance there served would never have tempted the Carpenter nor the Walrus either.

The dried shrimp, so lately pink and juvenile, is almost unrecognizable, crisp, crackly and malodorous. Black and blue, and altogether beetling, the abalone takes the prize for general savor and appearance of prolonged en tombment. Even ducks, most Lucullan of morsels, are reduced to the appearance and proportions of bats through the process of penitential drying for past watery wanderings.

Nor is the getting and selling of food limited within the confines of Chinatown proper. Witness the fields of vegetables, outside the city limits, wherein American vegetables, with the exception of celery, are conspicuous by their absence. Instead of our unromantic Po-Ta-To, here are the Chu-ko and the Hawaiian Taro, exceeding in nutriment if not in flavor our own beloved tuber. The Chinese have a fondness for melons equal to a corporation, and grow them in an astonishing variety. The zit-kwa is the prize fruit, often weighing as much as 30 pounds.

This is eaten in a number of forms, and finally as a delicious confection calls glaced fruit to an efficiency test.

With an admirable economy, the seeds of this wonderful fruit have a ceremonial function, and are partaken of on the grounds of friendship as a cocktail preliminary to a meal. (Prohibitionists take notice!) No statis-



The front of a noted Chinese restaurant, San Francisco.



In the Chinese dining quarter.

tics are available as to friendships cemented by this indulgence.

Yet undisputed ruler, lord of all lesser greens, reigns the almighty bean. Boston has adopted the baked bean, but China had it first. Not only baked, but boiled, made into pastes, soups, oil and cheese. Thus has China whole-heartedly spilled the beans.

Bean oil is a favorite medium in which most Chinese cooking is done, and is largely responsible for the oblique flavor so unpalatable to "white devils."

In the window of almost every Chinese grocer is a bilious pyramid of yellow-green cakes of bean cheese, and there is no margin for choice between the flavor and appearance of this delicacy. The bean as we know it is a gregarious vegetable. Taken alone and reduced to an essence, the result is a feeling, not a flavor. Despite these few vagaries John Chinaman eats wisely and well. Also he preserves a holy silence as to his daily fare. This stoic silence frequently seems to conceal thoughts too deep for utterance, but trust him not, fair lady. He is bamboozling thee! More often it but cloaks the "epicure serenely full."

Practical Suggestions on Foods Rich in Iron

By Evaline M. Kerr, Dietitian German Hospital, San Francisco

A QUESTION often asked is: "How shall we supply the anemic person with iron?" The person who, for some reason, lacks his share of good red blood needs to know the foods that furnish iron. Iron is so important to proper nutrition that most persons are familiar with it through the advertisements of the numerous iron tonics on the market. The use of these tonics would be greatly diminished by a knowledge of food values, for food iron is what is needed rather than the iron which is sold in a bottle of "tonic."

Among the foods of animal origin, meat, fowl and fish have much iron in them, especially if the blood is in the tissues, but eggs, principally the yolk, (each yolk containing 1.5 milligrams of iron) which furnishes blood and muscle for the prospective chick, are rich in iron. Milk furnishes little iron, but is rich in lime, which stimulates the absorption of iron.

The iron compounds of meat do not yield as readily to the digestive ferments as do those of vegetables and fruits, so that the iron of the latter is better absorbed and become more completely available for nutrition. Moreover, the use of too much meat (especially by persons of sedentary habits or indoors occupation) tends towards intestinal putrefaction, with resulting absorption of putrefactive products, which are detrimental to the red blood cells and probably in other ways interfere with the economy of *iron* in the body.

Fruits and vegetables, on the other hand, have the opposite effect. Iron is present in milk only in very small quantities, as was heretofore mentioned, but is in a form exceptionally favorable for assimilation. Notwithstanding the low iron content, a diet of milk and white bread appears to be adequate for the maintenance of iron equilibrium in normal man, but not in sufficient quantities to restore iron where a deficiency exists.

Vegetable foods are strong in flavor, which means mineral matter, including iron. All mineral matter is valuable when combined by nature in food material, and we find the minerals close under the skins of fruits and vegetables, especially potatoes; therefore, cook potatoes with their jackets on) even if you wish to mash them. Wherever green color is present in vegetables, as in salads and greens, you find iron in abundance, and spinach heads the list. When the green color of fruits has matured to red or brown, we find iron, with other minerals, and these are strongest close under the skin.

Dried fruits are valuable sources of iron; figs, dates, prunes and raisins head the list.

The outer coats of grain have much mineral matter in them, and we should cultivate a taste for graham bread and select only breakfast cereals with an eye to their brown color, as whole or cracked wheat, shredded wheat, oatmeal or rolled oats.

A varied diet is necessary. For instance, if one kind of meat is served at dinner, have fish at the night meal; or if eggs are not served at breakfast, have them for the lighter meal.

Perhaps few of our readers know of the Government Bulletins on Food, obtainable from the Department of Agriculture, most of them given free on application—others at a very small fee. The Farmers' Bulletin numbers

are 256, 526, 128, 391, 487, 808, 298, 468, 293, 565, 121, 653.

Following are some of the foods containing iron: Spinach, asparagus, celery, beets, cabbage, lettuce, squash, onions, beans, peas, tomatoes, radishes, potatoes, lentils, barley, whole wheat, oatmeal, rice, plums, pears, apples, bananas, pineapples, strawberries, currants, oranges, grapes, olives, peaches, honey, cocoa, walnuts, raisins, figs, prunes, dates, eggs (yolks), beef, ham, codfish, salmon.

MENUS

Breakfast.

1. Cereal (preferably those containing the outer layers), fruit, egg, toast, coffee.
2. Fruit, bran muffins, bacon, coffee.
3. Fruit (cooked or raw), cereal, egg (omelet of yolks, 1 tablespoon water added to each yolk), brown bread (or toast of same), coffee.
4. Fruit, eggs, graham biscuit or muffins, coffee.
5. Fruit, bacon and eggs (not fried eggs), bread or toast, coffee.
6. Fruit, cereal (or shredded wheat), cocoa, toast.
7. Whole wheat muffins, scrambled eggs, coffee.

Luncheon.

1. Cream soup (celery) or creamed chops on toast, bread, apple sauce, crisp cookies, tea or milk.
2. Salad (stuffed eggs), plenty of lettuce, olives, bread, peaches, sponge cake, cocoa.
3. Scalloped rice (with cheese or oysters), fruit salad, bread, graham wafers, tea.
4. Scrambled eggs on toast (if eggs not served for breakfast), bread or tea biscuit, fruit, tea.
5. Cream of pea soup, croutons, graham bread, prune whip, tea or cocoa.
6. Cheese souffle, hearts of lettuce salad, whole wheat bread, fruit, tea.
7. Creamed fish on toast, baked apple, graham cookies, cocoa or tea.

Dinner.

1. Chops, baked potatoes, celery, baked cream squash, rice pudding (plenty of raisins), brown bread.
2. Roast beef, mashed or steamed potatoes (cooked in jackets), green salad, peas, fruit (stewed or baked), bread.
3. Broiled chicken, brown rice, asparagus (or asparagus salad), puree of turnips, steamed fig pudding, graham bread.
4. Consomme (marrow balls), Turkish pilof, carrots, custard (baked or boiled), bread.
5. Steak, scalloped onions, boiled potatoes (with jackets on), artichoke (cold or hot), Brown Betty (dates instead of apples, fruit sauce), bread.
7. Macaroni and cheese, lettuce salad, spinach, pineapple (or other fruit), cookies (crisp), graham bread.
7. Pot roast or leg of lamb, baked potato, cauliflower (flowers only if distressing to one), radishes (if tolerated), apple pie, bread.



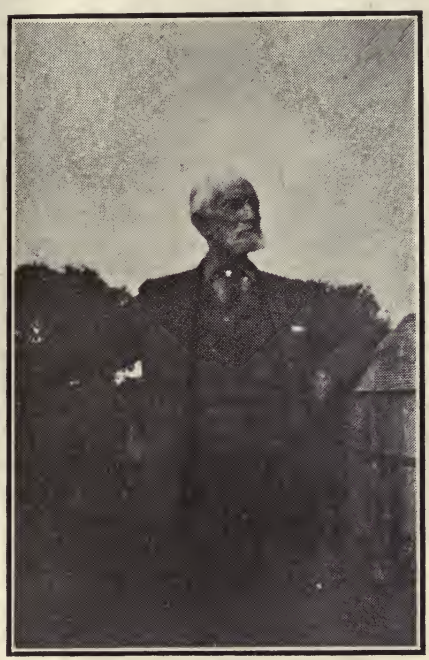
William Rowlands, California Pioneer

By Bertha M. Payne

THERE is still living in California, not far from San Jose, a pioneer, William Rowlands by name, who was a resident of Omaha at the time of the discovery of gold in Colorado, and who was one of the first to make the trip overland from Omaha to what is now Denver. This is the story, as told by him, of how it came about:

In 1858 I was working in Omaha. Somehow a rumor got started that gold had been found at Cherry Creek, and there was great excitement. Newspapers were gotten out on gold-colored papers, proclaiming the discovery, and everybody was wild to start for Colorado.

"In September, 1858, I was one of a party of forty-five men who started out across the plains with fourteen prairie schooners drawn by oxen. We took with us provisions enough to last a year, with what game we could shoot. The country between Omaha and what is now Denver was a trackless prairie inhabited only by Indians, and over which thousands of buffaloes roamed. The Indians were for the most part friendly—and so were the buffaloes—the latter far more so than was exactly comfortable for us. When we stopped for the night they would come close to our camp and try to lure our cattle away, and we had a hard time to keep them from going. At night we would draw up our wagons in the form of a circle, and then, after allowing the oxen to graze until bedtime, we would drive them inside of the ring, and a guard would keep watch at the entrance all night. But one night, when we were about forty miles west of Fort Kearney, a big herd of buffaloes came up so close



Wm. Rowlands, California Pioneer.

that the call of the wild took possession of our cattle, and there was a regular stampede; they broke out of the enclosure, and, in a minute, every one was gone. We stayed there several days trying to get them back, but some of them we were never able to capture. We killed several buffaloes on the way, so we had plenty of meat.

"We arrived at the Platte river, near the present site of Denver, in October, and there built our cabins for the winter. Deer were so plentiful that I shot thirty of them myself during the winter, and we had more venison than we could eat, and plenty of 'jerked' buffalo meat.

"We learned, on arriving there, that

the report which had started us off was false, and that no gold had been discovered on Cherry Creek. None of our party were practical miners, and we knew nothing about prospecting or mining, and so we found no trace of gold. But in the spring of 1859 a party from Georgia, under the leadership of a man named Gregory were going through on their way to California. When they got to Fort Laramie they heard a rumor that gold had been discovered at Pike's Peak, so they changed their route and started for there. They were experienced prospectors, and knew how to hunt for gold, and it was not long before they found, in the mountains, about forty miles from Denver, what was called the 'Gregory Lead,' very rich in gold. Soon other leads were found, and more and more gold, and then the gold rush began in earnest. It was an easy matter to build a railroad from Omaha because much of the way the country was so level that the ties could be laid right on the ground, and many miles built in a day, and it did not take long to finish the road. Denver was laid out, and a bonus was offered to any one who would build a house there. I was given a donation of four lots, and built one of the first houses where the city of Denver now stands.

"Then," added Mr. Rowlands, reminiscently, "last fall I went back East on a visit, over this same route that I had traversed by ox-team nearly sixty years ago—and what a change! Then, a trackless wilderness; now only cultivated fields and towns—and not a buffalo to be seen. Time certainly does bring changes."

Time has been good to Mr. Rowlands, however, for, in spite of the hardships of pioneer days (or perhaps, because of them), he is still hale and hearty, enjoying life, and able to do more work every day than many a man twenty years his junior; and he is now, at the age of 84, contemplating a trip to Australia to visit a brother from whom he has been separated for more than sixty years.

A Trip to Drake's Bay

THE first sojourn of Englishmen on the American continent was thirty miles north of San Francisco—a fact deserving to be better known. The location can be reached in two hours by rail from San Francisco. It was on June 17, 1579, that "Ye Golden Hinde," the gallant galleon of Francis Drake, rounded Point Reyes and cast anchor in the bay which now bears the famous captain's name. After a stormy voyage the ship was in need of refitting, and while the work was going forward and store of wood and water was being laid in, the crew were glad to encamp ashore, reveling in the glorious sunshine of California. The white bluffs which at this place face the sea reminded Drake of the chalk cliffs of Dover, and he called the country New Albion, claiming it in the name of "Good Queen Bess."

Drake's men erected a stockade fort as a defense against the Indians, although the coast tribes proved more than friendly, worshiping the Englishmen as gods. Several quaint accounts have been left by the voyagers as to the manners of these simple people and the nature of their country. The Englishmen marveled at the mighty trees (redwoods) and at the thousands of deer and other animals. Stories

were told them by the natives about the great wealth in gold and silver abounding in the interior highlands. Drake and his men visited a number of the Indian villages and were received with great ceremony by the king of the country, Hioh by name.

Many times they must have gazed upon the lofty peaks of Tamalpais, but these seamen of Devon were better at climbing masts than climbing mountains, and they were content to let Tamalpais remain always above them. Had Sir Francis Drake scaled its summit his eye would have delighted in the first sight of the finest landlocked harbor in the world, whose narrow entrance had been hidden by a strip of mist as he scudded past in "Ye Golden Hinde." With his own little bay he was pleased immensely, terming it a "faire and good harborow."

It was during this time that the first religious service held in the English language on the Pacific Coast was conducted at Drake's Bay by the chaplain of the expedition, Francis Fletcher. This event is commemorated by the Prayer Book Cross in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

After a stay of thirty-seven days, on July 23d the English left New Albion, followed by the lamentations of the natives, and shaped their course for the Farallones, where they laid in a supply of seal meat before continuing their memorable voyage. This stop in California has been an event in the first circumnavigation of the globe by Englishmen, and when they came safely back to old England their commander knelt upon the deck of his ship and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth herself. For many years all the Pacific Coast country was known to English geographers as "Drake's Land, back of Canada."

It is probable that Drake's Bay had previously been entered in 1542 by Cabrillo, the discoverer of California. In 1595 a Spanish ship, the "San Augustin," was wrecked on Point Reyes and the captain, Cermenon, and his men made their way back to Mexico in a small boat. The harbor in the shelter of Point Reyes they called San Francisco, and as such it was known to Vizcaino, who was here in 1603. Later the name was attached to all that body of water between Point Reyes and Point San Pedro, and long afterward was transferred to the inner bay of San Francisco, which lay undiscovered until Portola came upon it by land in 1769. Vizcaino anchored behind the bold promontory on January 7, 1603, the day of the Holy Kings (the three Wise Men of the East), and thus he bestowed the name Punta de los Reyes—Cape of the Kings.

The shores of Drake's Bay may be visited from Point Reyes station on the Northwestern Pacific. There are delightful walks in the hills roundabout, to the summit of Mount Wittenberg, which rises 1,350 feet above the breakers, and to the lighthouse picturesquely situated on Point Reyes. If the new coast defense plans for San Francisco are carried out, Point Reyes, the Farallones and Point San Pedro will be strongly fortified.



The Divine Plan of the Ages

The Golden Age Rapidly Nearing

PART II.

WE HAVE all noted the fact that ours is the most wonderful day of earth's history. As we contrast the blessings which surround us with those enjoyed by our fathers, our eyes open wide. We are amazed at what we see of progress in the invention of labor-saving machinery, of educational advantages, of improvements in stock-breeding, horticulture, etc. It must be admitted by all that the world has made far greater progress during the last fifty years than during all the preceding six thousand years since man's creation. We reflect further that, with the progress of invention, the necessity for arduous labor and sweat of face for the daily bread will soon be at an end, and that the necessary comforts and leisure which will enable every man to be a nobleman will soon be available to all. What do all these things mean? Why have they come suddenly upon us in one generation, and give no indication of slacking, but rather of advancing to still greater wonders? What is the explanation of this? The Bible alone gives the reply to these queries. To our astonishment it opens the door of the future and bids us look adown the vista of years and see the better day which God has promised. With no uncertain voice it points us down to this very time and condition in which we now are, where knowledge is so wonderfully increased and as a result of which we have our present blessings and advantages. Note how clear-cut is the language of Daniel's prophecy, "And at that time shall Michael stand up . . . Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased; . . . the wise shall understand; . . . and there shall be a Time of Trouble such as never was since there was a nation."—Daniel 12:1, 4, 10.

Additionally, the Bible calls this present time "the day of His preparation" (Nahum 2:3), because it is the time when the Lord is making ready, making special preparation, to usher the world into the New Dispensation—the Golden Age—so long promised. Incidentally we observe, too, that the coming of these blessings is in one sense premature, in that they have come to us before the establishment of the New Regime. Consequently, instead of being happier because of these favors, the world is more unhappy, more discontented than ever, owing to their depraved condition. The Scriptures show that this discontent will culminate in a short, sharp period of terrible anarchy, such as we now see approaching, and from which the world will be rescued by the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom.

But let it be borne in mind that in advance of these events, and of the ushering in of the glorious Day in which all ignorance and superstition will be cleared away, there is provided for the child of God a Lamp, whose light dispels from his pathway much of the present darkness. "Thy Word is as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." (Psalm 119:105.) Therefore, those who will turn away from the mere speculation of men and devote time to searching the Scriptures, not excluding reason, which God invites us to use (Isaiah 1.18), will find that a blessed bow of promise spans the heavens. But it is a mis-

take to suppose that those without faith should be able to apprehend clearly the Truth; it is not for such. The Psalmist says, "Light (Truth) is sown for the righteous."—Psalm 97:11.

It is only "the path of the just" that is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect Day." (Proverbs 4:18.) Actually, there is none just, "none righteous, no, not one" (Romans 3:10); the class referred to is "justified by faith." It is the privilege of this class only to walk in the pathway that shines more and more—to see not only the present unfoldings of God's Plan, but also things to come, and even to behold what has not been seen in previous ages. The Spirit of God, given to guide the Church into Truth, will take of the things written and show them unto us; but beyond what is written we need nothing, for the Holy Scriptures are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.—2 Timothy 3:15.

Therefore, "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous," in the fulfillment of these promises. Many have so little faith that they do not look for more light, and because of their unfaithfulness and unconcern they are permitted to sit in darkness, when they might have been walking in the increasing light.

The Jews Expected the World to be Blessed Through them at the First Advent.

Looking into the past, we find that then the light shone but feebly. Dim and obscure were the promises of past ages. The Promise made to Abraham and others, and typically represented in the Law and ceremonies of the Jewish nation, were only shadows, and gave but a vague idea of God's wonderful and gracious designs. As we reach the days of Jesus, the light increases. The height of expectancy, until then, had been that God would bring a Deliverer to save Israel from their enemies and to exalt them as the chief nation of the earth, in which position of power and influence God would use them as His agency for blessing all the families of the earth.

The offer that Jesus made to the Jews of certain special favors—heirship in the Kingdom of God, etc.—and the conditions upon which that great honor could be secured, were so different from what they had expected that the attainment of such a reward was considered utterly improbable. Hence all but the few were blinded to the Message. And their blindness and hostility to it were naturally increased when, in the process of God's Plan, the due time came for extending the Message, and making the invitation to share in the promised Kingdom applicable also to individuals of other nations, who should by the exercise of faith be reckoned children of faithful Abraham and heirs of the Promise made to him.

But when the Gospel taught by Jesus came to be understood after Pentecost, it was seen by His followers that the blessings for the world were to be of an enduring character, and that for the accomplishment of this purpose the Kingdom would be spiritual, and composed of Israelites indeed, a "little flock," selected from among both Jews and Gentiles to be exalted to spirit nature and power. Hence we read that Jesus brought lige and immortality to light through the Gospel. (2 Timothy 1:10.) And since Jesus' day yet more light shines, as he foretold it would, saying: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit when it, the Spirit of Truth, is come, it shall guide you into all Truth . . . and will show you things to come."—John 16:12, 13. Emphatic Diaglott.

Hope Deferred Has Made the Heart Sick.

There came a time, however, soon after the Apostles fell asleep, when the majority of the Church began to neglect the lamp of the Word and to look to human teachers for leading; and the teachers, puffed up with pride, assumed titles and offices, and began to lord it over God's heritage. Then

by degrees there came into existence a special class called "the clergy," who regarded themselves, and were regarded by others, as the proper guides to faith and practice, aside from the Word of God. Thus in time the great system of Papacy was developed by an undue respect for the teachings of fallible men and a neglect of the Word of the infallible God.

Serious indeed have been the evil results brought about by this neglect of the Divinely provided "lamp." As all know, both the Church and the civilized world were almost wholly enslaved by that Papal system, and were led to worship the creeds and traditions of men. From this slavery a bold and blessed strike for liberty and the Bible was made, in what is known as The Reformation. God raised up bold champions for His Word, among were Luther, Zwingli, Melanchthon, Wycliffe, Knox and others. These called attention to the fact that Papacy had laid aside the Bible and substituted the creeds and dogmas of the Church, and pointed out a few of its erroneous teachings and practices, showing that they were built upon tradition, contrary to Truth, and opposed to God's Word.

The reformers and their adherents, who were called Protestants because they protested against Papacy, claimed the Word of God as the only correct rule of faith and practice. Many faithful souls in the days of the Reformation walked in the light, so far as it was then shining. But since their day, Protestants have made little progress, because, instead of walking in the light, they have halted around their favorite leaders, willing to see as much as they saw, but nothing more. They set boundaries to their progress in the way of Truth, hedging in, with the little Truth they had, a great deal of error brought along from the "Mother" church. For the creeds thus formulated many years ago, the majority of Christians have a superstitious reverence, supposing that no more can be known of God's plans now than was known by the Reformers.

This mistake has been an expensive one; for aside from the fact that but few great principles of Truth were then recovered from the rubbish of error, there are special features of Truth constantly becoming due, and of these Christians have been deprived by their creed fences. To illustrate: It was a truth in Noah's day, and one which required the faith of all who walked in the light then, that a great Flood was coming; while Adam and others had known nothing of it. It would not be preaching truth now to preach a coming Flood; but there are other dispensational truths constantly becoming due, of which, if walking in the light of the Lamp, God's Word, we shall know; so if we have all the light which was due several hundred years ago, and that only, we are measurably in darkness.

Neglect of the Word Responsible for All the Confusion.

Under the influence of the creeds which have come down from the Dark Ages, many of God's people to-day apparently are greatly confused, because these creeds in large measure are of human manufacture and distort and misapply the Word of God and are not based upon the Bible. Therefore Bible students who are now arousing from their sleep are finding that they have long suffered from nocturnal hallucinations; that in their dreams they have been entertaining every kind of unreasonable misconception concerning the Heavenly Father and His plans. But now the true Message is spreading, and with it goes increase of faith, together with joy, peace and godliness. God's Word is a great Storehouse of food for hungry pilgrims on the shining pathway. There is milk for babes, and strong meat for those more developed (1 Peter 2:2; Heb. 5:14.) Not only so, but it contains food adapted to the different seasons and conditions; and Jesus said that the faithful servant should bring forth meat in due season for the Household of Faith—"things new and old" from the Storehouse.—

Luke 12:42; Matthew 13:52.

It would be impossible to bring forth any new Truth from any sectarian creed or storehouse. We might bring some things old and good from each, but nothing new.

The Truth contained in the creeds of the various sects is so covered and mixed with error that its inherent beauty and real value are not discernible. The various creeds continually conflict and clash; and as each claims a Bible basis, the confusion of thought and evident discord are charged to God's Word. This has given rise to the common proverb, "The Bible is an old fiddle upon which any tune may be played." And this saying, which is so expressive of the infidelity of our times, is occasioned by misrepresentations of God's Word and character by human traditions, together with the growth of intelligence, which will no longer bow in blind and superstitious reverence to the opinions of fellowmen, but demands a reason for the entertainment of any hope. The faithful student of the Word should be able always to give a reason for his hope. The Word of God alone is able to make wise, and is profitable for doctrine, instruction, etc., "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished."—1 Peter 3:15; 2 Timothy 3:15-17.

Only this one Storehouse contains an exhaustless supply of things new and old—meat in due season for the Household. Surely no one who believes the Scripture statement that "the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect Day" will claim that the perfect Day came in Luther's time; and if not, we do well to take heed unto our Lamp as "unto a light that shineth in a dark place UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.—2 Peter 1:19.

In natural things, men to-day would not think of going back to the crude and unimproved methods of their fathers; only a few years back, the best light that could be produced was by means of the oil lamp and the tallow dip. Now we have wonderful light from electricity and from gas, enabling us, in our largest cities, to turn the darkest night into broad daylight.

So in spiritual matters, we, as searchers after Truth, should not be content with that amount of spiritual light handed down to us by our fathers —the Reformers. Finding ourselves in the path of the light, we must "WALK IN THE LIGHT," continue to make progress, else the light, which does not stop, will pass on and leave us in darkness. The difficulty with many is that they sit down and do not follow on in the path of light.

Perfection of knowledge is not a thing of the past but of the future—the very near future, we trust; and until we recognize this fact, we are unprepared to appreciate and expect fresh unfoldings of our Father's Plan. True, we still go back to the words of the Prophets and Apostles for all knowledge of the present and the future; not, however, because they always understand God's plans and purposes better than we, but because God used them as His mouthpieces to communicate to us, and to all the Church throughout the Christian Age, Truth relative to His plans, as fast as it becomes due.

This fact is abundantly proven by the Apostles. St. Paul tells us that God has made known to the Christian Church the Mystery (secret) of his will which He has purposed in Himself and had never before revealed, though He had it recorded in dark sayings which could not be understood until due, in order that the eyes of our understanding should be opened to appreciate the "HIGH CALLING," designed exclusively for believers of the Christian Age.—Ephesians 1:9, 10, 17, 18; 3:4-6.

This shows us clearly that neither the prophets nor the angels understood the meaning of the prophecies uttered. St. Peter says that when they inquired anxiously to know their meaning, God told them that the truths covered up in their prophecies were not for themselves, but for us of the Christian or Gospel Age. And he exhorts the be-

lievers to hope for still further grace (favor, blessing) in this direction—yet more knowledge of God's plans.—1 Peter 1:10-13.

It is evident that though Jesus promised that His followers should be guided into all Truth, it was to be a gradual unfolding. While the Church in the days of the Apostles was free from many of the errors which sprang up under and in Papacy, yet we cannot suppose that the early Church saw as deeply or as clearly into God's Plan as it is possible to see to-day. It is evident, too, that the different Apostles had different degrees of insight into God's Plan, though all their writings were guided and inspired of God as truly as were the words of the Prophets. To illustrate, differences of knowledge, we have but to remember the wavering course, for a time, of St. Peter and the other Apostles, except St. Paul, when the Gospel was beginning to go to the Gentiles. (Acts 10:28; 11:1-3; Galatians 2:11-14.) St. Peter's uncertainty was in marked contrast with St. Paul's assurance, inspired by the words of the Prophets, God's past dealings, and the direct revelations made to himself.

God's Plans for the Ages to Come Glorious.

St. Paul evidently had more abundant revelations than any other Apostle. These revelations he was not allowed to make known to the Church, nor fully and plainly to the other Apostles (2 Corinthians 12:4; Galatians 2:2), yet we can see a value to the entire Church in these visions and revelations given to St. Paul; for though he was not permitted to tell what he saw, nor to particularize all that he knew of the mysteries of God relating to the "ages to come," yet what he saw gave a force, shading and depth of meaning to his words which, in the light of subsequent facts, prophetic fulfillments and the Spirit's guidance, we are able to appreciate more fully than could the early Church.

As corroborative of the foregoing statement, we call to mind the last book of the Bible—Revelations—written about A. D. 96. The introductory words announce it as a special revelation of things not previously understood. This proves conclusively that up to that time, at least, God's Plan had not been fully revealed. Nor has that book ever been, until now, all that its name implies—an unfolding, a REVELATION. So far as the early Church was concerned, probably none understood any part of the book. Even St. John, who saw the visions, was probably ignorant of the significance of what he saw. He was both a Prophet and an Apostle; and while as an Apostle he understood and taught what was then "meat in due season," as a Prophet he uttered things which would supply "meat" in seasons future for the Household.

During the Christian Age, some of the saints sought to understand the Church's future by examining this symbolic book, and doubtless all who read and understood even a part of its teachings were blessed as promised. (Rev. 1:3.) The book kept opening to such, and in the days of the Reformation was an important aid to Luther in deciding that the Papacy, of which he was a conscientious minister, was indeed the "Antichrist" mentioned by the Apostle, the history of which we now see fills so large a part of that prophecy.

Thus gradually God opens up His Truth and reveals the exceeding riches of His Grace; and consequently much more light is now due than at any previous time in the Church's history.

"And still new beauties shall we see,
And still increasing light."

(To be Continued.)

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Dance of Youth and Other Poems," by Julia Cooley, author of "Poems of a Child," etc.

The book is interesting for its variety and its individualities. It allies itself neither with the old school of poetry nor with the new developments, yet it is tinged with both phases. In themes, it is novel, different, and it presents Reality from many new and altered angles. It is the production of an original, independent, clairvoyant mind.

1.25 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

Theodore Roosevelt, in an article headed "Put the Flag on the Firing Line" in the June Metropolitan Magazine, published recently, outlines what our peace terms should be.

Roosevelt's peculiar, virile style of writing is here shown to remarkable advantage.

"Bad Men of the Sea."

H. De Vere Stacpool recounts experiences in the shady career of Capt. Michael Blood and his crony, Bill Harmon, one time sailor. Like the teller of a good sea yarn that he is, Mr. Stacpool first takes his readers to the San Francisco water front and makes them familiar with ships hailing from all quarters. Captain Blood, who enjoys the doubtful reputation of having lost some ships in a questionable manner, obtains command of a ship, owned by two Germans, which sails, with the owners on board, on to the South Pacific.

Having no reputation to protect, it is not in the captain's code to ask questions. With the job done, the Germans intercept a message that Great Britain and Germany are at war.

Being an Irishman, bone and sinew, Blood straightway considers it his duty to intern the Germans and at the same time make war against their nation. He holds up and robs a German sailing vessel. He thereupon sails to a German Island in the South Pacific and plunders it, considering not at all the niceties of right or wrong. But before he can commit further depredations, he is overhauled by a British cruiser, of course with an incidental mission.

Other adventures of a wild character follow, principally in the South Seas,

1.30 net. John Lane & Co., New York.

"A Desk Book of Words Frequently Mispronounced" has been issued by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. The price of the book is $1.50 net, by mail $1.62.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of OVERLAND MONTHLY, published Monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for April 1, 1917.

State of California, County of San Francisco|ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. MARRIOTT, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Overland Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher—F. Marriott, San Francisco, Cal. Editor, O. Black, San Francisco, Cal. Managing Editor, O. Black, San Francisco, Cal. Business Manager, F. Marriott, San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owner is F. MARRIOTT, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

F. MARRIOTT, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1917.

(Seal) MARTIN ARONSOHN.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires September 20th, 1919.)



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